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RATHER AT SEA.

COLLECTED UNIFORM

ILLUSTRATED EDITION

OF

F. C. BURNAND'S

WRITINGS.

From "Punch."

RATHER AT SEA

By F. C. BURNAND

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WITH

Illustrations from "Punch."

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RATHER AT SEA.

ON BOARD THE "AMARINTHA."

A Short Holiday Log.

CHAPTER I.

STRANRAER—THE "AMARINTHA"—ON BOARD—"CRACKING A BOTTLE"—THE BATH.

DOWN to Stranraer — (can't master this name, but my friend Cullins the Composer does) — by night-train from Euston. Long journey. No refreshments *en route*. *Happy Thought.*— Got 'em with us.

Morning.—Forced gaiety. Dismal failure. Bad preparation for a voyage, as a journey like this must upset anyone, no matter how good a sailor he may be. Cullins does not profess to be a good sailor, and the

nearer we approach the sea the worse sailor he acknowledges himself to be. I comfort him—and myself—with the assurance that everything—or, as a saving clause "nearly everything"—depends on your state of health at starting.

Arrived. Hailsher and crew in view on the landing-place. Wind decidedly fresh. Sea decidedly *not* smooth. Small boat—the dingy—(why "dingy"?)—takes the luggage aboard, and we embark in the gig—(again, why "gig"? Must get a nautical phrase-book, not to learn the terms, with which I am partly acquainted, but to learn their origin)—the crew have "*Amarintha*" on their jerseys—consequently, the name of Hailsher's (our host's) yacht is *Amarintha*.

She is a handsome schooner of 150 tons. *Note.*—Never have yet had it clearly explained to me why yachts are weighed, like coals, by the ton. Now is my time to have it clearly explained. No; on second thoughts, *now* is not my time, as Hailsher, the only person of whom I could ask the question, is intent on steering—being very short-sighted, he is earnestly intent on his steering—and of course I can't ask the men who are rowing. I reserve my question for a time when Hailsher is not, so to speak, "the man at the wheel."

I wish he would put up his glasses—even one eye-glass would be better than nothing—as, in a crowded thoroughfare, I mean where there are lots of small boats, and yachts, and fishing-smacks either rowing about or waggling at anchor, it does not convey to the passenger a feeling of absolute security to hear your steerer say, "Hullo! we were nearly into that thing, whatever it was. I didn't see her," or "Hullo! we just shaved that cutter's bows!" or watch the anxious expression of the weather-beaten stroke, evidently an experienced old salt, as he says to our host, "Helm down, Sir!"—then, as we nearly run into a herring-boat, in consequence of his not being quite clear as to its meaning—"No, Sir, t'other rope!" Whereupon Hailsher (who is the politest man in the world, and who is always the same, no matter what society he may be in) apologises, and replies, with truth, that "he had always thought 'helm down' meant something quite different," and that on this belief he had acted. "Starboard!" says the stroke, and immediately afterwards Hailsher again apologises to

the crew generally, for having taken them in exactly the contrary direction.

After escaping three collisions, I can't help, though it's my first visit, and I am a comparative stranger, certainly knowing less about nautical matters than Hailsher,—yet I can't help saying, "My dear fellow!" this persuasively, so as not to give offence to the politest man in the world; "my dear fellow, why don't you put on your glasses?" And then add, encouraging him with a possible example, "*I* should, if I were you!"

But, staring straight ahead of him, with an evident intensity of purpose that speaks volumes for his will to do the right thing, he replies, "Ah! I can't see so well with my glasses," which is an explanation.

At last we draw near the *Amarintha*. A tall man, chiefly in flannels, and with a decidedly un-nautical hat—(by the way, Hailsher is the only really correctly nautically-attired of the party —and, to any one unaccustomed to naval costume, he might be anything from an admiral in undress to an elderly midshipman. N.B.—Are there elderly midshipmen? or are they really miscalled, and remain only boys, midship boys, but "men" by courtesy?) — is shooting on board. Is he near-sighted too? Because he doesn't seem to see us approaching, but continues shooting until the nautical men, whom I subsequently find are the Captain and the Mate, come up to him, and I suppose point out to him the danger of shooting at a boat approaching with people in it. What *is* he shooting at? It suddenly occurs to me that to-day is August 12th, the festival of St. Grouse, in the North, and we are in Scotland—that is, off the coast of Scotland. Still, grouse don't fly over the sea like gulls, and I don't as yet observe anything flying away from him, or tumbling dead into the water. We find that he is shooting at a bottle in the sea, and I point out to him before being introduced, that he should never fire at a bottle in the sea, as, in case of hitting it, which in his particular case seems a remote chance, it might contain despatches of importance, or letters from shipwrecked mariners, or, perhaps worse, fatally-lost mariners, who at the last moment have found time and opportunity to write letters home to their friends, and then got a bottle to post them to the nearest shore.

The shooter, affably and with the utmost good-humour, explains that he has himself chucked the bottle in, and he adds, with a hearty laugh—I have seldom heard so hearty a laugh at the best joke ever made—that he intends to "crack a bottle or two before breakfast." At this, having, I feel, rather interfered where I had no sort of business to say anything, I also go into a hearty laugh —a friendly, peace-making laugh—and so does Hailsher, who, I fancy, has been a little nervous at my venturing on giving the shooter a lecture before being introduced to him. Cullins the Composer also laughs, but not loudly nor heartily, nor, as it seems to me, intelligently. Indeed, I am sure, were I to ask Cullins, in the words of a well-known song, "At what is the old man laughing?" he would be unable to give a satisfactory account of it. Already the sea seems to have affected him. He tells us that he will be all right "after a wash;" from which we conclude that he is all wrong before it—that is, at the present moment.

It turns out that, years ago, I have had the pleasure of being introduced to the tall shooter. He is a Dean of a College, and if build goes for anything, he is both a High and Broad Churchman, being at least six-feet-two in height, and of proportionate breadth and stoutness. We shake hands heartily, as if we'd been separated by a cruel fate for years, and had at last come together in spite of all difficulties. We are *so* glad to meet one another, it is perfectly delightful to witness. Our host asks us if we (Cullins and myself) wouldn't like to go below, and take a bath before breakfast.

Happy Thought.—Bath. Accepted with thanks. We descend "the companion," which Cullins, who seems depressed, insists on speaking of as "the stairs." I am rather proud of calling things by their right names on board the *Amarintha*. I don't know many things, but those I do I take every opportunity of speaking about. I recognise "the rattlins," the "shrouds," the "sheets,' the "main sheet,"—but am a little uncertain as to the boom-spanker, or the boom-spinnaker, or the spinnaker-boom—not being quite clear how to pronounce them, and being utterly vague as to the spelling, if required.

Delightful yacht! Cullins and myself are to share the same cabin. Hailsher announces this to us in his politest and kindest

manner, so as to anticipate and do away with any sort of objection on our part to one another's company. We express our immense delight at the arrangement, and eye one another askance as the first thought occurs to each of us, "Does the other one snore?"

"I think you'll be good stable-companions," says Hailsher, in the pleasantest possible manner, as he retires and leaves us to the Steward, only popping his head in again to observe that breakfast will be ready in half-an hour.

Now for the bath. The Steward raises a trap-door in the floor —just like discovering a hidden treasure, or giving a hunted-down man in a melodrama the means of escape by a secret way leading down to the caves on the shore—and shows us something unpleasantly suggestive of a sort of amateur coffin on board, and which he points out to us with pride as

"*The Bath!*"

CHAPTER II.

MELODRAMATIC—CHATS—BATH-TIME SUGGESTIONS—TIED—FOR SHORE.

THE Bath in the cabin-floor. I take it in a sort of nervous, hasty way, not liking to lie down in it without, at all events, holding on to the sides, having a sort of nervous dread of the bottom suddenly coming out, and dropping me into the sea. Then what would happen? I couldn't call "Steward!" There's no bell, my shrieks would be stifled, and before anyone had time to ask, "Where is he? Why doesn't he come to breakfast?" the water, which I believe has a knack of always rising to its own level, would rush up, and, in fact, there'd be an end of the yacht—she'd disappear—scuttled. That's one idea of the Bath in the floor. Then there's another for a Sensation Scene in a Melodrama—something for Messrs. Merritt and Harris at Drury Lane. The stage could represent the cabin—(beautiful cabin Drury Lane stage would make!)—trap-door in Centre—villain, disguised as Steward, turns on the tap of sea-water, and allures Victim into Bath—music *pianissimo* and *tremolo* as Victim descends—Steward shuts down the lid quickly, drags portmanteau over it, and stands on it, breathing heavily, when suddenly he starts, for through the skylight above he perceives the eye of the Mate on him!! Aha! the Mate's silence must be bought! But at what price? I don't exactly know why the Steward should treat the Victim in this

manner; but this is a detail which I can consider while I'm brushing my hair, and so get round to the beginning of the plot. The Victim must of course escape—but how? Undercurrents could wash him rapidly out to sea, one undercurrent bringing him up for breath, and another taking him miles away from shore—and—— Yes, that's it——

Just as I've got to this point, Cullins the Composer looks in, to remind me that *he* has to share the cabin, and the sooner I clear out the better. "In five minutes you shall have it all to yourself," is my ready reply. I generally make it "five minutes." It is like five shillings, a tangible sum, and it has the advantage over five shillings, as it must be taken colloquially to mean any time up to half an hour—at least, that's my idea of "five minutes." It's a pleasant way of getting over a difficulty, and inspires the other party with hopefulness. A man writes to say "he wants five minutes' chat with you." It reads nicely and lightly: it really means at least an hour's earnest conversation on matters involving the interests of a life-time, probably destroys a whole day, and knocks every other previously made arrangement out of time. Give a man five minutes' chat and he'll take an hour's conversation. "Five minutes" has an exact, well-calculated and business-like sound.

In this particular instance—there are my bags to unpack, the things to be put into the lockers, the dressing things (mine) to be arranged, so as to secure places (as it were) before the rush of Cullins into the cabin, when he will find all the best seats gone. I take for granted that he won't attempt to re-arrange everything on *his* plan. In order to avoid this sort of *Box and Cox* life in a cabin, we shall have to fix some clear and definite line of demarcation. He looks in again. He observes, somewhat crustily, "It's ten minutes since he was last there." I can only reply with an air of astonishment, "Is it, indeed?" adding in my most soothing and pleasant manner, "Well, old fellow, I shan't be five minutes more."

He growls out something about breakfast being just ready and they won't wait, from which I infer that with these precautionary measures of mine *I* shall be in time for that meal and he won't. I comfort myself with the reflection that Cullins is a quick dresser

(I don't know that he is), and that perhaps after all this is only a *ruse* on his part to get me out. If it *is* a *ruse*, I can give myself an extra five minutes just to teach him (as we are going to be cabin'd and cribb'd together for the next ten days) that he must always deal with me straightforwardly and truthfully.

At last he, so to speak, bursts into the room. The smell of the coffee and the ham and eggs has excited him beyond measure; he scents the breakfast afar off, and won't wait any longer. He is almost violent. He is, he says, "ravenous." So am I, I tell him, in a tone of reproval, intended to convey that, though ravenous, I can still be courteous.

"Yes," he says, brusquely, "but you're dressed and all ready. I'm not. At least," he corrects himself, "I'm ready as far as appetite goes, but——"

"Rough as far as manners go," I suggest.

"Oh, you be blowed! *Do* get out," he exclaims.

And I *do* get out, for I remember that he is to be, as Hailsher puts it, "my stable companion" for ten days, and it won't do to begin with a row.

I've known Cullins the Composer for years—*out* of a cabin, but have never yet had any experience of him *in* one. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—but it doesn't seem to have had its usual magic effect on Cullins. Odd. Perhaps it's the sea-air that's bringing it out of him, or the combined effects of the sea-air, hunger, a long and restless journey from town, and disappointment at not having a cabin all to himself. I ascend "the companion," leaving my "stable companion" in the cabin.

Though we are moored stern and stem, yet there is an undulating motion, and the sea—(is it the sea?—I am not quite sure, as we're in full view of the town and pier, and land on each side of us for miles)—and the sea—(or whatever it is—it's *salt*, I know that from the Bath)—is decidedly rough—in fact, very rough. There is a stiffish breeze. There are several other yachts in the bay. Is it a "bay"? It looks like it. By the way, where are we? Scotland. Yes, I'm aware of that fact; also, we are off Stranraer. But what is this bay called? Oh, we are in Loch Ryan. (Not a bay—wrong again.) "Ryan" is decidedly an Irish name. "Yes," the Dean explains in his jovial manner,

"there are lots of Irish in Stranraer—it's the nearest point for the Irish coast," and then he takes up his rook-shooter, and has another pop at a bottle floating in the water, and tied by a string to the stern. "Capital practice," he says.

Hailsher, our host, quietly remarks that it must be excellent practice, and that the Dean evidently wants a lot of it, but that for his own part he has a nervous horror of fire-arms; that is, he hastens to add with the utmost politeness, "when in the hands of inexperienced people."

That, the Dean observes, does not of course apply to *him*.

"Not in the least," Hailsher returns, in his most insinuating manner. "I mean persons not accustomed to handle fire-arms, and I really don't think you ever have yours out of your hand."

"Ha! ha!" laughs the Dean,—he is evidently out for a jolly holiday, and prepared to laugh at anything heartily, and pops again at the bobbing bottle, while Hailsher gives a slight but perceptible shudder.

"Breakfast is ready, Sir!" says the Steward.

We descend. The Dean disappears into his own cabin for a few seconds, and returns in, apparently, an entire change of costume. He is no longer the nautical sportsman, but the country gentleman in very easy circumstances. I have never seen such a rapid act of change of costume out of a "variety entertainment." The Composer arrives late: he is clean, but churlish, having cut himself severely while trying to shave. He remarks severely on the movement of the vessel.

Happy Thought (*for the Composer*).—Movement in C.

Hailsher says, quietly, "Oh, you'll soon get over that. It's nothing."

I repeat, "Oh, nothing at all!"—but I have my doubts.

As the Composer warms to his work, or is warmed to his work by the stimulating tea and coffee, breakfast is a very cheery meal.

"I shall make a thorough good breakfast now," says the Composer, taking his third helping of pigeon-pie: "as, if it's rough——"

[I agree with him, but am silent. I wish he wouldn't talk like this. Why not avoid such a subject? Far better taste not to

say a word about it; specially at our first meal on board ship.]

"Oh," interrupts Hailsher, smiling in a reassuring way, "we shan't get out to-day. The Captain says there's too much wind outside." (*Happy Thought, to myself*—Don't go outside.) "It's not worth while getting a wetting for nothing."

"The steamer had to face a nasty head-wind," observes Bolby the Dean. "She could hardly get out."

Now, when I hear that we absolutely *can't* move from our moorings, all the Columbus-like spirit of maritime adventure rises within me. I want at once to weigh anchor—to go off somewhere—to discover new continents—to—to—to do in fact what I've come for, that is to yacht, which, with me, means to sail, to cruise. If I can't sail and cruise, why am I here? Not to sit in a boat, tied stem and stern, and look at a lot of houses, a pier, and a railway-station?

"Is there no chance of getting away to-day?" I ask, with a show of cheerful contentment.

"Not much," replies Hailsher; "but I propose——"

He pauses, and I brighten up, as he has evidently an idea of trying to start, and perhaps, like *Vanderdecken*, the Flying Dutchman, he *will* get round the point of the bay, even though he battle with the waves till doomsday.

"Yes," I say, encouragingly, "you are thinking of——"

"Yes," he continues, in his charming and persuasive manner, as if he were thoroughly agreeing with *my* idea and letting *me* have *my* way in everything, "yes, I was thinking that we'd have the gig out after breakfast and—go ashore."

"Oh yes," I reply, blankly.

Bolby wants to go on shore for more cartridges.

At which avowed intention Hailsher smiles, and says, "Oh, I dare say you'll be able to get them," and evidently devoutly hopes he won't be able to do anything of the sort.

The Composer takes me aside, and murmurs, "I say, I didn't come down to go on shore. I came to go out yachting."

He is in a grumbling humour. I point out to him that it is necessary to go on shore sometimes for provisions, papers, &c.

"Yes," he says, still grumbling, as if it was all my fault, "but

I want to find out what sort of a sailor I am and how I shall really like it."

I try to agree with him pleasantly, remembering that he is to be my "stable companion" for the next ten days.

Name for a novel—"A Life's Trial; or, Tied to a Composer."

A letter-writing fit seizes us all, as if we were starting for the Antipodes or on an Arctic expedition and leaving England for years.

The gig is ordered. The gig is waiting at (so to speak) the front door. It is manned by four sailors in oilskin coats and overalls and sou'-westers tied over the ears. The gig is bumping up and down, and the yacht suddenly seems to be in motion. We are having a see-sawing match with the gig. Sometimes the men's heads are on a line with the bulwarks, and the next second they have so entirely disappeared that I look over the side nervously, half expecting to see a man or two cling to the sides of the yacht, and only the oars and rudder and perhaps an extra oilskin floating on the surface. But no, there they are, bobbing up and down—and now for the first time I begin to realise that a summer suit of flannels, in fact, a regular lawn-tennis costume, intended for exercise on a hot August afternoon, is *not* the thing to come to sea in—at least, off the coast of North Britain.

Hailsher puts on a waterproof. Bolby comes out in another change of costume, including an entirely different sort of hat. When, subsequently, he returns from shore he comes on deck in another hat, and after lunch he wears one totally different from the other three, while in the evening he again startles us with another novelty on his head. On Sunday perhaps he has a surprise in store for us in the shape of a College cap. Why not? There's a College hornpipe. And what costume could be more appropriate for dancing in than a nautical College cap? At present he is in a stout jersey. He seems to be all Jersey—and a part of Guernsey as well. I try to pretend it's fine weather and very warm, but it won't do; so, having got on my ulster, a pair of ordinary thick walking boots, and pot-hat, I feel I might as well be on shore, where, in fact, we are going.

Getting into the "gig" is not easy. Hailsher descends first,

and takes the helm. The Dean goes next, and occupies an entire side. I back down the steps, and put out a leg where I think the boat is—or where it *was* when I first put out my leg, and where it will be again presently—at least I hope so—and remain in the attitude of a Flying Mercury.

"Leave go of the rope, Sir," says the stroke.

Oh, yes!—but where will I be then? And I pause.

"Get on!" says Cullins the Composer above, in a desperate hurry, as if the yacht were on fire, and he were the last to make his escape.

"It's all very well to say 'Get on!'" I remonstrate, "but——" and before I can find a safe place for my foot, I receive a stunning blow on the head from the irritable Composer, who, obstinately descending the ladder, comes bump on to my hat. Nothing so irritating as a man recklessly injuring your hat, specially when it's on your head, and it is impossible for me, even before the Dean, to avoid jerking out a "big, big, D," as I fall back, like Chatham, into the arms of the attendants—I mean I fall against the Coxswain, who sturdily supports me, and places me on a seat.

"Couldn't help it," says the Composer, by way of apology; "you ought to have been quicker."

I am about to retort severely—when I once more remember he is to be my "stable companion" for the next ten days, and it's no use having a row with your partner.

"Give way!" cries the stroke.

Happy Thought (*as regards my conduct towards the Composer*). "Give way." I do.

We are off for shore. Big waves. Wind and drizzle. Hailsher the near-sighted, steering, and asking "Which way?" as he goes along, occasionally inquiring "What's that?" when we are just into a vessel riding at anchor. Finally, we reach the slippery steps, bow grapples them with his boat-hook, we struggle on to the quay, and Hailsher, as he finds his eye-glass and looks back on to the boat, as if to discover how on earth he had got there at all and what sort of a thing he had come in, observes, with a kind of nervous diffidence, but still with some complacency, "Oh, I thought the steps were farther down: I didn't see they were here

It's a difficult bit, and I am as blind as a bat. However," he adds cheerfully, "here we are!"

We all say that nothing could be better, and congratulating him on his successful steering, and ourselves on arriving safely, we proceed to examine the town of Stranraer.

CHAPTER III.

SHORE—REFLECTIONS—OBSERVATIONS—GEOGRAPHICAL—MUSICAL—ON BOARD.

ON SHORE at Stranraer. Feeling like invaders or missionaries in disguise (very much in disguise), with, however, the consciousness that we have a boat within hail to take us away should the inhabitants object to our presence. We agree that Stranraer reminds us all of Ireland—that is, as we express it vaguely, it has a decidedly Irish character. On reflection, I fancy this is because we associate shoelessness and hatlessness—especially in children—with Ireland, at least in pictures, and in a stage crowd.

(*Inserted afterwards in my log.*)—*A propos* of the above observation, I notice subsequently the peculiar tendency of our party, generally led by the Dean who is a very much travelled man, to pick out all along the coast strikingly picturesque or peculiarly

beautiful spots, as vividly recalling some totally different place either in Italy, or Switzerland, or Norway, or Germany, and so forth; so that at last there is absolutely nothing of Scotland itself left worth mentioning. They've seen it all before somewhere else. "It's very like Switzerland," says the Dean, "only," he hastens to explain, with the air of a man accustomed to the highest society in the way of mountains, "of course these Scotch 'Bens' are merely mountains in miniature."

Happy Thought.—"Little Bens." After all, the Biggest Ben isn't in Scotland—it's at Westminster.

Whenever the Dean catches sight of a pointed roof, a promontory, or a ruin with a background of fir-wood, he at once exclaims, "Ah! Isn't that like the Jungerwaus (or whatever the name may be that occurs to him at the moment) as one sees it from the Oberwazen Pass, eh?" The inquiry is usually directed to Hailsher, who has once accompanied the Dean on a walking-tour —the latter having been, as far as I can make out, generally several miles ahead, and taking giant strides. The Dean says he can't get on without a walk. With a walk he *can* get on—at about six miles an hour.

Happy Thought.—Dean Swift.

Hailsher observes, with his usual suavity, that "A walk is the only time when he can't get on with the Dean;" whereat Bolby, who, as he is taking a good holiday at some one else's expense, is determined to enjoy thoroughly everything said at his own, shakes with laughter, as he recalls with true British satisfaction some wonderful feats he has accomplished at home and abroad.

Hailsher sometimes differs from the Dean about the similarity existing between certain places, and points out that what reminds the Dean of Switzerland, reminds *him* of Italy, while the Composer invariably sticks to Germany and various views in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, with which nobody else is acquainted.

What strikes Cullins above everything else is not the picturesque effect of changing light and shade on coast and sea, but that he himself should be there at all, "among," as he says with an air of intense perplexity, "the very names one used as a boy to see on the map at school!" He can't get over this.

"What's that place?" he asks. That's Arran, or Bute, or Colonsay, as the case may be, is the answer. Whereat his astonishment is unbounded. "Why," he exclaims in a tone of annoyance, "why that's in the map. I remember it well."

He almost seems inclined to quarrel with his host for not taking him to some place which he has not been familiarised with on the map in his early childhood. How painfully Geography must have been impressed upon him! Or, has he thought up to now, when his education is being completed by a yachting trip, that maps were merely the product of a romantic and fertile genius who invented the places and names, and that, in fact, Geography was a myth altogether, merely intended "for the use of schools," but having no practical value in after-life? After this discovery,

"My Berth is noble!"

which he makes on our second sailing day, he is thoughtful and subdued for hours. It is as if another boyish allusion of his were dispelled for ever.

Happy Thought.—I propose to the Composer a retrospective geographical song, inspired by the first sight of Arran, Bute, &c., to be entitled, "*Them Mappy Days.*" This playful suggestion is met crustily with "Oh, bosh!" Cullins the Composer, when he has a musical idea which he is working out in his brain, is not a man to be trifled with: only it is difficult to tell, from any outward sign, the exact time when he *is* working out an idea. When he is peculiarly crusty, and retorts, "Oh, bosh!" it is pretty safe to assert that he is in a state of active composition.

When he gradually, but vacantly, smiles, as if he were seeing angels somewhere . . . . (Pretty idea this. Would suggest it to

him, only he's not smiling at the moment, when I'm making this note in my pocket-book) . . . . he is beginning to unbend, evidently dismissing the idea, politely with a bow as it were, asking it to call again when he can bestow more attention on it,—then, he may be spoken to cautiously, yet with safety.

From Stranraer we make an excursion to a pretty place, whose name I can't distinctly catch, but which is so much talked about that I feel inclined to christen it——

Happy Thought.—Loch Jaw.

Back to yacht. As, with the exception of the host, none of us have got exactly our own sea-legs on, but each one of us has, so to put it, got somebody else's, which even in this gently undulating movement he is not able to control, we seem naturally to take to sofas and *siestas* before dinner. We have sent telegrams (we have experienced a perfect mania for sending telegrams when on shore), we have procured a *Scotsman*—invaluable journal to the English tourist—and we have been unable to purchase either tomatoes or vegetable marrows at Stranraer.

"We never take such things in this town," replies the Greengrocer, gravely; and we retire from the shop as if we'd inquired for something which can only be mentioned with anything like propriety in an Act of Parliament for the Preservation of Public Morals. What that Scotch Greengrocer's idea of tomatoes and vegetable marrows was, we failed to make out; but they were evidently somehow or other things which we ought to have been ashamed of ourselves for venturing to ask for in Stranraer. I never was so crestfallen in any shop, not to mention a Greengrocer's! Imagine going in, as a perfect stranger, to a Greengrocer's, and asking mildly, "Have you got any tomatoes?" and then seeing everyone turn away—the girls running precipitately into the back parlour, the wife fainting, the lady purchasers blushing, and the gentlemen customers frowning, and, on repeating the question timidly, the Greengrocer himself, a stern and severe man, probably an Elder of the Kirk, administers to us the grave and dignified rebuke, "We never take such things in *this* town!" We begged his pardon, and sneaked out. We didn't say, "We'll inquire somewhere else"—we only looked at one

another—Hailsher and myself, Hailsher blushing painfully, being a man who wouldn't hurt the feelings of a Thug if he could possibly avoid it, and stammering something to the effect that "he didn't know—and only thought"—and so we stumble one over another, abashed and ashamed, into the street. The sooner we are on board the boat the better.

N.B. For North Britain generally.—Never ask for tomatoes and vegetable marrows unless you see them in the window. I believe we only narrowly—or marrowly—escaped the violence of a justly, though to us unreasonably, incensed population. Now I think of it quietly, what could we have said to offend them? Tomato, the Dean suggests, is associated with "Sauce;" but this is treating the matter too lightly. So we return to the yacht. Won't go on shore again. Make a note to this effect, seconded—harmoniously seconded for once—by the Composer. "We must ask Hailsher to get on and sail—not to stay in the bay."

Happy Thought.—Great opportunity I point out to Cullins for a song—"*Here we stay, in the Bay*"—but he says it's been done. I compliment him by saying, "But not as *you'd* do it." He replies to this "Oh, bosh!"

Note.—Clearly mustn't be fulsome with a Composer; and then he is going to share my cabin for the next ten days. However, we agree to ask Hailsher:—"Please to sail With the gale From the Bay Where we stay," &c.; or, "else," says the Composer, grumblingly, as we toilette together in our cabin, previous to dinner, "I shall go back."

Happy Thought (*commercial idea*).—"Sail or Return." Composer appreciates this, as he once published a song on those terms. He says he never heard of its sale, and he never got any return. Is he a disappointed man? And does the sea air bring, as it were, the grumblings out of him? Steward opens door, and says, "Dinner!"

Henceforth I stick to the yacht. "*Never go back to Shore,*" song for Composer. Also, historic song, "*My Pretty Jane Shore!*" What a lot of ideas I give him! He pretends he won't have 'em; but I think he goes into corners, and notes 'em down when I'm not looking.

CHAPTER IV.

HARBOUR—BUNK—SKIPPER—HISTORY—TITLES—GAME—RHYME—SWEETENING—PROVERBIAL.

STILL in harbour. Why? Because "the Captain says," &c., &c. As yet I have not seen the Captain. He is to me, up to this time, a sort of Madame Benoîton, as whenever I say insinuatingly to Hailsher that I should like to have a talk to the Captain, Hailsher replies that he hasn't seen him to-day, and the Steward, who is the intermediary between Hailsher and everybody in the foc'sle (this, I believe, is the correct way of spelling and pronouncing Forecastle—where the Captain resides when at home, and where he is not to be disturbed by anybody — *Happy Thought.*—Nautical Proverb: an English Skipper's house is his Fore-castle. N.B. Get up a new edition of Nautical Proverbs, and publish them at every Marine Library in the kingdom)—and the Steward, after going through the very evident farce of disappearing for a few seconds, and hiding himself behind a door, returns with the answer that the Captain has just gone on shore.

I can't make out when he comes back. I never see him come back; so I presume he must choose an opportune moment, either when we are at dinner or at one of our meals—which are *not* few and far between—and, as it were, quietly "board" us, take his rations—[Nautical phrase "rations"—"a sailor is a rational-being." This will go to my *Collection of Rough Material for Nautical Proverbs*, to be subsequently worked up under the motto, "Let who will make the songs, but let me do their Nautical Proverbs." But the Composer can make the songs—will suggest it to him when he's in a good temper.]—and then quietly slip off

again in the "Dingy,"—[Name of little boat—why "Dingy?" Origin of nautical terms and phrases would make an Appendix, or as Milburd would say, an *Up-on-decks* to my Handy Volume of Nautical Proverbs; only Milburd would spoil the whole thing by calling them "*Naughty-gal-Proverbs*,"—I know him—anything senseless as long as it's a *jeu de mot*]—while we are siesta-ing, and then back again and into his berth or bunk—[Why "Bunk?" Is it Dutch? "Mynheer van Bunk"—no, that was "Dunk"]—when we are carousing in the saloon, or when we've retired for the night. So that we are governed by an invisible Captain. "A good subject this," I say to Cullins, the Composer, "for *you*. Like the *Flying Hollander*. The 'Invisible Captain,' eh?"

"Don't see it," replies Cullins, curtly. Hailsher pleasantly adapts the well-known line from *The Critic* by way of softening down the Composer's asperity, and says, "The Invisible Captain he cannot see, because he's not yet in sight." Whereat the Dean roars heartily, and then looks about the breakfast-table to see what more he can devour, finally settling on everything the Composer had thoughtfully selected for his own consumption.

But we are tired of doing nothing, lying at anchor in Loch Ryan, while according to the Invisible Captain the stormy winds do blow outside. We begin to feel mutinous. The three guests, after darkly talking the matter over "aft," determine to represent the case to Hailsher, whom the sailors speak of as "the Governor." They call the Captain "the Skipper." [Why "Skipper?" Sounds like a playful name for a flea.]

Hailsher conceals his annoyance under an appearance of listlessness. Except the Dean,—who makes believe he is taking

violent exercise by dressing in flannels, walking up and down the deck, then going below, putting on a shooting coat and deer-stalker hat to play at going out shooting, which he does with his rook-rifle at bottles tied to the stern,—we are all becoming depressed, and pining for movement at all hazards. Now, for the first time, I can appreciate the full force of a passage at the opening of some chapter in our *National History* which (if my school memory serves me right) began—

"The fleet had now been inactive for some months, and both officers and men began to express the very generally felt opinion that they ought to be doing something if they were to attack the enemy at all before the advent of the winter season rendered all operations at sea impossible, or at least, highly dangerous for the ships, and disastrous to the English prestige."

That's just our case: specially mine. I want to be off: somewhere, anywhere. "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the Loch!" To be up and doing: something, anything! And so say all of us. We begin to murmur: we murmur to the Governor in the hope that he will bawl to the Captain, the invisible Captain. "And when the Captain comes for to hear of it"—it is to be hoped he'll give the word to pipe all hands, hoist sails, and put out to sea.

Afternoon in Harbour.—Shooting bottles becomes monotonous. The Dean and myself congratulate one another on our excellent aim—and when we succeed in knocking one over, which we do on an average about once in twenty-five times, one of us says to the other with a knowing sportsmanlike air, "Ah, I don't think a rabbit, sitting, would have much chance with us now?" Privately, I don't think he would, *if he only sat long enough.* [*Happy Thought.*—What chances an animal painter must have with a rabbit sitting!]

We both agree, however, that bottle-shooting is "excellent practice," and, as we go on, we tell each other stories arranged on a gradually ascending scale of thrilling interest, about what we have individually done in the way of rabbits, hares, grouse, and game generally. I never knew till this afternoon, when I am backing myself against the Dean, what a first-rate sportsman I have been up to now, and what a vast experience I suddenly seem to have got. Where does it come from? I've only been out

really shooting twice in my life, and I can't have done it all then Yet I am not conscious of absolutely telling untruths: I am perhaps embellishing, and am dividing the twice I went out (which being for *two* days was, say, altogether sixteen hours' shooting) by eight, so that I can give a varied experience. Wonder if the Dean is doing the same? I don't think so, because he has got a gun of his own and I haven't.

I notice there is one sort of shooting we both avoid mentioning, and that is the only one we're likely to get on our yacht; *i.e.*, wild fowl, and sea-birds. With this exception we draw the line at Deer; that is before we come to Deer. Neither of us risk any anecdotes about Deer.

The Dean's biggest success on land appears to have been with "Rabbits sitting." Mine I know has been so, with my gun well-rested over a gate, and about five minutes to take steady aim, when such was the destructive character of my shot, that, by the time the smoke had cleared away, nothing was left of the unfortunate rabbit but two front teeth, some scattered remains, and a lot of fluffy fur. Of this I make no mention to the Dean, but express (what I really feel) my opinion, that "to shoot rabbits *sitting* is cruelty, or at all events unsportsmanlike." Whereupon the Dean says apologetically, that he has only done it once or twice as a pot-shot with a rifle, but that as a rule he always shoots them running. I say "So do I"—but I mean shoot *at* them running, which is all the difference—to *them*.

About fifteen bottles fall to an expenditure of three hundred cartridges, and Hailsher, who privately confides to me that his head aches with the perpetually popping, most pleasantly and with great apparent consideration for the Dean's future amusement, advises him to "cease firing," as perhaps he won't be able to get any more cartridges, and he may want them for sea-fowl.

Dinner.—Joy! joy! the Captain has been seen at last. He has been interviewed by the Governor, and has made up his mind, come what come may, to sail to-morrow morning. We drink his health in a bumper of Pommery. Hailsher offers a prize of an extra glass for a rhyme to Pommery. Here it is—

One glass of Pommery
Makes little Tom merry.

The prize is mine, and once more I drink the Captain's health.

"I hope we shan't start till *after* breakfast," says the Composer, who observes that "he hasn't yet got his sea-legs"—as if he were expecting them to be sent home the first thing to-morrow, so that he may try them on while dressing to see how they fit.

The Evening.—We pass it hopefully, cheerfully, gleefully. The Composer, who till now has held aloof from the piano with a sort of "don't-know-you" and "never-seen-you-before" sort of air, now seats himself, gives a few preliminary flourishes, and begins, as I observe, to warble. "Wobble, not warble, you mean," he says, for the first time pleasantly, "for the notes seem going up and down."

"The piano hasn't got its sea-legs on," says the Dean, who is just recovering from a short fit of despondency, consequent on his not having been able to find a rhyme to Pommery. We are all specially polite to the Composer. The reason of this oozes out later. Each one of us has a song he wants to sing (for his own personal and peculiar delectation) and each one of us will be disappointed should Cullins refuse to accompany on the piano.

Happy Thought—Sweeten the Composer. Keep him sweet. Shades of evening gather round us as the sounds of harmony ascend from our saloon on board the *Amarintha*. To-morrow we sail—with the gale, from the Loch of Ryan, oh!

I make the following notes:—*Rough Material* to be worked up into a new collection of Nautical Proverbs:—

"An English Skipper's house is his Fore-castle."

"One Skipper doesn't make a ——" (what?—word wanted here.)

"Cry Hammock and unslip the cords"—(*From the Nautical Shakspeare*).

"The Early Fish catches the Worm," or "The Early Worm catches the Fish." N.B. Are worms used at sea for bait? If not, substitute whatever is used. A bit of tin is used as bait for Mackerel. So—"The early bit of tin catches, &c."; or—*Happy Thought.*—"All that glitters catches the Mackerel." This will be a valuable work.

CHAPTER V.

"A NICHT WI' CULLINS"—STILL AT ANCHOR—THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

IT TURNS out that the Composer has brought a supply of nautical songs, all well known in a vague traditional sort of way, and once highly popular and probably "soul-stirring." Coming across many of these ballads causes in us—or at all events in me—a sensation of surprise similar to what Cullins himself experiences whenever he discovers we are in sight of some small island with which he has been familiar years ago on the map. This sudden recognition of places is a constant source of excitement to the Composer, as, with a map spread out before him on deck, and his finger on it at somewhere about the spot where we ought to be, he keeps looking up at the island (or whatever it may be), frowning as if in excessive annoyance at its obstinacy in remaining there, and then referring to the little dab with an almost illegible name which is its representative on the map. The idea which appears to be worrying the Composer throughout these geographical surveys seems to be, "Why does this place make so much of itself when it is so utterly insignificant on the map?"

So when we, the three of us, first hear of these old nautical songs, we enthusiastically beg him to "give us them all," and hail with delight the mention of the "*Saucy Arethusa*," and the "*Bay of Biscay*," with two or three other equally well-known titles; and

we are very naturally disappointed on discovering that the words invariably, and the tune occasionally, do not realise the, as I may term it, deferred expectations of a life-time. We had all of us heard of these national nautical airs from our boyhood up, and now——well we are all very much obliged to the Composer, but, as Hailsher politely puts it, "Isn't there another version of those songs?" Cullins doesn't think so, he replies, in a tone which leaves us to imply that he wishes us to understand that if this version is good enough for *him we* oughtn't to grumble. But we feel we have been taken in. The "*Saucy Arethusa*" for example, has this couplet, supposed to be heroic, as describing the strength of the enemy's crew, which the Saucy One was going to utterly route and defeat:—

> "On deck five hundred men did dance,
> The stoutest they could get in France."

Now isn't this a reflection on the gallantry of our former Jack Tars, for what possible glory could there be in defeating and taking prisoners a crew consisting of five hundred dancing French Daniel Lamberts? Notoriously, when a Frenchman *is* stout he goes to twenty-two stone in a very short time, and if these were the stoutest they could get in France, *i.e.* the very pick of all the stoutest Frenchmen in the whole nation,—the very fat of the land, so to speak,—what a helpless set they must have been, except for dancing, by way of exercise, just to keep it down a bit! and what accommodation they must have had on board that French vessel! Fancy five hundred of the stoutest Frenchmen of that period, in five hundred hammocks!

"And," observes the Dean, meditatively, "When they were in the rigging what easy targets they must have offered to our Marines!" He is evidently regretting that he was not born in time to be on board that Saucy One with his rook-rifle and three hundred cartridges.

Whether there is any law of copyright in Dibdin's or anybody else's music and words, which prevents a modern publication being exactly truthful, none of us are aware, and the Composer is unable to inform us; but with this version which the Composer has got, and which, it occurs to us all at once—when by common tacit

consent we give one another a rapid glance and suddenly drop the subject—may be his, Cullin's, own, we are discontented: as when the tune is right as we popularly knew it, the words, after a familiar start with the old lines, go utterly wrong; or, when the words are correct, the tune deceives us, and if we attempt, which we do, in our first true British-tarrish ecstacy, to unite in chorus, we are sure to find ourselves differing from the music at a critical part of the air, when the accompaniment takes the Composer by surprise, who shouts "Hallo!" retraces his steps—we watching him with strained eyes, and with the right notes quivering on the tips of our tongues—and then says, as if to himself, "No—that's right," and finishes the tune according to the version before him, leaving us gasping with an unfinished chorus on our hands.

There is one tune he plays which, up to a certain point, is so provokingly like the "*Bay of Biscay,*" and so irritatingly dissimilar afterwards, that the Dean, in sheer despair, throws himself back on a sofa and groans. Hailsher smiles dubiously at a soda-water bottle, as though he were revolving a problem as to how he could throw it at the Composer's head without infringing the ordinary rules of politeness, or chuck it in such a manner that Cullins should, on the whole, consider it rather as a compliment than otherwise, and be, if possible, on terms of more enduring friendship with our courtly host than ever.

Hailsher, however, adopts a far better method. Directly the nautical-imposture-ballad is finished, he at once tenders his (Hailsher's) best thanks to the Composer for his performance—we allow him to be accepted as spokesman for our sentiments, which we keep to ourselves—and with the sweetest smile and the most deferential manner that a pupil, sitting at the feet of a Master-Mind, could possibly assume, begs him to play "that little thing of his" (the Composer's) own, of which he (Hailsher) is so desperately fond, but the name of which at this moment, curiously enough, escapes his memory. On being asked by the Composer (who, of course, can't be expected to remember such a trifle out of the two thousand and any number of flashes of genius that are constantly occurring to him), "to give him some idea of how it went, how it began, or something like the motive," Hailsher is unable to do more than make a subdued humming noise with his

lips closed, which reminds me of a ventriloquist giving his well-known popular imitation of a bee in a bottle, and certainly does not assist his own recollection, as he gives up that method of recalling it to the Composer's mind, and substitutes a plan which, I believe, forms the basis of Mr. Stokes's celebrated artificial memory, of trying to associate the lost tune with an event, a name, a place, or a person.

"Don't you remember," Hailsher slowly begins, still with a deeply pained and puzzled expression of countenance, addressing the Composer, as if he were commencing the song of "*Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt.*" "Don't you remember your singing it at Lady Scrumpsher's?"

"What particular evening at the Scrumpsher's?" asks the Composer, resolving chords with his left hand as he half turns towards Hailsher, "because I go there so often"—which rudely seems to imply that his host doesn't,—not because he won't, but because he hasn't been asked.

"I know you do," returns Hailsher, meekly, with the air of a man who reads the *Court Circular* regularly, and of course is well up in the movements of so distinguished a public character as the Composer. "I know you do," he repeats. "But I mean that night when Prince—dear me—Prince" and again his memory fails him—"so annoying——"

"Oh—yes—yes——" the Composer says, resolving another chord.

"Yes," replies Hailsher, brightening up a little, and apparently as satisfied as if Cullins had mentioned the name—"and Count—— the Austrian, you know——"

"Oh yes—old——" and the name is lost in another chord, as the Composer turns full round to the piano again, and suddenly glides into a melodious warble, which in less than two seconds Hailsher recognises with joy, and nods triumphantly to us—to me on one sofa, and to the Dean on another—as much as to say—"There, you see, I've caught him—he's at it—I've turned him on, and *now* you'll hear something very much to your advantage." At all events we are all pleased that the Composer's private and peculiar version of celebrated nautical songs is shelved for the present, while Hailsher lights a pipe, fills himself a glass of soda-and-brandy, politely and considerately stifling the pop in a corner,

and then appears absorbed in the performance, to which he had led up with such consummate tact.

It is a very good song, and very well sung—"Jolly companions, &c., &c." Once started, Cullins gives us more "where that came from"—*i.e.*, his own head.

Thus passes one musical evening—there are others to come, duly noted in my log; and the Composer, having exhausted his good-nature with the effort, rises abruptly—Genius is often abrupt—[*Happy Thought*—Write an Essay on the Peculiar Manners of Geniuses—specially Musical Geniuses]—declares "he won't play any more"—like a boy who fancies himself cheated or unfairly treated at some game—and is leaving the piano open, as much as to hint to us that "*we* can go on if we like, and see what *we* make of it," with a sort of "*après moi le déluge*" sniff and toss of the head, when the Dean, who has been rousing himself gradually, and who has got into a sitting position reading what we thought up to now was an old number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but which turns out to be a piece of music, asks the Composer, in a very diffident manner, if he is acquainted with "*My Fair One, my Fond One*," words by——

"Oh yes," answered the Composer, "Why?" And then, in trying to imitate Hailsher's habitual politeness, which is unnatural to Cullins, he falls into the hopeless mistake of inquiring "if what the Dean has there is the song in question?" Of course it is. The Dean is up on his legs in an instant. So is Hailsher. So am I.

The Composer—weak again—the momentary weakness of Genius—has placed it on the music-stand, and is actually trying it! Apparently, he rather likes it. It seems to suggest something else to him. (N.B., notice, generally, that everything "suggests something else" to a Composer.) But, at all events, one thing it does suggest is that he should ask the Dean, "Do you sing this?" probably expecting the Dean to reply, "No; that he had only brought it for the Composer to try."

But no such luck. Does the Dean sing it? Doesn't he, rather! Hasn't he got the Composer in his toils for once? Won't he now repay him tenfold for the Composer's rude remarks about his shooting, or about his appetite, or about any other subject on which the Dean may happen to be a little tender?

The Composer, temporarily subdued, sits down to accompany this song; and the Dean, opening his chest, begins the serenade in a voice that fetches the Invisible Captain out of his berth, that makes all hands rush up on deck, and utterly drowns the Composer's piano accompaniment. There are five verses, and he won't let the Composer off. He urges him on by raising disputes as to what the composer of the song exactly meant in the following verse—which thereupon he sings, and his victim is forced to follow him. Then he appeals to Cullins's cultivated taste and operatic experience as to "how" the two lines in the *next* verse should be given—and Cullins, a bit flattered, but really struggling to get away, finds himself playing that too. And having got so far, of course Cullins goes on to the end—then rising hurriedly, says "Yes—a very good song, but it hardly suits your voice"—— and dashes up the companion, when we fully expect to hear a wild, agonising shriek, a flop in the sea, and then a cry from the night-watch of "Man overboard!"—but it's all right, he is aft, wrapped in an ulster, silent, collapsed, and trying to revive himself with the soothing pipe. *Happy Thought.*—Piping his bird's eye.

There are other musical evenings on board the *Amarintha*, but this does not occur again. So I note it, for it is a memorable night in Loch Ryan—our last night here—for to-morrow we are actually away. "Far, far upon the sea, The good ship is bounding free," I sing to the Composer, quoting Henry Russell's popular old song, as we turn in.

"'Bounding free,'" grumbles the Composer from his berth. "I hope it won't. There's a deuce of a breeze getting up outside. However, it will be better than stopping here doing nothing, except . . . . But the Dean doesn't catch me again," he murmurs, as he turns over on his side with his face to the wall.

When I say, lightly and pleasantly, "turn in," meaning thereby my getting into my berth, I convey an inadequate notion of the difficulty. Getting into a berth is putting yourself away on a shelf—like a standard work in a library, but the standard work has the advantage of being carried up by somebody and carefully deposited there. But the process of mounting into the best of berths is not easy. First I get on the sofa below and examine the bearings. I see two little brass fastenings. If these are undone won't the bed-

clothes all come out, or can I fasten them up when I'm once in and remain in an unrumpled nest? After grave deliberation I decide against undoing the fastenings, and upon taking the extra three inches step up which this entails. In doing so I find, that while elevating my right leg,—putting, that is, my best leg foremost,—before giving myself, as it were, "a leg up," my left foot treads firmly on the border of my classic robe,—[*Night Happy Thought.*—"I am more an antique Roman"—in my undress.]—and my right leg, being quite unconscious of what the left leg is doing, gives a heave up on its own account, when cr-r-r-ack goes the drapery that Julius Cæsar might have worn without frightening Calphurnia.

Happy Thought.—Classic and Shakespeare. "See what a rent the envious *Casca* made." I am the *Casca*—being envious of the Composer's slumbers. He is fast asleep. Not even the tearing of the classic robe has aroused him. He has fallen asleep as suddenly as people do on the stage, in a melodrama, when something awful's going to happen. Something awful has happened—something awfully uncomfortable at least to me—but I roll myself up in my berth, and then come my——

Night Thoughts.—Will he snore?

He appears a little restless. Perhaps this is always the case with a Composer when he's composing himself to sleep.

Shall I wake him up, and tell him?

No—I'll think:—We sail to-morrow—hooray!—glad when we're off—queer sensation in the berth—"snug, pernicious snug," as somebody says in *Nicholas Nickleby*—the slighest motion—pleasant rather than otherwise—but shouldn't like to be always in harbour—or in a lake—wonder—wonder—if—ah—yes—I think I'll . . . . . wonder—if he snores . . . because if he snores . . . I shall . . . . .

I am startled by a loud and angry voice:—

"Hullo! Hi! Hang it, wake up! You do snore so confoundedly I can't get a wink of sleep!"

It is the Composer addressing *me!!*

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE MOVE—BREAKFAST—OFF AT LAST!

WE WAKE very early—I mean myself and the Composer, my "stable companion." We both become aware of each other's returning consciousness at about the same moment, and each apparently astonished to find the other still there, exclaims, "Hullo!" Having thus given satisfactory signs of life, the Composer's head above the bed-clothes, suddenly stares at me with an alarmed expression, and exclaims, "I say, are we moving?"

Are we moving? Well, I seem to notice a trickling, as it were, of running water close by my left ear; and, on becoming more and more attentive to phenomena, I can decidedly observe a very gentle movement—the slightest possible swaying. On the whole I am inclined to think that the Invisible Captain has summoned his phantom crew (for I've not yet seen all the crew—only four of them in the gig, and there are eight more somewhere about—in the fo'c'sle), and while we slept has cut us adrift—I mean has unmoored us—and has hoisted sail, and we are now—where?—out at sea?

We meditate for a while. The oscillation does not increase. The sound of the trickling water is musical and soothing. If when in a berth, while "under weigh," one never experiences any more disagreeable motion than this, then we both conclude that the berth

is the best place to stop in. *Happy Thought.—J'y suis, J'y reste.*

A movement on deck: people walking over our noses. Slushing of water as it were over our faces: a good deal of running about, and apparently banging with muffled hammers, as though some refined pirates had come on board, and were commencing to do for us by some gradual process of "battening us down," and then, perhaps, pouring in boiling oil through the crevices, until we were killed like the *Forty Thieves* after *Morgiana's* dose.

Happy Thought.—And more than that—absolutely brilliant—*The Forty Pirates*—ah! but how get in the words, "*Open Sesame?*"—I see—*The Forty Pirates of the "Open Seas Army!"* an Arabian Nights Nautical Opera, in Three Acts. If the Composer will only see it, our fortunes are made! But he won't see anything. "I'm sure we're moving," he says, nervously. "I wish I hadn't woke up. It was your snoring did it," he growls. "I only wish I could go to sleep again." Evidently my "stable companion" is not to be trifled with at this particular moment. He is testy. Let me see, there is a Composer called "Testy,"—no, that's TOSTI. I try to amuse him with this, but he becomes grumpier and grumpier, and requests me not to bother him as he wants to go to sleep again, if he can. In order to assist his slumbers I hum to him as peculiarly appropriate the well-known air, "*Let me dream again! Waking is such pain,*"—as it will be to *him* if he's not a good sailor—"*Oh, do not wake me, let me dream again!*"—but he only becomes violent—not much room for being violent, laid up on a narrow top-shelf like old clothes in a cupboard,—and wants to know "if I can't be quiet for five minutes and let him go to sleep."

Happy Thought.—"Five minutes allowed for refreshment." He is still restless. I propose calling the Steward. "What for?" he interrupts, starting up at right angles to his shelf. "For coffee and toast, preliminary breakfast, something to do," I explain, and down he goes again, somewhat soothed by the suggestion. But how to get at the Steward? There are no bells. Odd this, when everything on board ship, as I have hitherto understood, is always regulated by bells. The "watches" are regulated by bells—or

ought to be. Is Cullins to get out of his berth and call the Steward, or am I? He flatly—"flatly" is the position he has now taken up in bed—refuses. I point out to him, reasonably enough, that he is next to the door, and that it can be no possible trouble for him to——, but he replies, shortly, "Door be deed!" (*Note.* Irritability of genius;—Genius considered as a "stable companion" for one week only.) We regard one another curiously across the cabin. It is a sort of chess problem,—white to move—(we're both in white)—but what's the next move, and who's to make it? Suddenly we hear a stentorian voice singing a verse from "*The Saucy Arethusa*," mixed up with the "*Bay of Biscay.*" It is the Dean's. He begins "Loud roared the dreadful Thunder," of which he is apparently attempting to convey an idea by loudly roaring himself. *Happy Thought.*—Who's to move? The Dean shall solve the Gordian Knot—our Dean *ex machinâ*.

The Dean is one of those hearty and very muscular Christians who like to begin a day as they are going on with it, and who, having fetched himself out of bed by his own innate physical force—*Happy Thought.*—Blown up in the air by combustion of animal spirits,—finds it absolutely necessary as a safety-valve to let off the rest of his steam by knocking at other people's bedroom-doors—playing on them with his fists like the mechanical toy of the rabbit and the drum—and shouting out "Now then, Lazy-bones! Up you get!" But you *don't*—and that's where you have the pull of these exuberant characters. We hear the Dean playing rabbit-and-drum at Hailsher's cabin-door.

Happy Thought.—"Cabin-door" sounds as if Hailsher were an Irish peasant, and the Dean were coming to him as a bailiff for rent.

Another Happy Thought.—Notes for a new book, *Aunt Sally's Yacht:* sequel to *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Fine figure-head.

Hailsher, from within, replies in a patient tone—suggesting the epithet which was applied to Ulysses of "the much-enduring"—that he does not intend to rise for another two hours; and this being evidently a hint that any further disturbance will be resented by the much-enduring one, is at once taken, as a blind horse is popularly supposed to take a nod, by Bolby, who is about to storm

the 'companion" when he is arrested by cries for help from our cabin. He pauses, and shouts, "Hallo! What's up!"

Happy Thought.—What's up? We're *not*—but the Dean is, and—(this we formulate in a politely put request)—he can, if he will be so good, summon the Steward to attend to us.

He calls us "lazy!" tells us that we ought to be up on deck and plunging in the sea, and we acknowledge humbly and still from our shelves—where we lie winking at one another like a couple of sly sea-dogs, in anticipation of the success of our artful device—that we ought to be up, but *can't* rise till we have seen the Steward. This touches the Dean, who thereupon summons the Steward from out of some ingeniously-contrived sleeping arrangement which, judging from the clatter he makes on being suddenly aroused, he is sharing with the knives, spoons, forks, tumblers, cruets, and pickle-jars. In a quarter of an hour he brings us our preparatory coffee, and Cullins seizes this opportunity for inquiring "if we are really moving?" He answers that we are not, but that we shall be very soon. After he has retired, Cullins professes utter disbelief in the statement, which he considers the Steward made merely out of a kind desire not to upset us too much so early in the morning. We both agree that there is a swaying motion.

Happy Thought.—A couple of Nautical Galileos—"But it moves—for all that." * * * *Breakfast.* 9.30. Not yet off. "We shall have a roughish time of it when we once get out," observes Hailsher; "so I advise everybody to make a good breakfast." His is not theory without practice. He is a dainty and gentle but ample breakfast-eater.

Four more different specimens of breakfast-eaters could not well be gathered round one table. Hailsher professes to make a good breakfast, and does so, gently, calmly, thoughtfully, helping himself as politely as he does anybody else; his right hand pours out tea for his left hand with the greatest possible pleasure, and he supplies his own plate with butter as if it were a visitor to whom he wishes to pay the utmost attention. I should on the whole, were I called upon to distribute prizes, award him the first as the model breakfast-eater.

Hailsher meditates for some time silently, looks kindly and sweetly round at the eatables and at everyone else's plate, as if to see what is the popular dish, and then gradually makes up his mind and says, smiling pleasantly, to the Composer, "Will you give me some of that pie, please?" These requests are always made to the Composer, who, somehow or other, invariably manages to get everything that everybody else wants all about him, and then pretends he can't see them, and grumbles at being disturbed.

Bolby is a boisterous breakfast-eater. He intersperses his feeding with occasional bursts of harmony—much to the Composer's annoyance—as, for instance, when he has finished an egg he breaks out into the opening chorus of the Camp Scene in *Roberto*—(generally popular with noisy men who indulge in "snatches" of melody out of sheer overflow of love for their fellow-man)—and sings, *fortissimo*, without words, "Rum tum tum tum tum tum ti do—Rum tum tum tum tiddle tum tay—ha! ha! ha! yes 'tay by all means"—hands his cup, *per* me, the Composer making no offer—and Hailsher smilingly inquires, "Tea?"—to which the Dean replies, "If you please," and beams on everyone with a knife in one hand and a fork in the other, with which he emphasises the tune on the table as he continues—"Rum tum tum tum" (looking at the ham), "tum ti do" (regarding a heap of pie on the Composer's plate), "Rum tum tum tum tiddle tum"—and he breaks off at the last note with "Yes, I'll have some pie. Now, Cullins, my lad, all hands for pie!" Whereupon Cullins, who can't spare any hands at that moment, and who does not like being addressed as "my lad," very ungraciously, assists him to whatever in the pigeon-pie he would least like himself, and observes, surlily, "Now, I hope you'll be satisfied." "In time, old man," replies Bolby,—and then, after taking three pieces of toast on which the Composer had had his eye, and helping himself to butter, which he puts on my side, out of Cullins's reach, he settles down to the pie.

The Composer gets everything eatable and drinkable in front of him, "within easy reach," as the house-agent's advertisements say, growls over his food, and finally pushes his empty plate away from him with an air of profound contempt. As for myself I am

only an amateur at this meal, and cannot expect to hold my own with three professional breakfast-eaters.

Breakfast over. Appearance of the Invisible Captain. The mildest, politest, smilingest, steadiest, thick-set, trust-worthiest looking person—just the very man for the place. A convenient-sized man, too; as on a yacht—even in a 140 tons'—where, after all, accommodation, unless it has been most craftily planned, is limited, the less space a man can take up the more valuable he is.

The Captain says we shall have a stiffish time outside. We watch Hailsher. Will he blench at the last moment? No. He nails his colours to the mast, and says, "Well, Captain, we all want to get on—we'll risk it." "Very good, Sir," replies the Captain, looking upon us, evidently with an air of kindly pity, as four land-lubbers who don't know when we are well off. Then, as an excuse, Hailsher hastens to inform the Captain that one of his guests (myself) has received a telegram on business, and must be at Oban by a certain date. This is true. It gives us an object. To Oban! Oban or Westminster Abbey! or pedestals at Madame Tussaud's, with a number and an advertisement in the papers that we have been "recently added to the collection?" No more words—the Captain is satisfied, and in another minute the orders are given, and the sailors are at work weighing anchor and then hoisting sails.

The Composer becomes thoughtful. He says he thinks it will be pleasanter to "go on deck than to remain in a stuffy cabin"—he means a cabin where he has been stuffing. His temper is decidedly not improving. There is certainly a stiff breeze, or, as it blows about, I should prefer to call it a loose breeze.

There are several breezes springing up, it seems, in different directions, judging by the few boats we see coming in or going out. The Irish steamer from Stranraer has started. We watch her with interest, as we are in her wake, and she is evidently "getting it."

I draw his attention to the peculiar utterances of the sailors as they haul up the sails. Couldn't he set them to music?

"Pooh!" he snaps me up—(*Happy Thought.*—A "snappy" Composer,)—shortly, "It's been done." Everything I suggest to the Composer seems to have been done before by somebody else.

I try to catch the phrases, and note the sounds: they tug at a rope in a row—never less than five men at one rope—ejaculating, spasmodically, at intervals, "Hey! hip!"—a pull—"Hey jelly boo!"—another pull—"Hey! hip!"—another and a stronger pull—"I told you So!" Then again, "Hey hip! Hey jelly boo!" I cannot make out what effect "jelly boo" has on the sail. None, apparently, as though it has rustled and flapped and creaked, it doesn't seem to have risen half an inch. Why can't all this be done by machinery—like reaping and threshing? "Oho! Hey! Hey! O-Ho!" The first sail has gone, like *Tom Bowling's* better part, "up aloft."

Then the Captain says, shortly, "Ease away!" and presently, after a lot more energetic "Hey hos! Hey jelly boos!" he suddenly stops it all with a supercilious, "Belay *that*!" which *does* sound uncommonly like "Hold your row!" and certainly has the same effect as that command would have had coming from authority.

Then we haul the "taykel"—(is this "tackle"? *Note for Nautical Book*). Then they all go at the mainsail with a new set of expressions. "Up with her! Ho!" "Up with her, quick!" "Up with her!" Then, as she doesn't seem to yield to their cheery persuasiveness quite so readily as they had imagined she would—a very coquettish and perverse female this mainsail seems to be—they look aloft, and putting fresh energy into their movements, cry out, "Hey ee hip!"—and it goes up perceptibly about an eighth of an inch—"O tea track! O gee bo!" This last "O gee bo!" is more exhilarating, and the sail mounts quite half an inch. The men much delighted and encouraged by this progress, resume their "O tea track! O gee bo! O jelly bo!"—but the sail seems to think she has given way sufficiently, and that to take a step farther might compromise her dignity, when the Mate, evidently losing all patience with such obstinacy, braces himself up, or rather hitches himself up, for one grand final effort, and the crew follow his example. The Mate won't stand any more nonsense; and, as if he were a bold buccaneer ordering off a troublesome female captive to instant execution or to the dungeons in the secret cavern among the rocks, he roars out, with bluff determination, "Now, my'lads, away with her!" and to it they go with a

will—one old man nearly coming on his back in his excitement—all gasping out the words of this mysterious nautical incantation scene, "O tea track! O gee bo! O jelly bo! O tea track!" and the sail is just up to the top—another half-inch will do it—when they all bawl out "*Oho!*" and the unwilling virago of a sail struggling, writhing, and fighting to the last, is hauled up, bound, as it were, hand and foot, hung with a powerful jerk mast-high, and—and—we are actually under weigh!

"Well off now!" exclaims Bolby. I hope we are. We all seem to be enjoying ourselves, except Cullins the Composer.

Under weigh!!—in another second a quarter of the deck is under water, but it rushes out again at the scuppers—and now we are sailing—all on one side—sprawling about anyhow, as being taken by surprise—and fairly off at last. "For where?" I ask—"what sea?"

"The Atlantic," answers Hailsher.

"The Atlantic!" gasps the Composer "You don't mean to say"—— And then the cane chair slides away with him, and he is very nearly shot over the bulwark, but for the fortunate accident of coming sharply against the skylight of our cabin, which brings him on to the deck, where, until we "go about again," he prefers to remain.

The Atlantic! I don't think that in his wildest dreams he had ever an idea of meeting the Atlantic personally, being under some sort of impression that, once on the Atlantic, you were hopelessly at sea until you suddenly discovered America—like Columbus.

The Dean points out a small vessel outside, dipping her bows every minute, and playing see-saw fearfully.

"Shall we do that?" Cullins inquires.

"Well," replies the Dean, "we shall be where she is—and doing much as she does."

I look at the Composer. He is silent, and gradually turning a pale unearthly green. Song for him.—"*Of what is the old man thinking, as he sits in that low cane chair?*" There is a fixed expression on his suddenly worn and changing countenance which seems to say, "Silence all! I am going to meet my fate! Behold me and the Great Atlantic together at last!!"

CHAPTER VII.

"NOW WE SAIL.—WITH THE GALE"—LAMLASH—REST.

WE HAVE hauled up our peak, we have squared our halliards, we have taken in taykel, we have hauled up the stay-sail. We fly along, we don't use the spinnaker, the hatches are battened down, the tiller is tied with a rope, and the man at the tiller holds on by another rope. Hailsher, wrapped up in patent leggings, mackintosh, and with a sou' wester tied over his ears, is curled up on the taffrail examining the waves through his eyeglass. Bolby, in an entirely fresh suit, consisting of a rough pilot coat, an oilskin hat, and a pair of seven-leagued boots reaching up over his knees, reminds me of the theatrical portrait of "Mr. So-and-So as Will Watch, the Bold Smuggler," only without the belt and pistols, though he might have easily stowed these away under his capacious pilot-jacket; while Cullins, whose complexion at this moment has assumed the faint tint of a Spanish olive that has been some time out of bottle, might, on account of his limp and dejected appearance, be taken for a prisoner, whom the Bold Buccaneer, sailing under the burgee of the Death's-head and Cross-bones, is conveying to a secret cavern in some distant Pirate's Isle, with a view to a subsequent ransom being offered by the Composer's "friends at a distance," who under these circumstances would be "requested to take notice," and stump up. Were this really the case, I fancy the Buccaneer's speculation would be a bad one.

With every button of my Ulster doing its duty, my collar turned up, and my deerstalker pressed tightly down, I defy the elements, stand by a bulwark, and keep a firm grip on the rigging.

Here's a wave coming—up we go—down we go. Here's another

bigger than the first—bang—and though we dodge, and though, without daring to let go of my rope, I get as much as I possibly can of myself hidden for a second behind the bulwark, it bursts over us with the force of a small waterspout, and we are shaking ourselves like Newfoundland dogs after a bath, and laughing, to show what careless, hardy, daring, devil-may-care Rovers we all are—all except the Composer, who takes what he gets of his ducking with the utterly resigned air of a man who has given up all hope, and to whom I quote the Shakespearian line, "Let Hercules himself do what he may, The" —— when he stops me with a sad reproachful look, which lasts but the space of a flash of summer lightning, and then his eyes resume the fixed, vacant stare of one of Madame Tussaud's life-like effigies in wax, to which, on the whole, in colour and rigidity of position, he bears a striking resemblance.

Waves come at us from every direction. There are a lot of waves going, as it were, the wrong way; these, coming into sharp collision with others going the right way, jump up, flood the deck, wet the Composer's shoes—(he has twice tried to tuck his feet in under the chair, but the water "made for them" with malice aforethought, running in at them each time as a cat might after a mouse, and so he has given up even this slight attempt at making himself comfortable),—and then rush out tumultuously at the open scuppers.

Personally, I am glad of the wind and wetting; it keeps me fresh—and well. I *think* I'm well. The excitement of this ocean steeple-chase—the ship being the sea-horse, and taking all its fences magnificently — prevents my experiencing any *decided* qualmishness, and I exclaim aloud, "Ah! this is indeed enjoyable!"

"Isn't it?" cries the Dean.

"Delightful!" says Hailsher, politely nodding his approval of the sea's proceedings up to this point.

"Capital fun!" seems to shout, by way of returning our compliments, the biggest wave we've yet had,—a wave that staggers us all, causing me to lose my rope, when I am swung forcibly round, and find myself sprawling over the top of the state-cabin skylight.

The Steward has crept up the Companion, and the Steward's head, coming out, announces "Luncheon!"

Shall I? or shan't I? Can I? or can't I? I am all right on deck—

couldn't be better. But to go below—is it not as it were to tempt Providence? Will not the cabin be stuffy? It has been shut up all the morning; and won't everything be see-sawing.

"I shan't come down," the Composer says, shortly and decisively, in answer to the Dean's hearty invitation.

"Shall I send you a sandwich and a glass of brandy-and-water on deck?" asks Hailsher, very cautiously descending the Companion, and guarding his head as if expecting some practical joke from an exuberant wave. The composer nods assent.

I *am* hungry, and a yacht's cabin is not like a steamboat's saloon. I will risk it; and, after a cheerful nod to Cullins, intended in a charitable spirit to impress him with the notion of how very well *I* am, I watch my opportunity, make a fairly good shot for the opening, and descend backwards. My sea-conscience says, "Are you doing the right thing?" I have my doubts. I fall against two wrong doors, and then reel into the cabin.

The Steward is there, all sideways, with a tray, apparently making a violent but vain effort to walk up a hill; the Dean is there, slanting in a totally different direction; Hailsher is standing up at what was a sober, sensible table, but which is now only an intoxicated eccentricity, sloping downwards, and doing its best to shake everything off on to the cabin floor.

The piano is going up in the air, the chairs are dancing—I don't know which way to go—I grasp at nothing in the air like an after-dinner *Macbeth* seeing several daggers—and, worst of all, *there's the whole scene before me repeated in the looking-glass*, where the muddle seems to be made twenty-times worse. Oh, dear! now there are two Hailshers struggling with ham, and two Stewards going up hills with brandies and sodas on trays, and two Deans rolling about with loaves of bread, and an awful figure, with staring eyes, yellow face, and rough hair, bearing a strong family likeness to myself, but startlingly suggestive of what my appearance might be after a few years of life as a bushranger,—and before I have recovered from the shock which the mirror's reflection of myself has given me, someone or something—I fancy at the moment it's a chair—hands me a plateful of ham and some bread, when, all at once, I am seized with an uncontrollable yearning for mustard, and I say, "I'll come for it," meaning the mustard-pot,—when, in making one step to

the right towards the table, I find myself shot off by some invisible force in exactly the opposite direction, where I arrive, in an attitude of supplication, clutching the edge of the sofa with one hand and saving my plate with the other. Then I pause for breathing time, and all I notice is that the Steward is still vainly toiling up hill with the same brandy and soda on a tray, which he is vainly trying to deliver to Hailsher, who seems as far off as ever.

I got on to my knees, and collect my food. I am still determined as to mustard. The Dean's voice—I only see a shadowy

Diagram showing relative positions of Yacht, Table, and Ourselves.

(Yacht looks a little too like a tee-to-tum, but the intention is clear.)

A.A. Yacht. B.B. Ourselves and swing-table. C.C.C. Evident.

form of him, with an uncertain outline, in the glass—says, "Here it is!" and on all fours I make for the direction whence the voice proceeded, leaving my plate on the floor. Somehow, Hailsher hands me the mustard—that is, I am suddenly thrown forward with a lurch to receive it, and find myself on a level with Hailsher's hand in which is the mustard-pot. The Steward is slanting backwards on his heels, engaged, apparently, in a frantic struggle with a cupboard. A minute more of this topsy-turvydom, and it will be all over with *me*. *Happy Thought.*—Champagne! One glass!

The Dean, who seems to be rolling about the place, gives me the champagne,—I think it's the Dean who does this, though the

Steward's legs are mixed up with it somehow,—but anyhow I know it isn't Hailsher, as he appears to be "setting," as they say in quadrilles, to the ham, and he and his *vis-à-vis* are doing an eccentric dance from side to side. I just see this, as I drink off my champagne, which I take kneeling, as though I were a Jacobite pledging "the king over the water," and then feeling that one second more below will settle, or rather unsettle me effectually, I make a wild dash for where I think the door is, bump up against the side, jerk to the right, stagger to the left, fall sideways into a recess where the water-proofs ought to be, stagger out of this, go head foremost against a side cabin-door which doesn't yield to pressure (thank goodness!) then fall back on the second step of the companion,—seize the companion-rail, dash up the stairs—bang my head against the cover which has been shut down, ejaculate forcibly, struggle to remove it, crawl out on deck, stagger upon my legs once more, gasp, regain my position, and my firm grip on the rope of safety!

How do I feel? How am I? I *think* I'm all right. I question whether taking just that extra inch of ham was quite judicious, but the champagne, coupled with my determination to come on deck, saved me. Another five minutes! No more qualms—a magnificent wave is coming full at us! I will not duck my head! Prepare to receive wave! Shoulder arms! Present! *Water!!* Bang!!!... Delicious! Delightful! I am a giant refreshed with salt water! And—which is everything to me—I am warm and comfortable, an effect that I feel is entirely due to that one glass of Pommery! If challenged to make another rhyme, I would sing the praises of that "glorious vintage of champagne," as a certain remedy for *mal de mer*. I will tell this to the Composer. It will do him good. Where is he? There is the vacant chair. Has he—while we've been carousing below—has he been washed overboard at last? The man at the helm will know. He says that the gentleman didn't feel quite right—he has gone below.

So the day wears on. Rougher and rougher—and always more or less within sight of Ailsa Craig, covered with seabirds, like white pocket-handkerchiefs spread out to dry.

Arran in view. Comparatively still water. I descend to see

after Cullins. I find him behind the cabin-door. Better in colour and general tone: but inclined to take a despondent view of the future.

He freshens up: and when we are once more anchored stem and stern in Lamlash Bay, he is as ready for dinner as the rest of us.

We notice that he is more amenable, and less grumpy. He is almost cheerful, and very nearly polite, if not absolutely considerate.

He does not feel up to music, so we sit silently enjoying the

In a Gale—Tacking for Mustard.

calm beauties of a moonlight night in Lamlash Bay, and then turn in. All tired.

"I say," observes my "stable companion," as he sits by the side of his berth, *en déshabillé*, rubbing his knees thoughtfully, "I say——"

I am all attention.

"You're going away after a week of it, ain't you?"

I sincerely regret to say I am. In fact I must.

"I shall go with you," he says.

I point out to him that this course will be most rash; that he is throwing away six weeks of pleasure because he has had one day's bad experience: I assure him that he will get more and

more accustomed to it as he goes on: I remind him that Nelson was always ill,—"at starting" I add emphatically, foreseeing his objection to the eminent example as a case in point of *not* having got over it: and I finish with, heartily, "You stick to the ship, and you won't be ill again!"

"Ah!" he exclaims, with a dissatisfied air, "I don't so much mind being ill; but——" and here, in his classic costume, he climbs into his berth, and shivers.

"You don't mind being ill!" I repeat, astonished. "But—*what?*"

"Well, I don't mind so much being ill,"—he returns, in a tone of most intense annoyance,—"but *everything's so damp!*"

I have no answer to this. Our conversation ends. He is right; there *is* a good deal of dampness about, specially in the berths. The things have a way of clinging affectionately to you, and you do feel strongly inclined to find fault with somebody for their not having been thoroughly aired. But I say to him, "Isn't it often the same at the sea-side?"

"Not exactly the same," the Composer replies, discontentedly, as he turns his face to the wall, and in a few minutes we are both sweetly asleep in the utter calm of Lamlash Bay.

CHAPTER VIII.

PEACE —CAMPBELTOWN —PLANS—OBAN—FAREWELL.

THE roughest time is over, and we have roughed it. Cullins is all right again; he finds nothing "damp"—at least he doesn't complain. He is delighted with Lamlash Bay; he is charmed with Campbeltown, where we can and *do* get tomatoes and marrows—(Stranraer, take notice!)—and the best hand-knitted socks at the lowest possible prices. The Captain is of opinion that we can "make Oban" in less than a day and a half. [*Happy Thought.*—"Make Oban!" Good thing for Oban. Evident, and not an "Oban question."] Now that we are sailing calmly, the Dean once more brings out his rook rifle, and we go in for "potting" puffins, divers, sea-fowl, and gulls. As a matter of fact we do *not* pot them, but we shoot at them briskly, the man at the wheel making a point whenever there are any birds in sight. One diver accompanies us for half-an-hour, and supplies us with a perfect fund of amusement. "They take a deal of shooting," says the Dean, and they undoubtedly do. At all events, they get no hitting, and, on the whole, appear to enjoy the fun as much as we do, reminding me of the little dog in the nursery rhyme, "who laughed to see such sport."

As a rule, just as the Dean fires, the diver disappears, and Bolby shouts, triumphantly, "I've hit him!" We are just about to credit him with a success, when the bird reappears, waggles his

head and tail merrily, gives a queer, dry, sarcastic laugh—something between a quack and a chuckle—[*Happy Thought*—say a "quuckle"]—which evidently implies, "No, you didn't that time, my boy!" and then he placidly floats on the water, quuckling to himself in perfect security.

Once, during a calm, the old sea-dog, I mean the pointer at the helm, indicates a lovely chance—a certainty—a diver riding, so to speak, at anchor, within a few yards of the yacht. I have time to take a steady aim. Bang! The bullet has cleared him by about two inches, and gone with a spurt into the sea ahead of him. The diver is clearly quite new to the sport, as he makes a rush, open-mouthed, in the direction of where the bullet disappeared, stretching out his neck to peck at it, being evidently under the impression that it's something to eat.

Cullins is annoyed at discovering that this is not the Atlantic, but the Irish Channel. At first he won't believe it. "The Irish Channel!" he exclaims. "How can that be when this is Scotland?" He decides that all maps are wrong, and gives up the study of Geography. Henceforward, having got his sea-legs properly fitted on, he will enjoy himself.

At Oban I say farewell for the present to our polite host, Hailsher, and my pleasant companions—including the one leading down to the cabin; and, envying them their seven weeks' cruise, I close my short log—(phrase suggestive of "cutting my stick"—which, alas! I have to do)—and so terminates my happy holiday on board the *Amarintha*.

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

CHAPTER I.

OVER OLD GROUND—ON BOARD—THE MYSTIC UMBRELLA—THE COMPOSER IN A NEW CHARACTER—ARRIVAL—UNDER WEIGH.

ONCE more going North from Euston, with my friend, Cullins the Composer, whose charming song "*The Past is but a Muddled Dream*," recently created such a *furore* in musical circles, both bound for the Yacht *Amarintha*. We go by the Limited Mail, and find an unlimited female trying to take possession of our seats. She has had, however, to argue with a sturdy Scotch Guard, and is now confronted and put utterly to rout by the lawful owners. She disappears, and is heard no more. It is late in the season for a cruise, and we fear the weather is breaking. We hope for the best, and are more or less prepared for the worst. Uneventful journey. At Carlisle, hunger being a sharp thorn, we try a cup of luke-warm and doubtful coffee and attempt a nibble

at a slice of bread-and-butter, to which the description of some fine ancient vintage would apply—"curious, old, and very dry." It is nine minutes past 5 A.M., and the Guard did not inform us that, as we were bound for Stranraer, we had at least a quarter of an hour to spare, instead of being hurried off in five minutes. Why has he kept this a secret? There might have been something better at Carlisle, after all, than the above-mentioned fossil bread-and-butter, tepid coffee, and indifferent tea, which last considerably upset the Composer's equanimity. However, he justified his professional claims by composing himself to sleep; and repose, not conversation, being our object, we were more or less somnolent, and perfectly silent.

N.B.—North Britain. Sunrise very effective. I draw the Composer's attention to it, thinking he would like to compose something about a Sunrise,—say a Sunata,—but he only turns round and burrows into the cushion, muttering "Sunrise be blowed!" The Composer is evidently a trifle crusty. To adapt Dr. Watts's *Sluggard*, "I have called him too soon, I shan't call him again." We pass the "Irving Arms Hotel." Evidently a theatrical district. Wonder if there's an "Irving Legs Hotel"? Nobody visible; only geese and donkeys out at this time of the morning. This observation would not be a safe one to make in the presence of a man gifted with what in Shakspearian times was styled "a pretty wit." He would be sure to use it against you. In his present sociable frame of mind, I fancy the Composer would if I gave him a chance.

Dumfries.—The Composer murmurs, as he gazes wearily through the window, at nothing in particular, "Um! Castle of Dumfries. Let me see—what happened there? Siege—I think—subject for cantata—or opera." Then he dives down again head-foremost, and disappears under a rug.

At Lochmaben, or some such name, which sounds to the initiated as if not totally unconnected with the mysteries of Freemasonry, we don't stop, but only considerably slacken speed, and the train passes as it were on tiptoe, so as not to disturb the sleeping inhabitants. Perhaps there's a special signal up "Please don't wake the Station Master." If not, it is remarkably thoughtful of

the driver, and let us include the stoker, who may have suggested this idea to the driver.

Stranraer.—We both regard one another dubiously. The sea *is*, there is no concealing the fact, the sea *is* just a little less calm than we could have wished. The Composer, pulling himself together, announces his intention of taking breakfast on board the steamer which is to convey us to Larne, in Ireland. I follow suit, with qualms.

We embark. We breakfast. I am bound to admit an excellent breakfast, as this meal, in Scotland, universally is. Also cheap. It is ready for you immediately you come on board, and you sit down to it *before* the boat starts. *Verbum sap.* After it, I lie

A Figure Head.

down in the saloon, being unwilling to trust myself on deck, a proceeding which would result in my arriving at the Yacht a mere wreck, a pale phantom of my usual self. But I know that the evil hour must come. I have a presentiment. So I stay below. The Composer excitedly hurries down, to inform me that the Captain has got a powerful magnetic umbrella which will much interest me. It attracts the compass. Let it; it won't attract me; and I remain where I am. *J'y suis, j'y reste.* When the steamer stops at Larne, however, Cullins, who is as brisk as if he had never done anything all his life but skip up and down a companion, insists upon my seeing the Captain go through his performance with the compass and the umbrella. Cullins acting as showman, having taken the Captain entirely under his patronage, as I will now explain.

In the Captain's existence this episode of the magnetic umbrella marks an epoch. He is just now full of it. I believe that till Cullins came on board he has been in the habit of delivering a series of seriously scientific lectures to detachments of passengers, consisting of as many as can at one time find standing-room in the little deck steerage-house, to whom he has at considerable length enlarged, on the divergences of the compass as affected by a magnetised umbrella; and in this instructive exhibition he has generally been assisted by any amenable passenger who would carry the umbrella and obey the Captain's directions. But with the appearance of Cullins all this is changed. Cullins, in spite of his being an eminent composer, has a hard, sharp, and undeniable manner with him, which takes a stranger by surprise, and compels him, on the first impulse, to render blind obedience to the Composer's dictates.

Physically, the Captain of the steamboat would make three of Cullins, but the latter holds him with his glittering eye, and has much the same effect on the Captain, as the magnetised umbrella has upon the compass.

The Captain is talking to a friend, and is on the point of quitting the ship. But Cullins won't allow anything of the sort.

"Here, Captain! Hi! hi!" he cries. "Come back! Here's the gentleman to see the umbrella." And back comes the burly Sea Captain, with a rolling gait, like one of his own steamers in a ground-swell, and submissively produces the umbrella, inviting me to follow him into the steerage-house.

"Ye'll just mark the compass," he commences, very slowly, being evidently deeply impressed by the immense importance of this scientific phenomenon, when Cullins cuts in—

"The Captain means," says Cullins, briskly interrupting, and acting as a lively showman and also interpreter, as though the Captain had been addressing me in some strange foreign language, —"The Captain means to say that he wants you to see the effect which that umbrella—its frame is made of magnetised steel—has upon the compass."

The Captain, who has not yet recovered his breath, he has been so completely staggered by the words being taken out of his mouth, nods his head in token of assent, and is evidently begin-

ning to ask himself whether he is in a dream, and if he is still commanding on board his own ship or not. But Cullins, whose tone and action have drawn a certain number of idlers from the landing-stage, and caused some of the departing passengers to pause, having now got together something like a respectable audience, with me as a sort of chairman, to whom he can personally address his remarks, continues in his sprightliest style—

"You see," he says, addressing me, in my aforesaid imaginary capacity, in the first instance, and then taking his audience into his confidence right and left, "one night the Captain looked in here, and found the compass was indicating the wrong course——". Here he turns to the Captain for corroboration, and obtains it, the Captain bending his head slowly forward like a mechanical wax figure. From his puzzled expression I can see that Cullins is not putting the case with nautical precision as concerns details, but that, on the whole, the narration is correct, and the Captain, listening to his own story as if he were hearing it still in a dream, cannot recover himself sufficiently to wake up, and tell it properly himself.

"And," continues Cullins, looking round at his auditors, who, from their attitude of respectful attention, I fancy now begin to think that he is either the Managing Director of the Company, or the sole proprietor of the steamers on the Stranraer and Larne route, "when the Captain noticed this, he took charge of the steering himself. The compass still varied, turning this way and that way"—here, following the dramatic movement of Cullins's hands, the audience listen with breathless interest,—"the Captain, as a thoroughly experienced sailor,"—here they all regard the Captain with admiration, and he himself looks modestly down, as though he were having his health proposed by Cullins, and were meditating what on earth he should say in reply,—"knew that there must be some counteracting influence. But no one was here with him, no one was, as far as he could see in the dark night, outside. But, not satisfied, he looked out again, and then he saw an elderly Gentleman." The Captain nods, and intimates that Cullins is now on the right tack.

I, in my temporary character of Chairman of a Scientific Association listening to instruction, give a dignified bow of encourage-

ment to the lecturer, the audience draw breath and won't lose a word of it. Cullins proceeds:—"The Captain asked him to step in. Directly he did so, the compass went right round at him." Audience takes this literally, and show signs of alarm. They think Cullins and the Captain are Spiritualists. "The Captain said, 'Sir, you have something about you which interferes with the true action of the compass.' The middle-aged Stranger indignantly denied it. The Captain requested that he would allow himself to be searched." Great excitement among audience. All eyes on the Captain. Captain a bit bewildered, evidently doesn't quite recognise himself in this part of the narrative. Cullins goes on as if he were addressing a jury:

"The gentleman resented this. The Captain insisted. He pointed out that he couldn't allow his ship to be run out of her course, and all their lives endangered because the elderly passenger had a bit of steel in his pocket, or whatever it might be, that so powerfully affected the compass. Well, he was searched thoroughly, and nothing was found."

Breathless interest. Everyone, myself included, expecting that the stranger would turn out to be a sort of human electric-eel, a very attractive, and yet a shocking sort of person.

The Captain having partially recovered the use of his voice, is heard to murmur something, but Cullins won't have it, and means to go on as he has begun:—

"In order to be searched he had to take off his coat, and to do that he deposited his umbrella outside. The search being over, he went out at the left door, but this time the compass didn't follow him, but pointed right. Out went the Captain,"—this sounds like the song and chorus of "*Down went the Captain, down went the Crew,*" and I fancy from a note in the Composer's voice, that a reminiscence of this is in his harmonious and retentive mind; it is at all events an opportunity for a chorus which everyone present has allowed to escape,—"Out went the Captain, and there was an umbrella." Immense sensation. Startling dramatic situation. 'Is this yours?' he called out to the passenger. It was. 'Then, look here,' said the Captain, 'this umbrella has been magnetised, and you might have wrecked us all with it.' Audience thrilled with horror. Cullins points to the Captain, and says:—

"Captain, have the goodness to produce the umbrella, and show us how it acts upon the compass."

The Captain, as passively obedient as the mesmerised lady who carries out to the letter the conjuror's orders, at once complies. He doesn't say anything, but he moves the umbrella first to the right, then to the left, and we all crowd round the compass watching its extraordinary revolutions. Everyone exclaims, "Well, that *is* curious!" and generally regard Cullins and the Captain with a lurking suspicion that they are confederates in a swindle, and that there will be something to pay for the show.

"Now, Captain," say Cullins, authoritatively, "take the umbrella outside."

Being Towed in.

The Captain obeys. He takes it outside, and looks at us with a curious sadness through the window. The compass persistently follows the movements of the Captain with the umbrella.

"There's clearly no trick about it," observes one of the audience in an undertone, to a friend, who replies, "Oh, no; its quite genuine." Then the little crowd breaks up and melts away gradually, as they do from the front of a Punch-and-Judy Show when the man is preparing to go round with the hat, while I hear murmurs of "Oh, very curious! most interesting!" as they disappear one by one, and two by two, in a surreptitious, shuffling sort of way, as if they were conscious of having encouraged a showman under false pretences, and were now sneaking off without paying for the entertainment.

I am left standing by the compass.

"It is most remarkable," I sagely observe, and I don't know whether to congratulate the Captain on the acquisition of the old umbrella, or to condole with him on the loss of his brand-new one, which, he informs me, he has given to the mysterious and dangerous passenger in exchange for the magnetic instrument. It is a second-hand kind of article, and, as a protection against rain, is, I see, utterly useless. Certainly the Mysterious Traveller got the best of the bargain.

A voice from the quay here sings out, "Hi! you fellows!" and, in another second, Cullins has caught the tone, forgotten all about the Captain and his umbrella, and, exclaiming to me, "Hi! here! Come along! here's Melleville," he has hurried over the gangway, and is shaking hands heartily with our host and old friend Melleville, owner of the *Amarintha*. I wish the Captain "Good-bye!" and join our friends on the pier of Larne Harbour.

"Blowing a bit fresh," observes Melleville. "But I suppose you'd like to get under weigh at once?"

Certainly, if that suits him. It does. And so, directly we are on board the *Amarintha*—and to reach her we have a somewhat uneasy experience in the gig, rowed by four of the stalwart crew—we shall start for—where?

"Well, we shall make for Oban, but we shan't get there to-day," says Melleville; "though," he adds, "it ought to be a very good sailing-day."

Cullins the Composer, no longer the Showman, Lecturer, and the despotic Commander, seems, so to speak, to have retired within himself, and to be disinclined to come out again.

Once more, traps and all, on board the *Amarintha*. The *Amarintha* evidently wants to get away; she is very restless, and is jumping about as fresh as a horse that has been three days shut up in the stable.

Up she goes! Down she goes! Sideways she goes to the left! Sideways she goes to the right! Up she goes! Down she goes!

"Now, what would you both like to do?" asks Melleville, cheerily.

Cullins and myself,—I see the reply in his eye, and I feel it is in mine,—would say, if we might speak out honestly, "Please, Sir,—we'd like to go back again." But we are here for a holiday cruise, and so I answer, boldly,—

"Well—I think—I'll—in fact, I think I'd better"—(Up she goes! and down she goes! and sideways she goes! and roll she goes!)—"I think I'd better go below, and—lie down,—eh? Don't you?"

"Certainly," returns Melleville; "far the best way,—*and get it over!*"

Cullins has already vanished. I descend the companion. Up she goes again! Whop she goes! Yeo ho! One, two, three, pull! Round she goes! Sideways she goes! Can't unpack. Down she goes! Where's berth? Sideways she goes! Berth meets me halfway. Whop she goes! Over she goes! Flop she goes! Down she goes!

And down I go, flat on my back—and they don't see me again till dinner-time.

Happy and Consoling Thought.—The great Nelson was always ill when he first came on board ship.

Up she goes! Down she goes! Rattle, rattle, rattle! Flop. Boom bang! Whop. One, two, three, pull! One, two, three, pull? S-s-s-swish she goes through the water! We are under weigh. About she goes! Sideways she goes! Oh! And poor Brer Rabbit lays low.

CHAPTER II.

THE IMP—THE STRUGGLE—EXORCISED—TRIUMPH—UP AGAIN—DINNER—NIGHT—MORNING—REAL PLEASURE.

FIRST *Afternoon.*—In my own cabin: lying on my berth. I am going through the process of "getting it over." The cure takes about seven hours. At some time or other, probably one o'clock or half-past, the Steward looks in to announce luncheon. Attentive, but superfluous. I do not reply.

Happy Thought (*Advertisement Form*).—"Silence will be considered a polite negative."

Here we go up, up, up! Here we go down, down, down! And here we go round, round, round, oh! But I have a firm faith in the future, founded upon some considerable experience in the past.

They are comparatively quiet on deck; the only disturbance is from a most irritating cupboard-door which hasn't been properly fastened, and so swings backwards and forwards, creaking all the while, then at every lurch coming with a startling whack against the wash-hand stand. Creak, creak, creak, creak, creak, whack! Creak, creak, whack, whack! Creak, creak—rather slowly now—cree-ak, cree-ak, cree-ee-ak, then suddenly and vivaciously, whack, whack, whack! and so on, until we "go about," when it shuts itself with a Bang that I hope has secured it for ever. But no, as the yacht pitches forward, taking a header with its bows, the door is swung violently open, as if there were somebody inside who had been locked up in the cupboard for hours, and at his last gasp had forced the lock with one supreme effort. I almost expect to see

someone tumble out. If anyone does tumble out, it can't be a burglar; it might be a ghost.

Happy Thought for Christmas Tale.—The Haunted Yacht. (I hereby patent the idea for my own shilling dreadful.) What might it have been—this occurs to me, drowsily—if not a burglar or a ghost? A Stowaway. I am dozing off, dreaming of Stowaways, when slowly the performance begins again—creeee-ak—cree-ak—suddenly crik, whack! whack!—pause—then, quite as a little surprise, it closes with a startling whop Bang! like the two beats on the big drum at the end of some march—the one in the *Prophète*, I think. I am sure there are such beings as Imps, mischievous Imps—the spirits, high spirits of practical jokers yet unborn, or of undeveloped practical jokers who had only appeared in the world for a few hours, or weeks, and then—quite in keeping with their character, not caring what trouble and grief they caused their parents—departed this life without the slightest explanation. *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, and if I can only get off my berth to fix it, without endangering my enfeebled constitution, I will. I raise myself on my elbow, and regard it interrogatively, as much as to say, "Now are you going on like this the whole afternoon, or will you be quiet?" And the Imp in the cupboard seems to understand what is passing in my mind, for the door remains closed and appears to fit so neatly, that I can scarcely believe I haven't been dreaming. So I lie down again and close my eyes.

In a few seconds I am conscious of the wardrobe-door being stealthily opened with scarcely any noise. I look at it, wondering what its next move will be, and what mine will be too. It remains open at right angles, as if hesitating which way to go, when, without any warning, there is a lurch forward, a roll, and the door gives a sharp angry creak and whacks the washing-stand on the left, then slams itself back, then reopens and again attacks the inoffensive washing-stand, so savagely, that I am compelled to scramble off my berth, stagger up to the rescue, and with both hands shove the door back to its proper place. But the handle won't catch. Not being in the habit of carrying about patent door-fasteners in my pocket, I have no appliance ready. I am repulsed. I own my defeat, and stagger back to my berth.

Then the Imp is in ecstacies, creaking, whacking, banging, until I fear that great damage will be done to the furniture, and I look in vain for some means of summoning the Steward, or of attracting the attention of anyone on deck. But impossible: I see no bell, and as for calling—my vocal cords are in such a relaxed state that I can scarcely speak above a whisper. Fortunately at this juncture the Steward appears, and in the feeblest accents I draw his attention to the outrageous conduct of the cupboard-door, as if it were a living thing, much in the same way as I might have complained to a keeper of a neighbouring menagerie that the monkey had got loose again, and was causing us much annoyance.

The Keeper—I mean the Steward—is quite vexed at its misconduct, but deals with it at once; walking up to it in a masterful manner—the door not daring to move now, and absolutely quivering with fear as he approaches,—and then stuffing in a couple of improvised paper wedges, which produce the desired effect.

"There!" says the Steward vindictively, as though this was not the first time the door of this cupboard had played him these tricks, "I don't think it'll do it again, Sir."

For a few minutes after the Steward's departure I watch the door with nervous anxiety; but no, the Imp is bottled up, and the paper wedges have imprisoned him in the wardrobe as closely as Solomon's seal did the Genie in the Arabian Nights' Tale. So, thankfully I began to doze. The lurching and the pitching have ceased to materially affect me. I hear the Composer's voice above, and I hope to goodness that he won't enter into an argument—he seldom talks without arguing—requiring any great exercise of voice just over my skylight. But he too is evidently "*piano.*" The "pitch" has been too high for him. I fancy that he either once more disappears below or subsides into a chair on deck.

I receive "a refresher" from Nature in the shape of a short sound sleep, and at seven I am perfectly ready for dinner and a glass of champagne. We anchor in a quiet bay with a name something like Mackracken, but as there is nothing much to see here, and as we shall be off early to-morrow morning, I am not sufficiently interested to make any further inquiries.

Our party consists of four, Melleville, our host, Cullins the Composer, and a jovial gentleman with a double-barrelled name—

Ford-Bamly, which only seems to me to require the addition of "and Co." to constitute him a firm.

First Night on Board.—Awoke early next morning. Usual noise of scrubbing and rubbing just overhead and within a few inches of my nose, and the idea occurs to me that I am buried somewhere and being walked over!

Happy Thought.—Racing notion. "Walking over a corse!"

Hauling and pulling and yeo-ho-ing. Not much movement, except an occasional slow swing from one side to the other and then very deliberately back again. Presently the rapid rippling

of water against the sides, and I know we are under weigh, and gliding on with a fair wind.

On deck. Delightful. I recognise old Jura and other former acquaintances.

Breakfast.—We are all on in this scene, and it is, I am bound to say, a very fair performance taken all round, though one out of the number does not do sufficient justice to the excellent materials provided by the author. This one is myself. I explain that as a rule I am not a breakfast-eater. Cullins explains that as a rule *he* is, but is not quite in form this morning, so he only takes fish, poached eggs, and ham, a little tongue, some marmalade, and then hopes that "when he gets quite acclimatised he will be able to play a good solo part, as well as join in the quartette."

For the last week of August, it is fairly warm on deck. Sun shining sufficiently for us to make some show with our books—

which we never read—and papers and pencils which we never use. So we sit enjoying existence, far away from the madding crowd, no morning papers, no afternoon second editions, no sensational news, no possibility of letters and telegrams reaching us—unless postmen pursue us in special steamers, as we are only sailing—and no "little accounts," nor intimations that "our Mr. Jones will call to-morrow to receive the sum of, &c., &c."

"A life on the Ocean wave, and a home on the rolling deep" —rolling as little as possible, of course—by all means, for these are the joys—no matter about the sorrows—of such an existence.

"We'll never come back no more, boys!" we feel inclined to sing; but at some time or other, unless we become Pirates and the Terror of the Northern Seas, we inevitably must go ashore for provisions.

CHAPTER III.

NO TIME—DINNER— SEA-COOK— QUERY— SEA-QUACKS— WALKING— REMINISCENCE—THE TAR—ISLANDS—WHAT COURSE—COUNCIL— SUGGESTIONS—CAUTIONS—DECISION.

NEXT *Day.*—No date particular. One loses all idea of time at sea, except breakfast-time, luncheon-time, and dinner-time — especially dinner-time.

My rule of sailing is, go where you like all day, from as early an hour as you can, but put in somewhere, that is, as it were, turn out of the main thoroughfare, and go down some quiet street for dinner. This, I am glad to say, is also our host's view. He has an excellent cook on board, who, I believe, is considered as one of the crew, and lends a hand in that capacity when required. In this line he is a *cordon bleu*, or a Captain Cook. And this leads me to inquire how, in nautical phraseology, "the son of a sea-cook" ever came to be a term of opprobrium. It may not be so nowadays, but it certainly was so in the days of Captain Marryat, whose novels are, I see, being re-issued at cheap prices. In this author's time, when one naval gentleman wished to insult another naval gentleman, he spoke of him as "the son of a sea-cook." Now the more I have seen of sea-cooks, the more inexplicable has this term seemed to me. Take our present admirable artist, for example. His appearance on deck—where his visits are as those of angels, few and far between—the simile being rendered all the more forcible from his being clothed from head to foot in white,—strikes me with a sort of awe, that is, when you see him legs and all, for, as a rule, when he ordinarily comes to the surface—for air, I suppose—he rises from a sort of open trap-door, and shows merely his head and shoulders, like one of the apparitions in the witches' cauldron, and then, after taking in a supply of ozone, he descends once more to his work in his rather limited kitchen, where, as it appears to me,

the stove is not half the size of the joint which has to be served. The sea-cook is evidently looked up to by the crew, and is treated, as I can note, with profound respect. *Ex uno disce omnes* sea-cooks, or is this one the exception? In fact if, after the Captain, there is one person who is more deferentially treated than another it is the sea-cook. And if sea-cook *père* is so eminently respectable, why should it be a reproach to anyone to be the son of such a parent? Is it possible that the sea-cook is, after all, only a whited sepulchre? No, never! tell that, among other absurdities, to the marines.

It is lovely weather, and Cullins the Composer is full of inspiration. Fresh inspirations are brought by every breeze; we can almost see them coming, and the Composer catching them. The proximity of the Irish coast suggests to him a *càntata* on the union of the three countries, to include a selection of the most popular national melodies. Mackracken Bay, or whatever was the name of the tranquil spot where we anchored for dinner last night, and which we quitted early this morning ere we were out of our comfortable berths, has also suggested a romantic ballad to him. He says it ought to begin with something mysterious, and some words like—

"'Twas in Mackracken Bay
All night the (something) lay."

And what next? Being in a lazy mood after breakfast, our host supplies a line—

"And in the morn we were under weigh,"

which has the merit of being strictly true, though the Composer scorns it. Then, from its not having been seized at the moment, the inspiration evaporates, and the Composer sits listlessly in his easy-chair, gazing at the islands and the islets, until he hears the quacking of a sea-bird, when he wants to shoot at it, wherever it is.

The sea-birds are perfectly indifferent to being shot at by us. They know as well as we do that we only wish to show how near we can go without hitting them. We should all be most unhappy should anyone of the party hurt a sea-bird, as we can't stop to pick it up, and if we could it would be of no use to us either for eating, stuffing, or selling.

On the whole, when we feel that we must shoot—for there are moments on board a yacht when you do begin to be absolutely fatigued with the exertion of sitting still and doing nothing—we prefer bottles to birds by way of targets; and as perpetual popping is apt to result in headache, the necessity for doing something being strong upon us, we put down the rifle and pace the deck sharply up and down, jocosely at first, saluting one another with good-natured nods, just as people meeting on the same promenade at a sea-side resort are accustomed to do, until, in default of not knowing exactly what etiquette requires of you on passing a person

"'Cracking a Bottle' together."

for the tenth time in the course of three-quarters of an hour, each looks another way directly they spy each other coming, and at last they cut one another dead, with a glassy and even contemptuous stare, which says as plainly as words could, "Confound the fellow! what's he doing here still? Why on earth can't he go away, and let me walk up and down without meeting *him?*" And the mention of this recalls to my mind a very comic scene, supposed to take place at Brighton, which was given years ago by Messrs. Edmund Yates and Harold Power at the Egyptian Hall. We are repeating that episode on deck now, only without an audience.

So we invent dodgy walks, in and out round the skylights, and

avoid one another until we feel sociable, then we make as many variations of companionship in promenading as our number will permit. Ford-Bamly prefers sitting down until the Captain gives some word of command, when, being a thorough sailor and up in all the mysterious workings of the ship, he suddenly jumps up, rushes at a rope, and is seen hauling at it hand over hand, as if his life, and the lives of all on board depended solely on his dexterity and presence of mind at this trying crisis; and he goes on sternly and manfully grappling with it long after the crew have done their work, whatever it was, until a quiet old sailor comes up, nods to him pleasantly in a humouring, patronising sort of way, and taking the rope out of his hand, fixes it somewhat with a twist, and retires to the fo'csle, whereupon Bamly, with the modest air of a man who is conscious of having deserved well of his country, but is disinclined to urge his claims, resumes his seat without a word, and betakes himself to examining the coast, through his race-glasses as if nothing extraordinary had happened; but all the time seeming to say to us land-lubbers, "Look here! it is of stuff like this that the British Tar is made."

We are passing more islands. No one apparently on any of them. Occasionally a small house. Who lives there? How did he get there? How will he ever get away from there? Do they ever see the papers? I can observe no signs of cultivation. I see no boats. Now and then during the day we catch a glimpse of a large house, most picturesquely situated, evidently belonging to some very rich person; for only two classes could possibly reside here, the very rich who *can* get away, and the very poor who *can't*.

Revolutions might happen in England, or in Scotland for the matter of that, and the residents in these out-of-the-way islands—if there are any residents—would never be any the wiser, as, probably, they would be none the better, for communication with the inner world. I am not speaking of course of places evidently near such centres of civilisation as Oban, Tobermory, and so forth, but of the wild islands which have names (who gave them?) and local habitations (who live in them?—Robinson Crusoes and M'Fridays?), and which, when carefully searched for, can be found in the sea-chart, and are known only by sight to mariners, who, however, have never had the curiosity to land and make further inquiries.

All this is old to us; and Cullins, who has had no inspiration since lunch at 1·30 confides to me at 4 P.M. that he yearns for something new. He longs to sail away, somewhere, where he hasn't been, to see something he has never seen, and do lots of things he has never done. These are, as I recognize, the aspirations of Genius. He repeats these hints to Ford-Bamly. But Bamly has been everywhere, and seen everything. To him mere sailing is the purest enjoyment. He loves the sea, he loves sailing for sailing's sake; he loves ships and shipping, he has all nautical phrases at his fingers' end, and can splice a main-brace, or make taut whatever has to be made taut—for here my powers of descrip-

NAUTICAL REPARTEE.

"Shall I lend you a hand?" "No; but if you don't move, I can give you a tow."

tion fail me—and can twist ropes into all sorts of elegant shapes, specially priding himself on some peculiar sort of sailor's knot, and on trimming and plaiting a rope's end in a decorative fashion, somewhat similar to the manner in which farmers do up their horses' tails when they are taken to a show. So Ford-Bamly doesn't care where he goes as long as the ship sails, and he's in it.

For my part, when, after dinner, the subject is broached, and our host politely inquires, "Where we fellows would like to go?" I am ready to leave the matter in his hands, and so is Cullins the Composer, on the understanding, which constitutes a sort of clause in the agreement made and provided, that we go somewhere fresh to us, and where he (Cullins) has *not* been before.

"How about Staffa and Iona?" asks our host.

Of all places the ones I, personally, should have selected. Yes, the Composer, too, brightens up at the mention of Staffa and Iona. He adds, looking round at our host inquiringly, "And Fingal's Cave, eh?" Whereupon our host replies, "Of course."

Already the Composer sees a cantata, or an Oratorio, on Staffa and Iona; though it suddenly occurs to him that "Fingal's Cave" has already been done.

However, we are unanimous for Staffa and Iona, and, indeed, we all become enthusiastic on the subject—all, that is, except Ford-Bamly, who is never visibly enthusiastic about anything. He has been out yachting and voyaging about for the greater part of his life, is as hardy as an ancient Norseman, as bronzed as a veteran mariner ought to be, and, as he is credited with possessing an inexhaustible fund of nautical experience, we listen to him with that deference to his opinion which the authority of such a navigating Nestor ought to command. For my part, now that we have settled on Staffa and Iona, it seems that the one chief object of my life, up to this time, has been to see these two celebrated places. I know little more of them, except from photographs, than Columbus did of America before he discovered it.

If I were asked, off-hand, to give my notion of Staffa and Iona, I should say—under correction of anyone who had been there—that they were two weird islands whose grim basaltic rocks rose to a gigantic height above the sea, while their wild and awful aspect seemed to menace with dire vengeance the approach of the temerarious sailor.

Huge caverns there must be, where strange marine monsters lurk; here is the home of the sea-serpent in wet weather, and as to water-fiends, storm-goblins, and amphibious demons, I should say that Staffa and Iona are their nocturnal play-ground, with a submarine communication between the two islands. Then as to Fingal's Cave—what do I picture it? A gigantic Basaltic Cavern piercing the Island (whether Staffa or Iona I am not certain) for miles in every direction; where, at the entrance, the fierce waves are roaring like Lions guarding the Giant's gates, which, being once passed, the adventurous traveller becoming gradually accustomed to the dim light, will come upon placid silver lakes, caverns within caverns, caves within caves, may even see Sirens and

Water-nymphs—will mark the silver-fish darting hither and thither in the deep blue waters, while after passing along another basaltic gallery, flambeaux will be lighted by the guides, and he will enter the Stalactite Hall which is called "Fingal's Refectory," and crossing this will be shown another cavern, glowing with red sandstone called "Fingal's Kitchen," and so on to his Stables, and then out by Fingal's Backdoor, where the Sea-Lions are again roaring, and where the visitor is suddenly blinded by the glare of daylight, and thanks Heaven that he once more basks in the glorious sunlight.

The above, off-hand, is my idea of Fingal's Cave, which, I fancy, commences in Staffa and finishes in Iona, or *vice versâ*. I regret that we can't sail right through it in the yacht; but, as it is a one-hundred-and-forty tonner, this is evidently impossible. Still, to go as near as we can to that grand solitude, with none but the wild sea-birds for our companions—— The Composer interrupts, and exclaims, "It will indeed be grand!" He sees violoncello passages all through Staffa and Iona, with drum and ophicleide, and cymbals. Ford-Bamly, in his most genial and always nautical manner, shakes his head pleasantly. "It is very difficult landing," he says; "in fact, if it is at all rough, we shall not be able to go ashore. Awkward place," he continues, cheerfully, filling his pipe and smiling pleasantly all round, "very awkward place. Not a year but there are some lives lost in landing."

The Composer and myself regard one another with curious interest. Our host, who has been on deck for a few minutes to make some inquiries of the Captain, now returns, takes his seat at the head of the council-table, and having assumed his *pince-nez* with an air of conducting the most searching inquiry into what has been going on during his absence, listens attentively to the words of experience that are falling from the lips of the great navigator, Ford-Bamly, who, however, only repeats for Melleville's benefit, his opinion, with additional force and increased geniality as to the dangers of landing at Staffa, or Iona; and then further exhilarates us by giving us a few cheerful stories of Atlantic swells having quite unexpectedly, and with no sort of intimation from any fore-cast whatever, taken harmless explorers quite unawares, and on the most lovely days, when the sun was shining and all nature

was rejoicing in full summer time, swept yachts, boats, and sailors right away, temporarily swamped Staffa and Iona, choked up Fingal's Cave, and drowned everybody generally in a sort of localised Universal Deluge. Of all this Ford-Bamly delivers himself with winks, nods, and smiles, in the cheeriest possible manner, as if he alone had escaped to tell the tale, and simply considered himself rather lucky, and that was all.

"But if going to Staffa and Iona is so dangerous, what awful risks photographers must run!" This I put by way of argument, to show that Ford-Bamly may possibly be mistaken. The argument, I am aware, is not absolutely convincing, and Ford-Bamly only shrugs his shoulders and smiles, as much as to say, "My dear fellow, no one can answer for what a photographer will do."

Our host here drops his *pince-nez*, and observes, quietly, "Of course we are not going there in the yacht."

This falls like a thunderbolt on the Composer and myself. I acquiesce silently, but Cullins the Impetuous almost jumps off the sofa.

"Not in the yacht!" he cries. "Then how——"

"By steamer," Melleville informs him, and then adds—

"I've just been consulting the Captain, and I find there's a steamer, *The Chevalier* it is called, which starts every morning at eight, and takes people for the day's excursion."

The romance of Staffa, Iona, and Fingal's Cave has all suddenly vanished, and we, the gay Yachtsmen, the bold explorers, the undaunted sailors, with our own vessel and our own crew,—that is, our host's, but the effect is the same to outsiders,—we are to become to-morrow mere Steamer Excursionists, taken with Dick, Tom, 'Arriet, and 'Arry—specially 'Arry,—at so much a-head, to "do" Staffa and Iona.

However, it is settled, and to-morrow we start.

I take it philosophically; any change is a little holiday for me. But the Composer is depressed.

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSION TO STAFFA AND IONA—THE BREAKFAST—THE ISLANDS —THE CAVE — THE PROCESS — SUFFERINGS — THE RETURN— GENERAL SATISFACTION—PROSPECTS.

AFTER hearing Ford-Bamly's statement of all the dangers attendant upon landing at Staffa and Iona—[if F.-B. had been one of William the Conqueror's advisers, the latter would never have attempted to invade England]—on retiring to my berth, I consult *Murray's Guide*, and after a little time, so full of horrors is this work, with special reference to the Atlantic Ocean where we shall be to-morrow, that I close the book under the impression that the traveller who did this journey for Murray must have been a grim humorist. However, we are going, and to-morrow morning we shall be ranked among the Excursionists. While trying to remember whether Wordsworth's *Excursion* was an account of a cheap trip to the Lake District or not, I fall asleep.

The Day.—Up early. Steward uncommonly sprightly at 6 A.M. Evidently the prospect of getting rid of us for a whole day's Excursion is a pleasing one.

Shakespearian Mem.—"Alarums and Excursions." Ah! he was not for an age, but for all time, including 6 A.M.

Everybody takes a cup of something that cheers, but does not inebriate, which would be awkward at the commencement of our "outing." We embark in the gig. Why called "gig" I have never yet been informed. Which had the name first, the boat, or the one-horse vehicle? Nobody in the gig can tell me. Melleville is steering for some steps which he can't see, and has what the novelists call "a strange far-off look in his eyes." He may possibly

be conscious of my question, but he doesn't reply to it, and I remember that I must not speak to the man at the wheel. The Composer, Cullins, is cold, and in a "don't-care" sort of humour; while Ford-Bamly tries to look as if he knew all about the origin of the term "gig," but I am convinced he doesn't, and, from the expression of his countenance, I feel sure he is making a mental note to look up the subject, and add to his stock of nautical information on the very first available opportunity.

We are rowed ashore and land; and then we step along the mucky roadway—this part at Oban is invariably mucky—and go on board the *Chevalier*.

Though it is the close of the excursionist season, the steamboat is fairly crowded. With horror I see a German band on the quay approaching us. They are carrying their instruments of torture; but, thank Heaven! they give the preference to another excursionist steamer, going in quite a different direction from ours.

It says much for the liberality, or the indifference, of the Highlanders, that they, who have their own beloved pipes, and their own beautiful melodies (how were these ever composed for the pipes only?) should tolerate the presence of German Musicians.

Ford-Bamly comes up cheerily. "Fine day," he observes, "but blowing outside." Where did he expect it to blow? "I doubt whether landing at Fingal's Cave will be safe to-day. Pity," he adds, "if we can't get in, as you've never seen it—and it *is* worth seeing."

"Beastly hungry!" exclaims Cullins, shrugging his shoulders, and stamping, to get warm. It is an interesting psychological study to note how the lower nature tyrannises even over genius. Would an inspiration be of any possible use to the Composer at this present moment?

I will try the experiment. I tell him what great things I expect from Staffa and Iona! I look forward to the mysterious caves, to the home of the wild sea-birds, to the melody of the mighty ocean, and I ask him if he has read the beautiful description in——when suddenly a bell rings—"Breakfast, by Jove!" shouts the Composer, and in another second he is inextricably mixed up with a crowd of famishing Excursionists, all struggling to be first down the companion and in at the commencement of the Scotch breakfast, for

which I find the *Chevalier* is celebrated, and, I may here add, justly celebrated too.

It is simply astonishing what early rising, holiday time, Northern Scotch marine, quite ultra-marine, atmosphere can do for a man who "as a rule never takes breakfast." The Composer and Ford-Bamly are, so to speak, professional breakfast-eaters, and therefore, given such exhilarating and stimulating circumstances, there is nothing wonderful in their feats of appetite, though there is in it something of the awful and alarming. But when our host Melleville and myself, whose ordinary breakfast in town is a cup of something—tea or cocoa-nibs—and a piece of dry toast, at an

Stuffer and I own 'er.

early hour—say eight—and then nothing until twelve, when comes the *déjeûner à la fourchette* which will stand a fair comparison with an English luncheon, I say when a couple of middle-aged gentlemen, whose regular rule of quiet morning life is as just stated, find themselves at 8·30 A.M. on board a Scotch steamer, sitting down with a crowd of ravenous Excursionists, and enjoying a meal consisting of two kinds of fish, broiled ham and eggs, chops and Worcester sauce, muffins, hot buttered cakes, oat-cakes and marmalade, taking all these in the order as I have set them down, and as they were set down before us by the waiters, with the accompaniments of tea and coffee, and not subsequently suffering any inconvenience, but, on the contrary, experiencing such a feeling of

tranquil satisfaction as makes the enjoyment of a pipe in the open air the temporary realisation of a sort of natural beatitude which knows no regrets for the past, and only hopes, according to the trade formula, "for a continuance of the present esteemed favours," then it is evident that a new existence is opened out for these two men, who up to that moment may not have considered life so very much worth living, or at all events could have anticipated that this sort of living was worth remaining alive for. Now, after this marvellous breakfast, where all but the tea and coffee is excellent, there is, as the Composer justly and sensibly puts it, something yet left to live for, and that is—luncheon!

So we sit on deck, and placidly examine the scenery which is all familiar to us from point to point. The day continues fine, the breeze is light; the *Chevalier*, actuated by the courtesy associated with the title, stops for a minute at every desolate-looking landing place, in case there should be any solitaries, who, tired of their seclusion, might like to avail themselves of this unexampled opportunity of getting away from themselves, and joining the society of their fellow men and women. But there are none; the desolate landing-places look more and more desolate as we approach them, and in one or two instances, assume an aspect so dreary and forbidding, that the few passengers who had got their luggage ready packed and addressed to some invisible Inn in these outlandish parts, think better of their intention of disembarking, and prevent their boxes being taken on shore, preferring to throw in their lot with the happy excursionists on board the *Chevalier* and the goods which the *Chevalier* has provided, to encountering the awful depression which must evidently overcome the friendless stranger landing on that sad shore. There is one exception: a very young man, in a tourist suit, with a Tam O'Shanter cap, a thick stick, two big portmanteaus, a hat-box (why a tall hat?), overcoat, waterproof, and rugs. He steps on to the landing-stage —I forget its name—his luggage is placed beside him; there is no one to receive him, there is no hotel in sight, no human being, nor living creature, visible for miles, except the aged weather-beaten old man in charge of the landing-stage. The youthful exile casts a curious glance around. We see him, as the *Chevalier* casts off and hurries away, regarding us wistfully; we see him (now

through glasses) address the old man, but the old man only shakes his head and disappears into his hut on that desolate landing-stage. Then the last glimpse we get of this young man, a much sadder, a much wiser, and a much older young man within the last few minutes, is that he sits down on one of the portmanteaus in a hopeless attitude, and so remains until he fades away and becomes part of the vanishing distance. Perhaps when we are out of sight he will put on his tall hat by way of something to do. Poor young man!

Tobermory passed, and now, to the Composer and myself, the

scene is very soon quite new. In another five minutes we shall have turned the corner, and be in the broad Atlantic, with nothing between us and America.

Cullins, quoting *Murray's* information, informs me that here the traveller will "probably experience, for the first time, the Atlantic swell"—or words to that effect. Ford-Bamly explains that an Atlantic swell is a sort of a peculiar roll of the big ocean wave—but that to-day it is his opinion, as an old salt, that it won't be much. Although I am not quite certain as to what he means by "much," yet this opinion, coming from Ford-Bamly, so far reassures me, that I can contemplate turning round the corner and coming on to the broad Atlantic suddenly, with comparative equanimity

Here we are. Atlantic swell imperceptible. Beautiful September summer day. Sun comes out uncommonly strong. Excursionists begin pointing out to one another Staffa and Iona in the far distance. As a rule, the person who has been there before, and knows all about it, points out Staffa as Iona, and Iona as Staffa, finally admitting that he is not certain, and that, on the whole, he does not think that those two islands, which we can just see with the naked eye in the offing, are Staffa and Iona at all. Then, in spite of all the pictures, photographs, histories, and guide-books on board, the Well-informed Person finds himself beset by the following questions :—

Are Staffa and Iona together? If not, how far apart? To whom do they belong? Where is Fingal's Cave? Who was Fingal? Was he a poet? or a giant? or a hermit? or a saint? or a robber? Didn't he write prophecies in ancient Gælic? If not, who did? Hadn't Fingal something to do with Ossian! The Well-informed Person—there is always one of these superior beings on board—shows a disposition to answer the first few interrogatories in such a manner as to inspire confidence, and at once finds himself lecturing a small crowd of earnest inquirers, until, on the arrival of the boat at the promised land, he is suddenly superseded and snuffed out by the Professional Guide, to whom is intrusted the task of personally conducting the visitors. From the moment of his abandonment by the fickle crowd, the Well-informed Person stands apart, with an expression of supercilious scorn for the Guide, and of pity for the people, who are evidently, in his opinion, being misled, and mis-instructed.

Staffa.—Landing in boats: on the basaltic rocks. Rocks chipped up into neatly cut black blocks, as if the Val de Travers Co. had taken a contract for laying down an asphalte pavement, and had already sent a heap of material and left it there. Here we go, all the Excursionists in a line, young men and maidens, children, fat old women, thin old women, with the *Chevalier's* Guides, dressed like stewards to direct our steps, doing the whole distance under a broiling sun and against time, with the oppressive consciousness that the *Chevalier*, in spite of all his politeness, won't wait luncheon for anybody, but will sit down at one o'clock punctually. Hurry along—push on—keep your eyes on the

rocks to prevent stumbling—a few falls—up again—on we go—everybody very hot—no rest to stop and admire—for fear of being left behind—here, round to the right, Fingal's Cave—"Is this . . ?" . . . Yes——

The Composer pauses at the entrance—he is enraptured—"Is this indeed Fingal's"—but the voice of the Guide interrupts. "Pass on, please—pass on!" And then voices from behind, "Now, then, Sir, get on, *do*, or let them come as wants to,"—and the Composer, just on the verge of a glorious inspiration, is hustled along, and lost to my view as I am shoved aside by one of the stout, sweltering old ladies, carrying a basket and a big umbrella, who, after nearly knocking me off the rocks and sending me anyhow into the deep sea at the entrance of Fingal's Cave, begs my pardon, and bustles on.

Yes. Fingal's Cave is grand. I pick up the Composer a little further on, and we have a few seconds' quiet to admire the view of the Ocean as seen from the Cave. Yes, it is grand—but—"Pass along, please—time's up!" We're the last. Where's Ford-Bamly? Where's Melleville? Gone back? Yes, very beautiful—should like to see it quietly—but get on—up here—down there—round the corner—look, the boats are going—how they crowd them—'tisn't safe—"Now then, Gentlemen, come on!"—and blundering over the rocks, stumbling into small pools, clutching at sharp edges, and stepping cleverly down into deceptive hollows which are only receptacles for sea-water, we fall at last into stalwart sailors' arms, are stowed away in the broad-beamed boats anyhow, packed closely shoulder to shoulder, umbrellas and legs and sticks all mixed up painfully together, and so we remain tightly wedged in, and hopelessly protesting against everything and everybody, until we are gradually unpacked again, and able to stretch our limbs on the deck of the *Chevalier*.

Then we draw a long breath, and the Composer looks at me and I look at the Composer, and we both exclaim, "Well, anyhow we've seen Staffa and Fingal's Cave." And we agree that, in consequence of high anticipations on the strength of photographs, we are decidedly disappointed, and consider that Fingal, whoever he was, might have done much better. Ford-Bamly and Melleville, to whom the show is familiar, have merely strolled about

the rocks for the sake of improving their appetites. Luncheon, which is not quite up to the breakfast mark, and then we arrive at Iona.

Iona.—Much the same performance again. Boats crowded with Excursionists, as if we were being taken in batches to be sold for slaves. We are assisted out, and with difficulty recover the use of our legs on the slippery stepping-stones. Guides ready to receive us. Little ragged children selling necklaces of shells, and shells of all sorts and sizes; also flowers and ferns. One Guide leads the way, another acts as whipper-in, and brings up the stragglers sharply. Here is the Nunnery of St. Columba (who was she?—an ancestress of Columbus?)—ruins—last of the Prioresses, or last of the Priors of a monastery in 1400. Then the Excursionists, 'specially some of the waddling Excursionists who can't keep pace with the Guide but want to have all they can for their money, interrogate one another anxiously—"Indeed? Very curious?" "What's he say!" "Last of the *who?*" Priors—ah! we're the pryers now—and as I do not want to be hurried, and have quite lost sight of the rest of my party, I am quite "the last of the pryers" myself. Animated, or rather soothed by mixed feelings of sentiment, reverence, and indigestion after lunch, I am lingering over the Prior's grave; but the Whipper-in won't have it. "You'd better go on," he says, sternly, "and keep up with the Guide." I obey him sullenly, as the weary slave moves on under the lash of the driver. Then we all gather round the Graves of the Kings, as if for a funeral service, while the Chief Guide tells us, as fast as he can, how many Kings of Scotland and Chieftains occupy the small enclosure of thirty feet by eight, which we are now examining,

An American Young Lady is very much interested. She stops the Guide as he is moving off rapidly, and says, "See here! if all the Kings and Chieftains were buried in this place, what was Wallace about all the time!" She evidently thinks that Wallace ought to have prevented this. The Guide, rather staggered, repeats her question, but is unable to give any answer to satisfy the fair American. And he can't shake her off, though he walks on faster than ever; and after each description, which he gives as rapidly as possible, he bolts to another part of the ruin, in order

to avoid her questioning. "See here——" she commences again, but the Guide is not to be caught.

There is a Runic Cross with an inscription, and something built by St. Martin of Tours—prophetically appropriate, for surely he, "St. Martin of *Tours*," must be the patron Saint of Messrs. Cook & Co. and of all personally well-conducted Tourists.

Now the show is over, and it is time for us to stream back again, stumbling over the ruins, picking our way across the fields, and once more on the dusty road leading to the shore, where the children, becoming desperate at having done but a poor day's work in shells, ferns, and flowers, waylay us furiously with their commodities, and vainly attempt to extort coppers. Then once more we are huddled into the boats, squeezed in shapelessly, anyhow, and delivered compressed, but safe and sound, to our old friend the *Chevalier*. Steam up—and off again. Lovely afternoon: perfect evening. Back to Oban. Boat's crew waiting. Once more in the gig (Why gig?), and at 7.30 we are enjoying an excellent dinner, on board. Thankful to get back once more to our comfortable floating home, we dedicate our first glass of Pommery '74 to the health of Staffa, Iona, and Fingal. After dinner we discuss our next move, which is to go far North to the home of the Sea Lions, and beard them, like oysters, in their dens.

CHAPTER V.

SPORTING PROSPECTS—SEALS—NAUTICAL TERMS—IRISH NAMES—PORPOISES—HERRINGS—CLASSIC—THE SEA-SERPENT—THEORIES—JELLY-FISH — LOTOS-EATERS — CALM—FRESH ARRIVAL—DISAPPEARANCE—DINNER—NIGHTS—ROW—ANCHORED.

The Origin of Fin Gal's Cave.

STAFFA and Iona done. What next? Anything—on one condition that we don't go as tourists on an excursion steamer. We take our time to consider. Our host has made up his mind. Our ultimate destiny is to some Northern Island where the seals make their home, where young whales are brought up by old and experienced whales, and strange sea-birds do mostly congregate. Here we shall stalk the seals, gun in hand; perhaps secure several, which we can bring home and sell for immense sums, their skins being peculiarly valuable, when dressed, to ladies (also when dressed), who affect seal-skin jackets. Porpoises, too, we may obtain; their hides make boots and cigar-cases, that is if confided to persons who know how to convert hides into boots and cigar-cases. What a mess I should make of it were I to try! What a very poor helpless sort of Robinson Crusoe I should have been! I forget the name of the island where we are to lead this wild kind of life, subsisting on what we may shoot or catch (except in the way of drink—as we cannot very easily catch Pommery or Lanson, or another nice light champagne with which our host varies the entertainment, and which I think is called Gourlay or something like it), but the Composer, who has been once before disappointed in seal-shooting and big fishing, is delighted at the prospect, and so am I.

Ford-Bamly knows the Island well. "If it's fine when we're up there, it'll be difficult work getting at the seals," he says, "and if it's bad, we shan't get a sight of one. As to fetching it at all, it's a question of time, and, if the wind's unfavourable, we may be days doing the distance." He speaks nautically of "fetching" the Island. This expression takes, so to speak, the wind out of the sails of the old proverb about Mahomet and the Mountain. Substitute "Island" for "Mountain," and then the proverb nautically stands, "If the Island won't come to Admiral Mahomet, R.N., then Admiral Mahomet, R.N., can tell Captain Sanballat, R.N., to 'fetch it.'"

However, we are not to be discouraged, and, above all, our host Melleville is not—and he has determined on the expedition. First, though, we are to go, he says, to a place that sounds to me like "Ballyhuish." This certainly ought to be in Ireland. Ballyhuish is decidedly Irish; and there's a joyous, jiggy kind of air about the name, suggesting knee-breeches, shoes and buckles, red waistcoats, open collars, blue stockings, loose tie, mis-shaped hat, shillelaghs, short petticoats, bodices, and bare arms akimbo, which are all associated with Irish peasantry at a fair,—perhaps more on the Stage than in real life, as should be from a name beginning with Bally or Ballet-huish,—the "huish" representing the shout that Pat gives in the excitement of the national dance. I regret to find on the map that it is spelt Ballachulish, and that it is on Loch Leven.

As we go along with, on the whole, a fair wind and, for the time of year, a really wonderful supply of sun, the objects of interest are more remarkable for their scarcity than any great variety. First, at intervals of half an hour between each shoal, are porpoises, whose life appears to consist in turning head-over-heels—like the dirty little boys "two wheels a penny" in streets—only that these latter do it for money, while the porpoises go on at it hour after hour, aimlessly rolling over and over, in a lazy lolloping sort of manner, as if they were monotonously humming over to themselves the tune of the old chime, "*Turn a-gain, Whit-ting-ton, Turn a-gain, Whit-ting-ton!*" and so on all day. Do porpoises sleep? If so, having got in the habit of rolling over and over, they must still continue it unconsciously "e'en in their sweetest dreams."

Then we watch a number of youthful herrings, shining like silver, as they jerk themselves up with a great muscular effort an inch above the surface, and then sink back again exhausted. Very weak-minded of them to show how shining they are, as for this act of vanity they are punished by the gulls and the quackers, who soon show them a short and easy way of doing small fry. And not only do the glittering little fish attract the birds, but even the playful porpoise will swallow four or five of them down at a gulp if they don't get out of his way in time, and then he'll take two or three extra turns after his meal, for the sake of digestion, as if he were chuckling to himself and saying, "Capital eating, those young herrings; capital! Over we go again! There's more where they came from! Over we go again! Always take two or three rolls with my dinner! Flop, boom, over again! Here's a lark!" Occasionally we shoot at a porpoise. But he only turns over once more head-over-heels, and rolls out of the way with a sort of "Oh, don't bother me!" movement, and disappears for a few seconds, to reappear, still doing turnovers some distance off and well out of shot.

The porpoise is a living illustration of "*multa revolvens*," which might be porpoisely translated, "Turning head-over-heels lots of times."

I do not believe that any line of porpoises, no matter how numerous, nor of whales either, whatever their size, could ever have been mistaken for the Great Sea-Serpent. If I feel certain of anything, specially while in this listless state out yachting, it is of the existence of the Sea-Serpent.

"Or of *a* Sea-Serpent," says the Composer.

"Yes," observes Melleville, who has lately been reading Frank Buckland's Memoirs, "it is impossible to imagine that only one Sea-Serpent exists. Unless," he adds, correcting himself, "it is the last of its race."

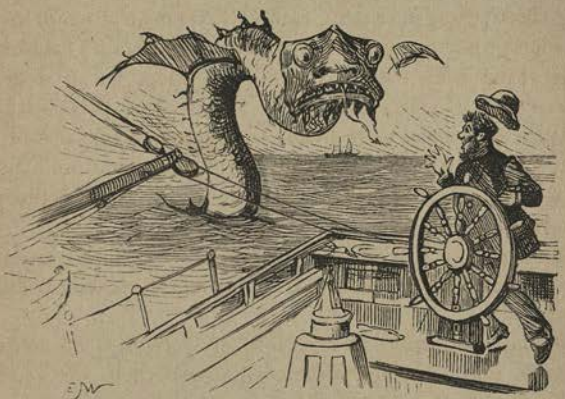
"You can't suppose," says Ford-Bamly, waking up and joining in, "that captains of position, crews, and passengers have all been lying for years?" Then he places his book on his knees, and is off to sleep again.

We consider this proposition silently.

The Composer is presently heard to murmur to himself that

"the Sea-Serpent wouldn't be a bad idea for a Cantata," and he disappears below, carried away by an inspiration, to the piano. But the divine afflatus doesn't take him further than the sofa, and when, on not hearing the sounds of music, I look through the sky-light, I see him stretched out fast asleep, with, I rather think, a brandy-and-soda, half emptied, by his side. Thus with him ends the possibilities of "The Sea-Serpent, a Cantata by Christopher Cullins, R.C.M."

But with regard to this marine monster, we have arrived at this conclusion, that either there is somewhere a family of Sea-Serpents



"Oh, please, Serpent, don't speak to the Man at the Wheel!"

—there is plenty of room for them in the Atlantic—or the one occasionally seen is the last of its race gradually expiring, and coming up to the surface now and then to give a last look round before disappearing for ever. There is something inexpressibly sad in this latter theory about the Sea-Serpent.

Second objects of interest are the jelly-fish. It occurs to me that we must have come to the very extreme of idleness when we are sensible of the smallest excitement from watching jelly-fish.

We try to read papers, whose news is now the ancient history of a week ago: we try to write letters; begin them and leave off at the bottom of the first page. We try to read books: futile.

Ford-Bamly is the best at this sort of thing, as he takes up a book, places it on his knees where he can't possibly see to read it, folds his arms, and goes fast asleep. When he wakes up, if he feels more than usually lively, he sets to work to plait ropes'-ends, and as this involves a good deal of plucking and pulling to pieces, the employment at first suggests oakum-picking as a fine art.

Melleville has by his side all his charts, maps, two sets of glasses, and a couple of novels. After a while the charts weary him, he knows the route by heart, the glasses discover nothing new, the novels he has tried on the system of "one down t'other come on;" but as most of the time is occupied in finding out where he left off when he last looked at either of them, he too gives himself up to listlessness and torpid enjoyment of the mere fact of existence, with the consciousness of becoming gradually hungry without the necessity of exercise.

Occasionally, as in the instance above recorded, the Composer retires below, and plays the piano. This is soothing. I tell him so through the skylight, and ask him to continue. Whereupon he immediately leaves off. Evidently I have interfered with an inspiration, and stemmed,—I was going to have said "damm'd," but it does not sound polite; so, on consideration, I will say "stopped," —the flow of genius. I betake myself to watching the jelly-fish. We try a little bottle-shooting, but everyone has become such a dead shot that there is no variety in this form of amusement. We are developing into lotos-eaters, when suddenly we are aware of a dead calm, and we are not yet within measurable distance of Ballachuish.

There is nothing for it but to put into a bay—nice quiet little siding where we can dine—but to get there we must be towed by our cutter. To be towed by a cutter sounds like being kicked by a tailor. Present this to Mr. Dumb Crambo Junior.

During the day one exceptional object of interest to us has been from time to time the approach of a large schooner yacht, evidently bent on the same journey as ourselves. Through the glass Melleville has made her out to be the *Norseman*, belonging to Mr. Brush, R.A., who, the Captain happens to know, is on board, and, being very fond of it, probably sailing her himself. This will give the

artist some trouble now, as the wind has dropped. We are well ahead of the *Norseman*, and in fact have lost sight of him.

We are nearing Kintallen Bay—or some name like that—at a very slow pace, the men in the cutter rowing and singing. Oddly enough their selection of songs is not at all nautical. This present one is about "Bill was a hackney coachman rare," which is a peculiar favourite with the crew, on account of its offering rare opportunities for shouting out a rough and ready chorus at the end apparently of nearly every line, with an increased fortissimo chorus to mark the conclusion of each verse. The sails are of no use. We are being towed by the musical mariners towards the bay.

What dramatic changes there are at sea!

SCENE I. (*Afternoon up to Four.*) Warm—sun—calm.

SCENE II. (*Four and after.*) Dark—cold—gusts of wind.

We are in the darkness of Kintallen Bay. One light ashore; probably cottage. We descend to dinner; always a pleasant time. Dinner just finished; noise on deck; holloaing; shouting; up we go. The *Norseman*, forty tons bigger than our yacht, has arrived late, and is trying to crowd into this small bay, where we have settled for the night. Plenty of room without interfering with us or two other vessels whose lights are visible. Altercation between the Captain of ours and the Captain of theirs: *Norseman* rude, we polite. *Norseman* swings round, and nearly bumps us in the most unmannerly fashion. The *Norseman* is not behaving well, and if it hits anything, ought to select a craft of its own size and weight, and not "A weaker vessel" like the *Creusa*.

If Mr. Brush, R.A., is sailing himself, as I was informed, then I say, "Better throw the painter overboard," an old jest exactly suited to the occasion. But surely an artist ought to know all about canvas. Why doesn't he adorn his own sails with his own works? On second thoughts he leaves that to the picture-dealers, who adorn their sales with his works. The difficulties and dangers are overcome: it was an exciting moment; and now we return to the saloon and, oddly enough, talk about anything except nautical subjects. We discuss chiefly city matters, and financial affairs. We burst out into stories; Ford-Bamly tells some remarkable ones about America and Foreign travel; the Composer tells his

unique experiences of the Stock Exchange; I narrate little anecdotes of half-hours with the best Brokers; and Melleville enlightens us as to what it is to be a trustee. So we go on until I utterly and entirely forget that I am on board a yacht in a small bay, thousands of miles away from Piccadilly, and am only recalled to the fact that we are not in a club smoking-room by Melleville putting the end of his cigar into the ash-tray and saying, "Suppose we go on deck before we turn in."

Go on deck from club smoking-room? No—surely—why, of course. So we go on deck, and have a last look at the *Norseman*, and wonder if Mr. Brush, R.A., is taking it easel-y in his berth, and if he will get out before us to-morrow morning, and sincerely hope, as there appears to be rather a gale springing up, that neither of us will get loose, drag our anchors, and come whack one against the other. So hoping, we retire to bed.

Night. Terrific noises. I pause in my reading—I listen—is it the anchor dragging?—if so—again—a pause—I listen intently—the noise repeated—no, it is not the anchor dragging—it is only Ford-Bamly in the next cabin to me, and he has gone to sleep immediately on getting into his berth.

A Loose Sheet.

CHAPTER VI.

DRAMATIC CHANGES — WEATHER — BALLACHULISH — HOTEL — MISERY — THE PASS — THE DRIVER — QUERIES — LOCH LEVEN — STORM — OFF — CANNA — BOCK AGEN — LOLOMAN — DIBDIN JUNIOR — MUSIC — THE MULL — AWFUL SIGHTS — NIGHT AT SEA — LAMLASH — END OF CRUISE.

DRAMATIC change of scene. Last night murky, this morning brilliant. We rise with the lark—or say the sea-gull—and leaving the yacht, *Norseman, R.A.*, in the bay, we are off to the Scotch place with the Irish name—Ballachulish.

SCENE I.—Fine breeze, lovely weather. Now we sail with the gale, &c.

SCENE II.—Weather beastly: gusts from the mountains.

Loch Leven.—Pouring. No use stopping on board. "Let us land," Melleville proposes, "interview the proprietor of the hotel, and get a trap to take us to see the Pass of Glencoe."

By all means. Carried *nem. con.* Ford-Bamly says it is just the very day for seeing the Pass of Glencoe, as it ought to be done—he speaks of doing the pass as if it were a conjuring trick—in the mist. He tells us that this is quite the rainiest part of Scotland. Does he think from his experience that there is any chance of its holding up? No, he doesn't: in fact he is sure that the rain will get worse and worse. But what of that? He, personally, has waterproof hat, coat, and high fishing-boots, and is ready for everything.

We land. The hotel may look lively in the finest weather, but now its appearance is that of highly repectable misery. A few elderly and feeble tourists are in the sitting-room, one asleep, another wandering sadly about, occasionally stopping to flatten his nose against the window pane, sighing wearily, while two

elderly ladies and a very old gentleman, a party of three, are wrapped up and stowed away in a corner, to be left there till called for, and, but for a vigilant landlord, running a considerable chance of being forgotten altogether. Patients waiting in a dentist's ante-room on a damp day present a cheering spectacle compared with the aspect of these miserable tourists. They seem to be the remains of a once large party, which had gradually dwindled away without paying the bill, leaving the feeblest, and probably the wealthiest, as security for the amount. One or two, here and there, like flies at the end of autumn, are doddering about the large sitting-room, to which not even a recently-lighted fire, struggling to look bright and cheerful in the most depressing circumstances, can impart any idea of warmth or comfort.

There are also two young men in the hall, sitting mournfully among their luggage, and looking out with yearning gaze for the long-expected coach that is to take them away for ever. They are dressed in perfectly Scotch Tourist Suits, carrying plaids, waterproofs, umbrellas, and stout crooked-handled sticks for climbing. I expect to hear them say to one another, that is if they have the heart to talk at all, with rain pouring down on all sides, and everything and everybody cold, damp, and dreary, "Eh, Sandie mon, but it's jest a wee bit moist." So I am considerably surprised when the more Scotch, if possible, of the two says to his friend, in a subdued tone, "*Dis donc, Eugène, savez-vous à quelle heure part-il, le—comment s'appelle-t-il?*" "*Le Co-atch,*" suggests the other, which the first speaker accepts as correct, and continues, "*Oui—le Coatch pour—*" "*Le bateau?*" says his friend mournfully, "*Oui—*" and then he gives him the required information.

These two young Frenchmen, what could they have been when at home? Gay Parisians? What brought them here? The love of travel, or the wish to ascertain for themselves if all they had heard about the Scotch climate was true? Sad experience. Neither Eugène nor Anatole will come here again. They looked wretched enough in my eyes when I thought them Scotchmen on their own native heath, and their name Macgregor; but now I know to what nationality they belong, they seem to me to be doubly, nay trebly miserable. Never did I see two such unlively Gauls.

Melleville informs us that the traps will return presently—["Traps" sounds unpleasant. "Traps for Tourists" as most show-places are. But Melleville, of course, means "vehicles"]—and that we shall have one to ourselves—not with other damp tourists—for visiting the Pass of Glencoe.

The coach arrives. The two damp young Frenchmen show some signs of alacrity in climbing up on the roof. The other "dismal Jemmies"—I call the lot dismal Jemmies and Jemimas—come out slowly, as if suffering from cramp and rheumatism, and grumbling all the time (no wonder!) are, some of them, hidden away inside, while the weakest of all, physically unable to secure inside places, are hoisted up aloft, where the rain will finish them, I should say. Oh, the pleasures of touring!

We can have one open trap with two horses and driver. It is a waggonette; and, wrapped up in waterproof capes, coats, and caps, with a waterproof rug over our knees, we pack ourselves inside. Off we go. What a day! Rain pelting on us, and driving at us! Gusts of wind which threaten to stop the horses with a facer and to knock the driver backwards on to the rug that's over our knees. Ford-Bamly repeats, more than once, and quite pleasantly, that "This is the very sort of day for seeing the Pass." But he buries himself in his cape and sou'-wester, and not until there is a lull of five minutes does his head emerge. Melleville is the only one who braves the storm, in a yachting cap, a high waterproof collar touching his ears, and his *pince-nez* defying the elements. The Composer has disappeared, and admires as much as he can of the scenery through the top button-hole of his mackintosh.

For my own protection I have a black waterproof, a cap of the same material, with a curtain all round it, fastening under the chin. When thus arrayed, I look like the Black Knight (waterproofed) in *Ivanhoe*. It is effective, theoretically; but though it protects the ears, it strikes so intensely cold a-top, that I feel as if I were going about with a wet sponge on the crown of my head; and as the wind will blow up between the fastenings of the cape, I find myself sitting in a system of thorough draughts; while the stuff being the most expensive and of the very lightest texture, so as to allow it to be called a "pocket waterproof," or some delusive

name of that sort, has invariably gone with a rent—like a Land-Leaguing tenant—whenever the slightest opposition has been offered by my accidentally treading on the skirt as I am mounting anywhere, or by my catching on something sharp—a very unpleasant situation—as I am descending, say from the yacht into the gig, and so there are two or three fancy openings not included in the original bargain, and an aperture just below the middle of my back which takes in as much water as a portion of my undercoat can conveniently carry. However, we are all in the same boat—the only occasion when we are not in the same boat, by the way, but all in the same carriage—and we try to come out as *Mark Tapleys*, and be at our very best and jovialest.

The driver keeps his head down, as if he were butting at the weather with his hat, and volunteers no information. Presumably, he is the guide, so being all pretty well up in our Murray's History of the Pass of Glencoe, we determine to obtain more precise details on the spot. The Composer, who thinks there is a fine subject here for a Dramatic Cantata, after carefully sheltering himself with his left arm holding a bit of his big cape as if he were afraid that the driver was going to turn round and hit him, looks up obliquely, and asks, "Isn't this where the Mac Ian? &c." To which the driver, slightly turning his head towards Cullins, only replies, quietly, "Aye, Sir."

Melleville sees a ruin, which must have had some connection with the awful story of Glencoe. "Is that," he asks the driver, "Is that where Hamilton, &c., &c." And again the driver most civilly replies, "Aye, Sir, yes." He confirms all our guesses, which proves to us how thoroughly we have mastered the history of the place and its geography. We drive on for some time: asking various questions and receiving the same unvarying answer. At last it occurs to me that either the driver wants to get the journey over, and is therefore uncommunicative, or that he is not quite so well up in the subject as we are. So, when we arrive at the most desolate, and most awe-inspiring part of the Glen, I ask him, in quite a matter-of-fact tone, "Does the band play here every evening?" He turns round sharply with a suspicious "Eh?" and I repeat the question gravely. "No," he answers, hesitatingly, regarding me askance, "No, there's no band

plays here." "But," I continue, as if astonished at his reply, "how do they amuse themselves here, then? Aren't there any theatres, or concerts, or fireworks?"

He looks down at me over his shoulder, considers awhile as if trying to remember whether he had ever heard of the existence of these entertainments in the Pass of Glencoe, and then he replies, slowly, "No. There are no theayters; no." Then, evidently

Sir William Waterproof, the Black Knight.

thinking it necessary to make a clean breast of it, and apologise for his ignorance, he turns quite round and says, ingenuously, "You see, Sir, I'm a stranger in these parts, and this is the first time as ever I was here at all."

He has appealed to our compassion; he is only a servant: the hotel proprietor sent him with us, as we wanted a carriage to ourselves. Melleville inquires, "Can you tell us whether we've seen the whole Pass, and ought to turn back?" "No," he sadly shakes his head, he had been rather trusting to us, as we seemed to know all about it. Does he know where we are now? Not a bit; he

is humbled and cast down, and so to speak, throws himself on our mercy, and hopes we won't shoot him. "Has he never heard," asks the Composer, coming right up on end, as it were, like a Jack-in-the-box, suddenly, and displaying the most vigorous indignation, "Has he *never* heard of the Massacre of Glencoe?" No, the driver hasn't; this is, he abjectly repeats, most abjectly, the first time he's ever been here; but if we like he'll ask where it is (meaning the Massacre, which he probably thinks is the name of a house of call on the road) as we go back.

* * * * * *

Storm increased. A heavy sea on in Loch Leven. The gig is pitched and tossed, so that we have to hold on tight when we

get alongside the yacht, and the gig is shot up in the air high enough to bump against the other boat suspended on the davits, and then comes down again with a whop into the waves. We have each separately to choose our moment for being chucked up in turn on to the deck, where we are caught in the arms of the Captain and First Mate.

Dinner compensates for all; and, full of Glencoe and its horrors, we drink confusion to the memory of William the Dutchman, and wish he had been the flying Dutchman, and confusion generally to the memory of everyone who had a hand in that diabolical work.

Next Morning.—Another dramatic change. It is still pouring. We purpose fishing. All are dressed as *Dirk Hatteraicks*, when suddenly out comes sun, up dries deck, a fair wind, a lovely day

off go waterproofs, and we are once more in ordinary costume and under weigh.

To Canna, to shoot the seals. Progressing beautifully. Suddenly the Composer comes below, and, with a disturbed expression of countenance, reports that the Captain, in reply to a question about Canna, has said that "he canna go." This is not a joke it appears, but a fact. There are nautical reasons which I am unable to comprehend; but whatever they may be, they do not quite satisfy Melleville, who is clearly annoyed; Ford-Bamly looks solemn, the Composer bewails his ill-luck in being a second time done out of shooting seals—by which sport I rather fancy he entertained some visionary hopes of making a large fortune, and retiring for life,—and I, taking it philosophically, begin to inspect my maps and see where I will go to instead of Canna for the remainder of a short holiday. The Yacht's course is altered, We are going South. I elect to be set down in Lamlash Bay, off Arran, thence by steamer to the mainland, then, *viâ* Kilmarnock and Carlisle, up to London, and then by Dover and Calais to Mayence, to come down the Rhine and see how it looks immediately after a fortnight among the Scottish Isles.

For one night we put up in Lowlander's Bay, pronounced Loloman's Bay, which I well remember on a former occasion. The Composer had not yet written that song about Loloman's Bay, which was to have handed his name down to posterity, as Dibdin junior. He has chosen his beautiful subjects, "*Loloman's Bay*," and the "*Spinnaker Boom*." He says the sort of thing he wants—"Dibdin wrote his own words," he reminds me—is this:—

> "The Frenchmen (*or any other people if this isn't popular*) came down in terrific array,
> To fight with the British in Loloman's Bay—Loloman's Bay;
> To fight our sea-dogs in Loloman's Bay."

We none of us care about the introduction of "sea-dogs" and "British," but the Composer says it is only the idea of the sort of thing required, and that the finish should be:—

> "The moon was full up when we got under weigh,
> And left all the Frenchmen in Loloman's Bay."

He thinks it would do for Sims Reeves or Santley. More chance

as a baritone for Santley, as Sims Reeves seems to stick to "*The Bay of Biscay*" and "*Tom Bowline.*" The "*Spinnaker Boom*" he would treat heroically, thus :—

He—anybody—a pirate or buccaneer, the Composer explains—"it doesn't matter who 'He' is." We agree that it doesn't, and the Composer recommences :—

> "He bounded on deck little knowing his doom,
> So I knocked him flat down with the Spinnaker Boom."

"It couldn't be done," objects Ford-Bamly, in a matter-of-fact way.

"I don't say it could," retorts the Composer. "I'm only giving you the idea of the sort of verses I want to compose for." Then he goes on :—

> "They buried him sadly, and wrote on his tomb,
> 'Just killed by a blow from the Spinnaker Boom.'"

Cullins then gives us several specimens of the kind of music he will write for the song when finished. We join in a chorus, and, having had a musical evening, all retire, humming.

Sailing all Night.—Beating about the Mull of Cantyre. At midnight I go on deck to see a phantom ship in full sail passing us. Strange and weird sight. It looks like three fiendish giants sailing along on the back of a monster duck, which had been badly wounded in the middle of the body, where it exhibited a bright red mark that seemed to tinge the sea as it went by slowly and silently.

After this—and rather expecting the Sea Serpent to follow—I retire. But not to rest; oh dear, no. The Mull of Cantyre says, Sleep no more! Never was such a Mull! No sooner am I dropping off than I hear the word "'Bout!"—and about we go—flopping, rolling, then pitching, heaving, banging, whopping. I am nearly out of my berth: I clutch at the side. Just beginning to think that I can at last get some sleep, when 'bout we go again, and I am rolled over on to the other side. After four turns, I get up, fall out somehow, and attempt to re-make the bed. It is a struggle: but I think I have made a slight improvement. I bide my time, and then in again, holding on. No distinct notion till to-night of

what "taking forty winks" meant. I never got more sleep than this graphically describes, for I never succeeded in keeping my eyes closed—the seconds of rest were literally "winks." "Wink," I am aware, is the abbreviated form of "periwinkle," and just time to take forty winks might have come to mean, nautically, the time occupied in extracting that number of winks out of their shells with a pin—a tedious operation, which I should say would rather represent a period of forty minutes. I only wish that in this sense I could get forty winks. But it is impossible. We are on "short

Phantom Shapes at Sea.

tacks" all night, and each short tack is like a nail driven into my coffin.

I make up my bed five times to-night, and on each occasion it is rather worse than it was before. I remember the proverb, "as you make your bed so you must lie on it," and appreciate it thoroughly. "Lie on it" I may, and must—but to sleep on it is an impossibility. Mull of Can tire, indeed! It evidently can tire me!

At last, about seven A.M., I fell asleep, and dream that I am in an old-fashioned four-post bedstead; then, somehow, going through

no walls or doors, but merely "somehow," I am wafted through the air, still in night-attire, among branches of trees, at which I clutch occasionally, until I find myself fluttering above the heads of some people on to an old-fashioned landing outside the room where I am supposed to be asleep in the old-fashioned four-poster. Then someone coming up-stairs, a chambermaid, I think, who holds her hands before her face, as if inexpressibly shocked, which quite astonishes me up in the air, exclaims, "How can you, Sir! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" and I am about to explain that it is no fault of mine that I am flying about in this costume, and that I wouldn't of my own accord offend anyone's feelings for worlds, when somebody else says, "Half-past seven, hot-water, Sir," and opening my eyes, I see the Steward. He informs me that we are very much where we have been for the last five hours, but that breakfast will be as usual. It isn't as usual, as we form acute angles to the table, and are in generally uncomfortable and absurd positions. However, wind and tide serve our turn at last, and, about ten hours or so later than we had expected, we come to an anchor in Lamlash Bay, and go on shore to inspect that lively watering-place. Scotch weather set in: more rain, more Macintoshes, and more Macmisery. The pier of Lamlash in the rain, with luggage, damp passengers, cattle, cattle-drivers, boatmen, and baggage, is a delightful place—specially for ladies. But, farewell, bonnie Scotland! Away to foreign shores!

ANOTHER LITTLE CRUISE.

ANOTHER LITTLE CRUISE.

CHAPTER I.

THE START—TRAINING NOTES—INQUIRY—MY COMPANION—WAKING MOMENTS—OBSERVATIONS—STOPPAGE—ACROSS THE BORDER—EARLY WIT—SLOW PROGRESS—AN OFFER—ARRIVAL—EMBARKATION—THE STEAMER—LAUDATION—EXPLANATION—LIVE AND LARNE—THE QUAY—THE HARBOUR—RECEPTION—WELCOME—OFF TO THE YACHT.

WITH what an air of annoyance and reckless contempt one fellow-passenger always treats another fellow-passenger's bag! Every man thinks that the whole carriage belongs to him, and looks upon every other person as a trespasser and a nuisance.

Awaking, or partially awaking, about 4.30 A.M. on a lovely morning, I am informed, by a Guard or Porter, that we are stopping at a place called Penrith. This name having a decidedly

Welsh sound, it occurs to me suddenly that, in spite of all my precautions at starting (when, to begin with, the Station-Master's clerk, confidentially, and as a great piece of politeness, put me into the wrong carriage, from which the guard forcibly rescued me, thereby earning my gratitude and a couple of shillings), I have either made a mistake in the train, or that that part of it, in which I ought to have been, has gone on to my intended destination, and another part, with me in it, has turned up in Wales, where, as it seems to me, we are at this moment, when we should be in Scotland, or, at all events, at Carlisle.

There is only one supposition, inadmissible, in all railway travelling, and that is, that the driver doesn't know his way, or has taken a wrong turning in the dark, and lost it. A stage-coach, handled by a coachman new to the road, might do this, but an engine-driver can't.

We, my travelling companion and myself, examine *Bradshaw.* This process is always accompanied by a series of impatient exclamations varying in their intensity according to the difficulty of the inquiry. I cannot at a moment's notice define the precise meaning of "objurgations,"—but as in the course of our Bradshaw Inquiry, we do not use very strong language, I am inclined to the opinion that, in this case, we use "objurgations," and while we are about it we objurgate freely. If objurgation doesn't mean this, it is such an ugly word in itself that it ought to. The result is that we find Penrith in something under ten minutes.

Being perfectly satisfied that we are on the right route, my companion, who has kindly undertaken the inquiry, throws down the Railway Guide-Book with a "Confound *Bradshaw!*" and reclines, with an air of utter exhaustion, at full length, on the seat. Certainly, the study of *Bradshaw* at 4 A.M., after a series of short snoozes,—say, as far as I am concerned, twenty spasmodic attempts at sleep, to be calculated at forty winks each,—is certainly very trying. My companion, who, like myself, is to be a guest on board our friend Melleville's yacht, and with whom I have a slight previous acquaintance, has commenced the journey by saying that "he never can sleep in a train, and hoping that, if I do, I won't snore." I assure him, of course, that I am never guilty of snoring, and should have prepared myself for a chat, with our

cigar, had not my experience told me, with certainty, that, whenever a man begins by informing me how he finds it impossible ever to sleep in a train, he is sure to snuggle himself into a comfortable corner, gradually become huddled up all in a heap, so that at last he resembles a badly-stuffed dummy waiting to be carried about on the fifth of November, the only indication of life being a persistent snore, which slowly increases in tone, until the noise, having prevented anyone else from getting a wink of sleep, suddenly reaches such a pitch of intensity as to wake the performer himself, who, however, merely gives a discontented shrug, huddles himself up again into another helpless attitude, and in less than a minute is again sound asleep, and bringing out the second series of his highly unpopular snoring-entertainment. When he wakes for good, hours afterwards, he at once complains of the impossibility of getting to sleep when you (his unfortunately wakeful and long-suffering companion) "will make such a confounded noise with your snoring." My companion is no exception to this rule, and so I try to get to sleep first; but I make a false start, and he wins by three snores to nothing.

At Carlisle, being late,—it is rarely my good fortune to travel by a train that keeps to its time,—we have only an eight minutes' wait. Everything in the way of refreshment is at the other end of the platform, a distance apparently of a quarter of a mile.

Awaking to this fact, we run.

Much can be done in eight minutes, but not everything when you have a considerable way to go there and back, when you are strange to the place, when you are on the alert to catch the slightest indication of a whistle or a bell, when you are immediately prepared to drop your hot coffee, cram your bread-and-butter in your mouth, chuck down any coin that comes first to hand without waiting for change, or, if engaged in a refreshing toilette, you will throw down the brush, put your travelling-cap on anyhow (deranging your hair again), hustle on your coat, nearly assault the attendant who is civilly coming at you with a clothes-brush, but give him sixpence, and then, feeling as if you had brushed your hair the wrong way, and were dressed in somebody else's clothes, you run down the platform, the train having moved farther off than before, and anxiously visit every carriage, until,

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just as you are in utter despair of finding the right one, you see a friendly porter halloaing to you from afar off, or your travelling companion (though he is the very last person to afford you any assistance, having generally gone wrong himself, or, if right, having re-settled himself comfortably, and probably wondering what on earth can have become of you) signalling to you wildly to "come on," as if he were challenging you to a combat of two. By the way, *à propos* of "challenging," I do notice this in my travelling companion, that when he is awake there is a certain asperity in his manner as if he wanted to have a row with me. Seeing this, I prepare soft answers, and avoid any topics likely to lead to difference of opinion. In fact, not being at all certain of my man, I humour him on every point. "Birds in their little nests agree," says the poet, with remarkable poetic licence by the way, and two fellow-travellers in the same compartment ought to be unanimous. *Happy Thought.*—Be unanimous.

The consequence is that my companion appears to be better pleased, with himself, at all events, if not with me, and when once across the Border, we begin—I start it and he follows suit—with that fevered and unnatural jocosity that will exhibit itself at five A.M.—when you ought to be asleep, but can't—to attempt imitations of the Scotch brogue. We don't get much further than pointing out a labourer in the fields—(healthy work a labourer's in the fields at five A.M.—what's he doing?—probably like the early bird, catching the worm—or, still more probably, catching the early bird itself)—and saying, "Eh, Sirs, there's a mon!" or "There's a wee bit lassie!" and we talk of a "drappit in the ee," but we don't risk taking it at five A.M.

With the same forced gaiety we playfully point out to one another several Abbotsfords, a variety of imaginary birth-places of Robert Bruce; of course we select a pig-stye, and ask "who was born there?" the answer being "Hogg;" and then we indicate several Burns' Monuments, and some hives as the place where the Bawbees dwell; and then we inform each other (for *les grands esprits*, &c.) that a lot of natives in the field are Scots wha hay-making.

After these feeble specimens of early wit and humour, the conversation becomes desultory; then we sleep alternately, each

waking up by turn fresh for a talk, only to find the other asleep, and to be annoyed with him. Gradually we feel the pangs of hunger.

Then the train begins to dawdle. At the small stations they appear so pleased to see a train that they cannot make up their minds to part with it. Guard, Station-master, porters, all chatting pleasantly for awhile, and then dashing into business. The business seems generally to be suggested by the head official being suddenly struck by the idea that, as the visits of a train are few and far between, our engine, on the present occasion, may as well be utilized for the moving of a few coal-trucks. More delay. We seem to have got into a line of McDawdles.

To give some sort of colour to the protracted stoppages, someone (if possible, in an official uniform, but anybody will do) opens the door, and requests to see the tickets. This process is repeated—sometimes twice over, by mistake, at the same station—once within every twenty minutes. At last a porter opens the door, and asks if we'll have breakfast on board the steamer (an hour hence), because, if so, he'll wire on. We hesitate. At least *I* do; for, collapsing as I now am with hunger, I feel, from painful experience, that to order a breakfast beforehand on board a steamer which has to cross the sea to Ireland, may end in bitter disappointment, and be a waste of money. This last reason I think arises from the atmosphere of the country; I am becoming acclimatized, and the first symptom is a partial exhibition of Scotch caution.

It is very fine; it is warm, scarcely a breath of air to move the trees; but, as I point out to my travelling-companion, we are not going to have much to do with trees, and appearances inland are but very untrustworthy authority as to the real state of the case on the coast and on the sea,—and so, my companion being evidently of a hasty temperament, and the porter on the doorstep appearing impatient, the former decides, autocratically, "Wire breakfast for two on board"—and I assent, hoping it will be for the best.

At Stranraer. On board the steamer in correspondence with train,—a correspondence which, I am glad to say, is published in *Bradshaw*—plying between Scotland and Ireland. It *is* for the

best. Excellent breakfast. First-rate fish, first-rate eggs, better toast was never crunched, and better marmalade couldn't be found anywhere in Scotland. Bravo, Steward and admirable Stewardess! The latter when at work as stern as *Lady Macbeth*, and with a brogue that absolutely so frightens me at first, that I refuse to let her take away my cup to fill it with coffee and milk; but she insists, and I timidly yield, and she returns with it, made exactly as I want it, real *café au lait*. On no passenger-boat that I can remember have I ever met with such a possible breakfast. There is a choice of about half-a-dozen things in fish and meat—for the small sum of two shillings a head, cut and come again as often as you like. But to be just before I am generous, nay, lavish, of praise, I should add that on no passenger-boat do I ever remember myself being so well, with such an appetite for breakfast, or (which is five points out of six in my favour) the sea so calm. I am therefore viewing the commissariat department under exceptionally favourable conditions.

One traveller, who looks like *Rob Roy Macgregor* badly disguised in a modern tourist suit, goes through the whole course, for, having to return to the saloon in the course of half-an-hour, I find him still at it in the most unabashed manner, evidently taking out his railway and boat-fare in a supply which would serve for three meals in one—*tria juncta in uno*—and last him the day. The Stewardess, Steward, and their assistant regard one another in an uncertain manner. He comes up on deck at last, but I don't think they can have made much out of Mr. Rob Roy Macgregor, who, I should say, doesn't often get such a chance when his foot "is on his native heath." By the way, why "foot?" Why not "feet"? The Macgregor was not noted for generally standing on one leg like the figure of Mercury! And, if both feet were not on his "native heath," which one was? and where was the other?

Solution of Difficulty. If one of Rob Roy's feet was in one county, perhaps the other was in Ayr.

Ireland, bedad! Ould Ireland! Larne Harbour.

Happy Thought.—Arrange joke beforehand, to amuse them on the yacht. My travelling-companion shall say, speaking of Larne, that he "didn't know there was such a place." To which, my reply will be, "Indeed! Well, you see you've got to Larne," or

"I always said you had a good deal to Larne," or simply "Live and Larne."

On second thoughts, I won't take my travelling-companion into partnership over this *jeu de mot*. From what I have seen of him when awake, I don't think he is the sort of man to be entrusted with a part in a joke. I will perfect it before dinner-time, and bring it out as an impromptu. This was Sheridan's plan. History repeats itself. That's why History is so dull.

Some of the Yacht's crew are on Larne quay, and in a twinkling they have deposited our baggage in the gig, and in another few twinklings we have greeted our host, Melleville, the owner of the *Creusa*,—naturally, but unlearnedly, pronounced "*Cruiser*"—the men "give way"—[*Happy Thought.*—That's why a boat's crew should be so obliging, because they're always "giving way"]—and we are now nearing the gallant schooner, *Creusa*.

CHAPTER II.

THE GIG — COMPANIONS — DESCRIPTION — QUESTION — DISCUSSION — CAPTAIN—THE MERRY ONE—ON BOARD—CABIN—HARBOUR—SHEETS IN THE WIND—PROPOSITION—FOURTH PARTY—OPPOSITION—LUNCH—DISTURBANCE—ON DECK—ON SHORE—UP-HILL WORK—LARNE.

IN THE *Gig, rowing towards the Yacht Creusa.* — Melleville steering, my travelling companion, whose name is Killick—I only recall it when he is so addressed by Melleville—sitting opposite to me. To put it sociably, Melleville, our host, is in the chair, supported on either side by Killick and myself. As I am undecided whether to call him "Skipper" or "Commodore"—an old difficulty with me—I, as a Happy Thought medium, decide to address him Americanly as "Boss," and do so accordingly. "Boss" is an excellent word. This brings out my travelling-companion, Killick, of whom up to this moment I have had not much experience, except when in a state of early semi-consciousness, and evincing a tendency to irritability, or hopelessly fast asleep and snoring, who has, I find, a sharp and nasty way of asserting as a positive fact anything of which he knows much, little, or nothing, which would be decidedly objectionable to strangers were it not for his readiness so to modify his original statement whatever it was, if either very politely questioned, or if left utterly uncontradicted, as to bring it into substantial accordance with the most opposite expression of opinion on the same subject. He at once

protests against my adoption of the term "Boss," and says, frowning, and in a hard, incisive tone, as if his voice were coming up through a nutmeg-grater—(I find afterwards that he is a sweet singer and excellent musician, and it is, I believe, proverbial that all sweet singers have bad speaking voices, though I am not sure whether the converse holds good—as if so, what a lot of undiscovered sweet singers there must be among costermongers, dustmen, cabmen, and, on the whole, practising barristers)—Killick says, shortly—"shortly" is the word, never was a happier description of his usual manner—Killick says, shortly, "Pooh! Not

Mate and Vegetables.

'Boss!' He's the 'Governor.'" I reply, with quiet determination, seeing the man I have to deal with—(how thankful I am now that he was asleep all the night when I was awake in the train!)—that "I personally prefer 'Boss.'" To which Killick replies, a trifle less shortly than before, "Well, *I* should say 'Governor.'"

I feel it would be in bad taste, in presence of Melleville himself, to pursue the discussion further. It being a matter entirely unimportant, I yield, and address Melleville as Commodore, whereupon Killick immediately observes, as a concession, "that there is no real objection to 'Boss'—only that it is not a term used in the Navy." I agree with him again, which seems to make him quite fidgety.

Five minutes' rowing brings us to the yacht. The Captain is ready to receive us. He is a stout, square-built, pleasant-looking man, with a mild-speaking voice (so many professional nautical

men have mild persuasive voices when they are unprofessionally engaged, so that if it is characteristic of a sweet singer,—as in Killick's case, above-mentioned, which sounds like quoting a legal precedent, the well-known *Killick's Case*,—to have a bad-speaking voice, so it is evidently characteristic of a professional nautical person who can shout out "Belay!" and, as the song says, "rant and roar like true British sailors," to have a peculiarly mild and pleasant-speaking voice for use in ordinary conversation. There is a bright-faced smiling young man—(he salutes us, and is as pleased to see us as is the Captain)—who at once possesses himself of our luggage, and disappears below, whither we follow him. This bright young person is Steward, Butler, Valet, Chambermaid, all in one, equally obliging and ready in each capacity, and is the personification of the Happy Valet.

We are shown to our cabins. Mine is palatial. It is situated "aft," and has the curious appearance of having been built in perspective. The cupboard-doors, the drawers, the lockers, and wash-stand are all slanting towards a point of sight. There is a sofa, arranged on the same principle—and everything in the cabin follows, so to speak, the same lines, so that the general arrangement is that of a scene on the stage, arranged to give an audience the effect of length and distance. There is a lofty skylight, and plenty of air. Each drawer is fitted with a small bolt outside, intended to be of service in rough weather, by preventing the drawer slipping out, but at present these bolts are only irritating, as they insist on slipping down just when you want to open the drawer, and, on being carefully replaced, immediately falling down again when you have got hold of the handles and have given the draw a first pull. I say "a first pull," because the drawers being, as I have observed, built in perspective, their peculiarities have to be considered. Baffled in my first few attempts at opening one of them, I stop to consider which end is to come out first—the small or large. I try each alternately, when suddenly it startles me by coming out with a savage rush, as it were at me, when luckily it is caught by some ingeniously-contrived ledge within, and prevented from tumbling out altogether on to the floor, in which case I know that, unassisted, I should never get it into its place again.

The Happy Valet, or epitome of all that is useful in man, smilingly removes my bags, shows me where to put certain things in safety, where they won't fall about and be broken, "when the vessel's in motion, when it's at all rough, Sir," he adds, more smilingly than ever; and I reply, "Ah! true!" as certain reminiscences occur to me, and I wonder if I am going to be a good sailor this time—or *not!* I am sure that when everything goes wrong, when the Yacht is heeling over, when there's every chance of our all visiting the abode of that Welsh Mariner known as "Davy Jones's locker," this Young Steward, or Happy Valet, will still be smiling and pleasant up to the last; and in fact, as a *Happy Thought*, I name him (to myself—not publicly) as *Mark Tapley, Junior*, and I should not be surprised at hearing that this is his real name.

However, we are at anchor, and in Larne Harbour now, and it's luncheon-time, so away with morbid anticipations! Let us eat and drink, and be happy while we can. But, dear me, these are not the sentiments with which to begin a holiday health-trip. No! I am longing to be out to sea, to be sailing away, any number of sheets in the wind—[*Query.*—How did the expression arise? Perhaps before sails were invented they used to use their sheets in this way by day, and sleep in 'em at night. But why does "three sheets in the wind" mean a state of intoxication? Probably, because it is as much as he can carry. Then this would only apply to a comparatively small boat. This hundred-and-forty tonner can set six or eight sheets to the wind, for example. But I'll ask the Captain]—and to be going somewhere with a fair wind, a bright sky, and at the rate of so many knots an hour.

My host asks me what I would like to do this afternoon? My impulse is to reply at once, "Why, sail, of course. Start away, and sail away somewhere, anywhere, everywhere—till dinner-time, when I should like to be quiet." However, I don't say this, but suavely reply—for Melleville is himself the essence of courtesy, and a perfect host—"Oh, whatever you like—it's all the same to me"—which is a polite fiction on my part, as I am anything but indifferent on the subject. "Well," he says, pleasantly, "What would *you* like to do, Crayley?" Crayley is the other passenger, our "Fourth Party," a thin, delicate-looking man, who changes in

different lights—[*Happy Thought.*—He might bring himself out as a natural entertainment, called "The Human Chamelion." Shan't suggest this to him, as, on a short acquaintance, he mightn't like it. Doubt if he would like it any better on a longer acquaintance]—and presents himself in various aspects, from twenty-seven up to fifty, and of whom no one ever sees more than half at a time, as he has a way of doing everything sideways, so that he is always in profile. He listens to you in profile, left or right as the case may be, as if he were perpetually trying his ears to find out which was the more useful of the two. His left eye has an easy time of it, as his right does all the work with the assistance of an eye-glass. He eyes everything sideways, screwing up the corner of his mouth, and frowning with his right eyebrow, which gives him a puzzled expression; and when he drops his glass and gives his left eye a turn, he elevates the side of his face to which that eye belongs, and surveys everything with an air of wonderment, as though this eye was seeing it all for the first time, and was quite surprised, but still delighted with the treat. Our Fourth Party is very natty in dress, and very quiet in manner.

Crayley says he would like to take a walk up to the Druid's Stone, or go into the town.

Good gracious! I haven't come on board the hundred-and-forty-four-tonner merely to go on shore again and take a walk to see a Druid's Stone, or visit a country town.

However, I am agreeable to anything. Killick says, shortly, he "doesn't believe that there is a Druid's Stone." Killick is very short; in fact, he gets shorter and shorter every moment. Crayley, examining him with a side-glance, replies quietly, "that this Druid's Stone is a celebrated one." With a view to sitting on and crushing Killick, I encourage Crayley by inquiring, simply, "Is it?"

"O yes," replies Crayley, turning his right ear towards me—(he is my *vis-à-vis* at table)—and scrutinising me narrowly through his glass in his right eye, as if he were assuring himself of my being perfectly in earnest—"O yes; this Druid's Stone is mentioned by—by—um!——" Here he drops his eye-glass for a second, and brings up his other ear to the point of attention, as though, like Joan of Arc, he were listening for "the voices" to

remind him of what he is puzzling his brains to recollect. "Um!"—he goes on—"bless my soul!—I was only reading the book the other day"—here he turns one side to Killick, then round to Melleville, and then again to me, as if he was quite astonished to find that none of us could tell him what he was reading the other day—"Dear me! I do forget names so!"—and here he is becoming quite annoyed with everybody—"Ah!—um!—well, I shall think of it presently"—as if he had given up all idea of consulting such ignoramuses as we seem to be, and was going to trust to himself once more.

Melleville, in order, as host, to show some sort of interest in the subject, asks, vaguely, but most courteously, "What sort of a book was it?"

"Oh," replies Crayley, with a half-turn towards him and his eye-glass up to "attention" again, "it was the well-known book by—bless my soul!—O, *you* know it."

Melleville takes a small biscuit, and, out of compliment to his guest, assumes a meditative air, as if the name of the book and its author were at the present moment occupying his entire attention.

Killick, who has been silent all the time, for the simple reason that he has been busy in helping himself to everything on the table, now pushes his plate away with the air of a man who is disgusted with life, and who, like an over-fed and rebellious Daddy Longlegs, will not say his grace after meals, rises from his chair, and says—shortly, of course—"Druids' Stones are all humbug." And with this contemptuous expression of opinion, he puts on his cap with a jerk, and struts out of the saloon; then he is heard pacing the deck. He seems to have included us—our host and all—in his sweeping assertion about the Druidical Stones.

We decide, however, by three to one, Killick yielding with a bad grace, on visiting the Druid's Stone. We go ashore on the side opposite Larne Harbour. Our host, who seems a little nervous at this sudden disturbance, of which he had received no sort of forecast, threatening the quiet of his cruise—for he and Crayley have been yachting companions for six weeks previous to our arrival—now proposes a move on deck, to which we at once assent. So our host leads. I come next, and Crayley follows,

silent, thoughtful, and with a sort of haughty bearing that clearly expresses his annoyance. He gives an occasional sniff of impatience, as if Killick's contradiction had got into his nose and stuck there on its way to his brain. From the summit of the hill, a gentle ascent made under a hot sun which has come out to remind us that Summer is not dead yet, we obtain a good bird's-eye view of Larne itself, a very rising place, as every town ought to be when situated in a valley, if, that is, it has aspirations as lofty as its surroundings. In a few years' time Larne will be creeping up its own hills. On a strip of land near the harbour there are some very modern-looking villas, and a solemnly grand Hotel, which have the air of being a little in advance of their time, and to be patiently waiting the arrival of the residents and visitors, who so far have disappointed them. But as the old song says, "There is a good time coming, boys," and our Larned friends can afford to "Wait a little longer."

CHAPTER III.

LARNE — ASHORE — NOTES — NAUTICULTURE — CHARACTERISTIC — THE DRUIDICAL REMAINS — DISCUSSION — DISPUTATION — DRUID'S ALTAR — ALTARCATION — PRIVATE INFORMATION — DISQUISITION — A NOD — CONSIDERATION — CURIOUS TRADE — RETURN — RE-EMBARKATION.

IT IS difficult to realise that we are in Ireland. The few natives we meet speak with a decidedly Scotch accent. They are politeness itself, and, judging from my very slight acquaintance (of twenty minutes' duration) with a resident farmer, I should say that each of the inhabitants, if they resemble this gentleman, would leave even our host himself very little chance of winning the prize for courtesy and hospitality. The superior residents on the coast here seem, as far as I can gather in the above-mentioned space of twenty minutes, to be partly engaged in farming, and partly interested in some sort of shipping trade. For example, this farmer, a considerable landed proprietor here, is walking about his fields, watching his men at work, and, at the same time, keeping a bright look out for one of his trading vessels which ought to have arrived by now. He tells us of other farmers in the district equally interested with himself in the shipping trade. From this

I expect to see other farmers posted about on the hills with telescopes,—a reaping-hook in one hand, and a binocular in the other. Their business is divided between sheep and ships, tilling and tillers; in fact, they seem to be Nautical Agriculturists, or to coin a mixed term, "Nauticulturists."

Happy Thought.—It was these people who invented the expression "ploughing the seas."

Occasionally, when a labourer comes up and addresses his master, always most respectfully, I remark a slight admixture of Irish brogue, as evident yet as subtle as the flavour of shalotte in a craftily-prepared salad. The man touches his forehead where the brim of his hat ought to be, and wants to know something about what's to be done to the walls of an outbuilding.

"They're just to be whitewashed," says our friend the farmer.

"That's just what I told 'um, Sir," returns the man, emphatically; "but they're waiting to know what colour ye'll have it whitewashed."

No one enjoys this more than the master himself.

After a good deal of dawdling, we arrive at the Druidical pile. This sounds like the name of a new sort of carpet. I say this to Crayley. He appears hurt, resenting the observation as a slight on himself and the Druids. Of course, Killick laughs. If Killick had been annoyed, Crayley would have laughed. Our host preserves a placid expression of puzzled neutrality. The "pile" in question consists of one huge block of stone, supported by four huge blocks. That is all.

Our host says, "There it is?" as if he had expected it to have gone away before we came. Crayley puts up his eye-glass, and, with his head very much on one side, regards it with admiration and awe.

"This," he says, speaking more to himself than to us, as if he were two members of an Archæological Society, and one was giving the other a confidential lecture on the subject—"This," he says, in a tone of melancholy reminiscence, "was an altar, on which the Druids used to offer up human sacrifices." He is very sad over it, as though he had been present under compulsion years ago at one of their festivities, and had regretted it ever since.

We all regard the Druidical pile with pathetic interest. I feel

that if we only remain here long enough, we shall yield to a Druidical impulse, join hands, and gravely perform some solemn impromptu dance round the Druids' altar, which, by the way, is situated only a few yards from the drawing-room window of our friend the Nautical Farmer's house, a building quite in keeping with the mixed character of the owner's business; as, but for the undeniable farm-house surroundings, it might be easily mistaken for a Coast-Guard station, especially as there is an old painted figure-head of a ship fixed up, as though keeping guard near a side-door.

Killick breaks the silence. He simply says "Bosh!"

"What is 'bosh'?" retorts Crayley, inquisitorially. He is looking away from Killick, and apparently addressing some being in the air who is not quite so invisible as to escape the penetrating power of his eye-glass.

"Why, this," says Killick, nodding his head towards the Druids' Stone. "It's no more a Druids' altar than I am."

"It has been here for thousands of years," replies Crayley, more in anger than in sorrow, though there is just a tinge of the same sad, regretful tone which had characterised the first part of his archæological lecture; "and how the stones could ever have been placed in that position, except by some superhuman force, is a puzzle to everyone."

"Bah!" ejaculates Killick, sniffing disdainfully. "I dare say the farmer and his men placed them there themselves."

"Oh! I can hardly think that," says our host, in his most conciliatory manner. "You see they are exactly opposite his front-door."

"No accounting for taste," returns Killick. "Why, he's got the old figure-head of a ship there! Look!"

"There is a family history attached to that; I heard it from the proprietor himself," observes our host, quietly, as if Killick was now venturing on delicate ground, and he, Melleville, was the Nautical Farmer's family solicitor, entrusted with all his secrets. Our host informs us that there is more than meets the eye in this old figure-head. It reminds me of a timber-yard near either Vauxhall or the Suspension Bridge, I forget which, where there used to be, and perhaps where there still is, a collection of these

curious old figure-heads, secondhand, I believe, and I can't help wondering if the Nautical Farmer had fallen in love with one of them, and brought it away with him to Larne, as a memento of his first visit to London.

Happy Thought (*for a ballad*).—The Farmer and the Figure-head.

Killick only sniffs, and I ask, being tired of shore, if it wouldn't be as well to return to the yacht? When I come out to yacht for a few days, I count every moment on shore (except when in search of provender) as so much time wasted.

I can always be on shore, but I can't always be at sea. Melleville can be where he likes, so can Crayley. Killick is engaged in some mysterious business, the exact nature of which no one, not even his most intimate friends, has been able to ascertain; but our host informs me, apart, that it is something that keeps him constantly going about in underground railways, and coming up suddenly, like a demon sprite in a Pantomime, out of various subways at different points of the London suburbs. Somehow, the Boss surmises, as Killick is specially busy just before Christmas time, that it is some trade connected with the manufacture of cracker-bonbons, and he is not quite sure that it isn't the printing of the mottoes to the crackers, and perhaps writing them, too. "It must, you know," concludes Melleville, who was a Wrangler of his year at Cambridge, and a great hand at abstruse calculations—"It must be a very lucrative business, as, if you consider the population of London, and the demand for crackers and bonbons, each of which must have a motto, you can soon arrive at what his labour must be, what an industry it is, and what a fortune it ought to bring in."

"Then," I conclude, "Killick is very rich."

"Well—not exactly very rich," replies our host, considering the problem, and pausing as he solves a few equations (x representing Killick's income)—"No," he goes on decisively, having evidently settled the equation to his own satisfaction—"No; you see there's such a competition in crackers and motto bonbons. Still, he's very well off. A very nice fellow,—with his peculiarities," he adds kindly, to which I respond with a deliberate nod. Asking myself afterwards what this deliberate nod meant,—for I was conscious

of meaning a great deal by it, if I could only put it into words, as *Puff* did *Lord Burleigh's*,—I come to the conclusion that my nod was intended to express a compassionate feeling on my part for the unfortunate Killick's "peculiarities," which I take to be "failings." My nod implies a compliment also to Melleville as being free from Killick's peculiarities; in fact it is complimenting him on *not* being Killick, while at the same time it recognises our own moral and intellectual position, Melleville's and mine, as superior to anything which anybody with Killick's feelings can attain . . . and so, on the whole, my nod of assent to Melleville's remarks must be the result either of idiotic self-complacency, or of the consciousness of moral superiority. Which? The latter for choice. "But," adds Melleville, after a short pause, as if he had been revising his opinions for publication, "he has a very nice voice, and understands music thoroughly." From either a self-complacent or morally superior point of view, I have no difficulty in admitting so much in Killick's favour, and again I assent with a deliberate nod. Melleville pauses a minute, and then, looking round to see if "the subject of the present memoir" is anywhere near,—but he isn't; he is descending the hill and having a contradiction match with Crayley,—Melleville adds, "He writes the words of songs himself occasionally, and publishes them."

"Good words?" I ask, accidentally giving the name of a magazine. (Fancy a song of "bad words" only!!)

"Well—pretty well," replies our host, assuming an air of fairly indulgent criticism. "You know it doesn't much matter what the words are to songs, as one seldom hears them; but it so happened that I read two or three, and I couldn't help being struck by their strong resemblance to the style of the mottoes in the Christmas crackers. And that's why——"

But here Killick and Crayley join us. They are serious and silent. Killick is whistling to himself, evidently for his own private delectation, and Crayley is humming. There has been evidently a difference of opinion. The drop-curtain, to put it dramatically, has descended on some sort of a situation, and this humming and whistling is the music in the *entr'acte*. We all proceed, over very slippery sea-weed, to re-embark in the gig.

CHAPTER IV.

STILL AT LARNE—DIFFICULTIES—HUMMERS—GIVING WAY—SERMONETTE—GALLANTRY—BATHING—DISCUSSION—SWIMMING—ACROBATIC—CARPET—CONSIDERATIONS—QUESTIONS—DECEPTION—IN—THE VASTY DEEP—DOWN—DOWN—UP—UP—ONCE MORE ON DECK—PROSPECTS—DINNER—EVENING—PROMISE OF A START—ANTICIPATING DELIGHT.

ONCE again in the gig, being rowed from shore to the *Creusa*. Killick and Crayley have evidently not had it out yet about the Druidical Remains as they came down the hill.

Killick, who is of a volatile turn, and to whom a period of more than three minutes of unbroken silence becomes irksome, begins humming. Perhaps it is the sequel to the air he was humming when we re-embarked. His hum has not about it the drone of contentment which makes some hums sound like a gentle purr, but it assumes an air of defiance as he gives it out with his lips closed, and with his nose in the air; indeed, it strikes me that, as it is performed *bouche fermée*, somewhat after the manner of the Sailors' Chorus in *L'Africaine*, it would be more correct to describe it as with the air in his nose,—and both descriptions are equally true. His chin is at a considerable elevation, so that, as he looks about him sharply, it seems as if he were challenging anybody within hail with a "Hum-if-you-dare" kind of tune. Crayley,

with his back turned to Killick, as much as his sitting position in the boat will permit, does not explicitly accept the challenge, but sets up, so to speak, a little quiet droning business, consisting of disjointed scraps of melodies, which he doesn't take the trouble to connect even as a medley.

The effect is irritating. It is difficult to interfere and say, "Don't hum," and the only way appears to be to start an opposition. If I do this, it occurs to me that our host will be tired of the whole lot of us, and will receive a telegram recalling him to town immediately on business, which will necessitate, so he will tell us, his giving up his yachting this season, and then, when the present party is broken up, he will start afresh with new and more pliable materials.

Happy Thought.—Don't hum.

Killick, stopping short, says decidedly, as if he had had a private and confidential inspiration on the subject, "We shall have a fine day to-morrow."

"Why?" asks Crayley. At all events, the humming is over, but Crayley's "Why?" is uttered in just the manner which Killick is sure to resent.

"Well," replies Killick, in a tone implying that the metcorological evidence for his previous statement is so clear as to be irresistible to any but a born fool, I feel that his tone does convey all this,—"Well, just look at the sky."

Crayley *is* looking at the sky through his eyeglass sideways, and his other eye is round the corner, down indirectly, but certainly, on Killick. A guttural inarticulate ejaculation, which might be a compliment from a Fiji Islander, but is uncommonly like an insult from a member of a civilised society, is the only answer he deigns to give. I think if our host, who continues to appear entirely absorbed in his steering, could only pitch them both overboard to finish their differences in the water, he would gladly do so; as it is, he only shouts earnestly and cheerily to the crew, "Give way, my men!" as if encouraging them to reach the yacht as quickly as possible. But what excellent advice (which we are so constantly hearing, and on which I have before remarked) to both Killick and Crayley, and not only to them, but to all

obstinate arguists, to "Give way, my men,"—for the more you give way, the easier and the pleasanter and the quicker is the progress, each minding his own business, and all "giving way" together.

Happy Thought.—The above is quite a little Sailors' Sermon. Good title for book, "*Sailors' Sunday Sermons. Now on Sail.*"

"Safe to be fine," says Killick, shortly, apparently settling the weather, but really provoking further discussion.

"Much more likely to rain," says Crayley, disdainfully.

"Not a chance of it," retorts Killick. Double retorts are dangerous things.

"I should say it was sure," retorts Crayley.

"Way enough!" shouts our host to the crew, as we glide up alongside the *Creusa*, and then he adds, with an air of great relief, which, whether on account of having stopped his guests at a dangerous point, or of having brought us up safely without bumping the yacht, I can perfectly appreciate. "Now, then, take care how you get out."

Killick is first up the companion, and quickly, too, as if he suspected some sinister intention on the part of Crayley, who, however, waits till the last but one, the last being always the Commodore himself, that is, Melleville, who always acts on the principle of sticking to the ship or the boat, whichever he may be in, until he has seen everybody safely off. True gallantry is the mark of a British Sailor, whether professional or amateur.

We are received by the Captain, who cheerfully salutes us individually, as much as to say, "Glad to see you back again, Gentlemen; was afraid you wouldn't return safely."

"Now," says the Commodore—it is settled that that is Melleville's title—"Now, what would you like to do?"

I should not be surprised were Killick to take off his coat, and reply, "Fight!" but he doesn't, and only says, "Bathe." As this will evidently be a cooling process, the Commodore assents at once. So do I. Crayley, however, remarks that it is not the sort of bathing he cares for, and therefore will not join us.

"Why," Killick remonstrates, but not gently, always provokingly, "this is the very place."

"I dare say it is, but not for *me*," answers Crayley, contemplating the sky.

"He likes bathing at Boulogne," exclaims Killick, turning to us. "I know what he likes—beginning in two inches of water, and then boldly venturing out into a depth of at least four feet. Ugh!"—and he pretends to shudder at the idea.

"Well," replies Crayley, evidently nettled, "I don't see why I shouldn't prefer Boulogne—though you haven't got the right pronunciation, by the way—especially as I have not sufficient confidence in my swimming to plunge into deep water."

"What, can't swim! Good Gracious!, fancy not being able to swim!!" and with this exclamation, which seems to express that this deficiency in Crayley's education makes any further conversation with him a condescension, Killick disappears below.

Melleville pours oil on the troubled Crayley, and highly commends him for his prudence in not jumping into deep water, when he is uncertain as to whether he will ever come out again.

"Exactly so," says Crayley, quite pleased with himself. His estimation of Melleville as a clever man has evidently risen immensely in less than a minute. "What's the good of my drowning myself for the sake of a swim?" We both agree that he is quite right, and that so, inferentially, Killick is absolutely wrong. This verdict of the Court, Melleville and myself, satisfies Crayley, who, as it were, gives us his blessing, and bids us bathe and be happy. We descend, and presently all, except Crayley, reappear as acrobats ready to perform the Bounding Brothers, an idea that is materially assisted by the Captain ordering one of the men to put down a square bit of carpet for us to stand on when we come out. Only drum and pandean pipes are wanted to complete the picture.

Crayley is good enough to observe that he envies us; "the water," he says, "looks so delicious, he wishes he were going in." "Do!" says Killick, who at the last moment seems as if he were taking a view of the sea very different from what he did a quarter-

of-an-hour ago, or he would not suggest that his antagonist should do anything which would promote his enjoyment.

The fact is, there is all the difference between the sort of dreamy meditation in which, when you have got your clothes on, you regard the delights of bathing from some such coign of 'vantage as the shore or a deck, and the contemplation of the same water when you have no clothes on, and are at such close quarters with it as to practically make your immediate plunge an imperious necessity. It doesn't look a half, nor a quarter so attractive to you when undressed as it did before you took your things off. Then the blue sea seems to invite you with a rippling smile, saying, "Come in! take your boots off, &c., you are hot and dusty and tired! and here you will be so cool, so clean, and so refreshed! come!" But, by the time you have denuded yourself of your garments, and by that action, and by the exposure to the winds, have already a trifle cooled and refreshed yourself, you begin to think whether the sea isn't playing you false after all. As I stand on the deck at the head of the bathing-ladder, in a state of acrobatically-attired nature, I own to experiencing this feeling, and I can't help delaying just to inquire of Melleville—who, as he is ordinarily the last to leave the ship when duty demands his presence, so now is he the first to make the plunge when there is a probability of danger,—for swim as well as you may, there *is* a possibility of danger,—just a chance (at least, so it invariably occurs to me at the last moment, when retreat is dishonourable) that though you've come out of it safe and sound before, yet now this time you may *not*, that a conger may get hold of you, or a gigantic sea-weed, or a cramp, or, in fact, something may happen, —I say I pause to ask Melleville, for the reappearance of whose head on the surface I have been anxiously waiting, "How is it? Cold?" To which he replies, gaspingly, "Eh? What? Cold? Oh, no! Delicious!!" and though I am conscious of being the victim of good-natured deception, and though, if I spoke my mind honestly, I would even now rather retire and put on my clothes again, and stand with Crayley as a spectator of the inspiring scene, yet I merely reply, "Eh? Oh! not cold?" and having previously placed myself as near as possible to the water, on the lowest bathing-step, where I can, so to speak, taste a sample of

the sea's temperature on my great toe. I raise my hands in a despairing Waterloo-Bridge-suicidal attitude above my head, and, like *Mr. Box*, in the Farce, give a last look at the yawning gulf beneath me, and then, unlike *Mr. Box*, I take the great plunge, commit myself to the deep, and I, too, disappear from Crayley's gaze. It is only for a second, but it seems an age. Where have I got to? Shall I meet a conger, or a dog-fish? How do divers keep their breath so long under water? If I don't keep my breath—well, evidently I shall lose it—and then? When am I coming up again? Am I going the wrong way? Am I going under the keel? Am I going to be sucked in or under, or——oh, no!—light—more light—and up I come once more to breathe the upper air with all the delight of a prisoner released unexpectedly from the Bastille. A little of this goes a great way. With no unhesitating stroke do I make for the steps, and, shaking the drops off the soles of my feet, climb up for dear life as if pursued by sharks. It seems years since I was on deck; I almost expect to find things changed in my absence, as if I were a diving Rip Van Winkle returned from a visit to the Merman's Cave.

Happy Thought.—Register and patent this note for a Christmas Book. Evident how much more in keeping would the History of *R. V. Winkle* be if he had gone to sleep under the sea! *Winkle*, with something fishy in his nature, his fairy godmother a Peri-Winkle, and so forth. When I have dried myself like a herring and smoked myself, too, I will note this down for future use. Killick and Melleville are still disporting themselves in the sea as I go below and resume my usual habits, I mean, habiliments.

Gradually I glow; gradually I feel hungry; suddenly I wish it was dinner-time; and being quite dressed I am prepared to expatiate to Crayley on the pleasures and advantages of a good plunge in the sea before dinner.

In the evening we take exercise on deck, then descend, and Crayley tries to teach us a new game of cards; but as the point of it seems to consist in his winning every time, Killick abuses it, and a row is imminent, but for the interposition of our host, who suggests a little music. We have a little music, and then to bed very early, as we are—hurrah!—to sail to-morrow morning!!

CHAPTER V.

STARTING—HOMERIC—HEBRIDES—OPINIONS—MORNING—SCRUBBING—LURCHING—ERIN—SALUTATIONS—COSTUME—TUBBING—FINE—TAPLEY JUNIOR—NAUTICAL—BREAKFAST—WEATHER—REPORTING PROGRESS—MAPS—HINTS—BOOKS—STUDIES—SHOOTING.

WE ARE starting. I am made aware of this about five o'clock A.M. The overture commences with a quick movement on deck within a few inches of my nose.

Happy Quotation (*Shakespeare*). — "Sleep, gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have *they* frightened thee, that I no more can lay my eyelids down and steep my senses in forgetfulness." They *do* scrub and rub. This is what I suppose they call "clearing the decks for action"—the action being our presently starting to cruise about the Hebrides. "The Hebrides" sounds like Greek, and seem somehow to be associated with Homer. Homer and the Hebrides strikes me as a familiar title. It will have more the ring of a long voyage to say, when I return to London—saying it, of course, quite carelessly, as an every day occurrence, "Oh, I've been to the Hebrides," than merely to tell my friends, "I've been yachting about the coast of Scotland." There are some people, I am sure, who will simply regard me with mixed feelings of awe and astonishment, and after replying, "No! really! have you! how nice!" they will go among their friends, and, so to speak, make capital out of their having met "So-and-so, who has just returned from the Hebrides."

Were I simply to say, "I've been yachting off the coast of Scotland," the sort of people alluded to above would be inclined to laugh or sneer at such a way of yachting: in fact, they would doubt my statement altogether, and be prepared to swear that I had never been "off the coast of Scotland" at all, but had contented myself with remaining *on* it, and imagining the rest. And others, the bold buccaneers who never get further than the edge of the Serpentine, would observe, satirically, that they didn't think much of yachting always in sight of land. "That's not," they'd say, "what *they'd* call going to sea."

So, for the sake of friends and acquaintances at a distance, I am glad that our Commander is taking us among the Hebrides.

Oh, that scrubbing and rubbing! Does anyone ever get accustomed to it? I doubt it.

What noises there are always on board a yacht when she is getting "under weigh." The anchor chains to begin with, or the two anchors' chains, as the case may be. There's a row!

Sometimes I fancy there is a revolution on board, when I hear the sailors shouting, unanimously, "Down with her!" and repeating it all together several times, fiercely.

So, when they cry, cheerily, "Haul him in!" it sounds from below, either as if they were saving life at sea, or had caught an enormous fish. Then suddenly everything goes with a whack all to one side, and if the dressing things haven't been properly secured overnight, "bang goes saxpence" in no time.

This morning there is nothing of this sort. We seem to be a long time in getting under weigh.

The Merry Young Steward enters the cabin, and says there is not much of a breeze, but that we are out of Larne Harbour, and that she (the *Creusa*) is going on as well or even better than could have been expected.

In quitting Larne we leave Ireland. "Farewell to Erin!"—after having been once on shore for about fifty minutes. I can add this to my list when I return. "Where have you been?" "Been? Oh,"—always carelessly—"cruising about Ireland, Scotland, the Hebrides, and so forth"—but always, for effect, keep the Hebrides to the last.

In the very early morning (everybody appears to get up earlier

than everybody else, and the difficulty is to get up first) we come upon one another wandering about in strange fancy costumes. The salutation generally is "Hallo! *you* up! Good morning!" Then we recount to each other how we slept, how we are, and how we hope to be. After this we inquire of each other, "Are you going on deck?" when the answer is uncertain, as if each wanted for a while, at least, to get rid of his companion (a difficult thing on board a yacht), and then we all meet again unexpectedly on deck, when we are once more equally surprised, and seemingly not best pleased. Then we go down again in detachments of one at a time.

Killick is remarkable. He is dressed, as he has been dressed all night, in fantastically-coloured pyjamas, in which he looks like a Chinaman "with a song"—that is, as if ready at any moment to hold up the index finger of each hand, break out into "ching a ring a ring ching," and do a dance,—which, I believe, is the popular view of a Chinaman—at all events, it is mine, judging from their representatives on the stage.

Killick is at once christened the "Great Pyjama himself with the little round button at the top"—which, as being personal, he resents, and returns to his berth as if he had made a mistake in the day, and had determined to go to bed again, till things had taken a more favourable turn, and the world generally was ready to receive him. Subsequently, having finished my toilette, I open my door, and come suddenly and quite unexpectedly on Killick, or rather nearly over Killick, who appears to be rising out of the floor of the passage, as if he were a Merman who had worked his way up through the keel with a message from the sea. He cries out, in an angry but frightened tone, "Here! Hi! Take care!" as I exclaim simultaneously, "Why, what the"—— when I see what it is. He is taking a bath, and the baths on board the *Creusa* are not in the cabins, but in the passage; I apologise,—which has no softening effect on him, as I hear him grumbling till he begins sluicing, sighing and groaning like a man under torture,—and then I step over him, and go up the companion and on deck.

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It is lovely, and we are sailing gently along, with wind and tide I should say. Everybody is happy. The Captain salutes, and

takes a very cheery prospect of the weather. The Man-at-the-Wheel is smiling; the men in foke'sel are lounging and chatting. They have finished their morning's work, and so straight is to be our course that no tacking, no "going about" will be required.

The Merry Young Steward comes up the companion to infirm me of the congenial readiness of breakfast. This information he gives in his own peculiar way. The Merry Young Steward, or Mark Tapley Junior, as I have already christened him, is, when on board, nothing if not nautical; but being nautical, he is everything. Although only gifted by Nature with a pair of hands, he is always ready to lend one of them whenever and wherever it is required. The more work he has to do the better he does every bit of it, the happier he appears, and the more time he seems to have on his hands for fishing, pulling and hauling at the ropes, mending clothes, cleaning the rifle, attending to the lines, arranging the flowers (he has a good eye for colour), polishing up everything, and coming out in several different costumes, Valet, Cook's Assistant, Butler, Sailor, Waiter, Steward, in the course of the day. As the late Mr. Robson used to say, when, in the Farce of *Catching a Mermaid*, he sang "*The Country Fair*," "Oh, he's a w-o-o-o-nderful b-o-o-oy!"

He announces each meal with a cheery "Breakfast is under weigh, Sir," or "Dinner or Lunch"—as the case may be—"is under weigh, Sir!" This morning, at breakfast, he comes, with a beaming countenance, to inform his master that "he must take in a reef in the butter," as from some accident or other, our supply of this article is limited.

We don't grumble, we don't look serious, we don't complain, but such is the effect of Mark Tapley Junior's cheeriness, we all become suddenly quite mirthful and ready to scream with laughter at the prospect of short commons in this direction. If he had announced to us, on returning from some foraging expedition with an empty basket, that the island where he had been was a desert, that there was no land within three days' sail even with the most favourable breeze, and that our provisions were reduced to a backgammon board and a cruet-stand, and that starvation (he would put this in his brightest and happiest manner) was imminent, we should all cheer up, and even feel that we had had rather a satisfactory

meal than otherwise. So we assist with a will "in taking in a reef in the butter," and make up for the deficiency with, as Tapley Junior suggests, "double rations of marmalade."

If all meals on board a yacht, while in motion, could be like this, then yachting would be perfect. It is the very poetry of motion; but oh, when the prose comes, or when the poetry becomes a little uneven, and then gradually eccentric!

The breakfast passes off pleasantly, all having been put into excellent spirits by the Merry Young Steward, and Crayley doesn't contradict Killick more than half a dozen times on as many subjects, and we saunter on to the deck to enjoy the morning, which we all agree is heavenly. Our host smiles benignly and with becoming modesty, as if deprecating anything like a compliment on our part being addressed to himself in grateful acknowledgment of the magnificent state of the weather. Some hosts invariably take to themselves their guests' hearty commendation of the weather, and reply to any remark on the beauty of the day, in an off-hand way, with "Yes, isn't it!" their tone being that of men with special privileges who can afford to pity such ordinary people as are compelled to put up with any sort of weather they can get. Yet even Melleville, seated reposefully, admits that "it is certainly very pleasant," and evidently wishes us to understand that this is nothing to what can be done in the way of fine weather when we're out yachting with *him*."

Where are we? Larne has vanished. But there are coasts left and right. The Commodore will explain. Tapley Junior brings on deck a chart, in which all the sea is marked like land in an ordinary map, so that, after sailing about with my index finger from point to point for ten minutes, I give it up in despair, and prefer being instructed by "One Who Knows." Killick and Crayley are at loggerheads already as to where we are. The former is positive that Ireland is on our left and Scotland on our right, while the latter is certain that the situation is exactly the reverse.

We are perpetually referring to maps, and asking each other, "Where are we?" "Which is Ireland?" "Which is Scotland?" "Where's the Isle of"—whatever it may be, and so forth. This leads to discussion and contradiction. Now, what a waste of time

and trial of temper would be avoided if along the shore, wherever practicable, notice boards were stuck up, with "Ireland," or "Scotland," or "England," as the case may be. How useful to ships from everywhere! All the Islands should have boards up with their names on them. Railway Stations have the names up; streets have; why not bays and creeks, and gulfs and the entrances into seas? Why not at the corner of an island have a board up, with "This way to the Atlantic?" and so on.

However, we take our information from Melleville, who, without the aid of the chart, knows all about it,—is acquainted with the names of the islands, the swifts, the shoals, the rocks, and so forth, but prefers to point them out on the chart, for the sake of practice, and for satisfactory corroboration, in order to prevent dispute. Killick and Crayley discover that they were both right, as each declares he had meant exactly what the chart shows is really the geography of the place.

It is wonderful what a collection of books has been brought on board by everyone. The library is considerable and varied. To account for this we explain to one another that, as old hands at this sort of thing, we know how difficult it is to amuse oneself during a calm, and in general what a first-rate opportunity for getting through novels, or, in fact, any sort of literature yachting affords.

Every morning after breakfast, therefore, we appear on deck, each with his book. Our host has one of Daudet's novels, Crayley one of Boisgobey's, Killick has laid in a stock of cheap novels, bound in illustrated covers, evidently intended to attract the Public in the same way that a work of Art outside a booth at a fair, or a theatrical picture-poster on a wall is intended to attract, and with about as much truth. Killick doesn't profess to know the names of the books, or of the Authors; he has gone entirely by the pictures, and has picked them out of a "job lot," marked "reduced to a shilling." One of these—a different one every morning—is always in his hand. His method of reading, when he does read at all, for he has a rifle by his side and a pouch of ammunition, and is perpetually on the look out for all sorts of sea-fowl, guillemots, divers, gulls, whales, and porpoises, all being game that comes in sight—his method of reading is to examine

all his books—reviewing the outsides—in order to see which picture is the most sensational (he forgets them from day to day during the first part of our trip), and then, having made his selection, he appears on deck in a soft, shapeless, neutral-tinted hat, a retired Ulster of a curiously variegated pattern, showing three inches of flannel "trouserings," as the tailors call them professionally, a pair of deck-shoes, carrying the novel in one hand, the rifle in the other, and a pouch of cartridges slung over his shoulder.

The next part of his performance, for he can't settle down to reading at once, is to look all round to see where we are—this we all do whenever we come on deck, no matter when it is, during the day, and no matter whether we are sailing, becalmed, or in harbour, there being always a sort of instinct, even in the two last-named cases, that we may have drifted, or got away somehow; and, indeed, I notice that the Salts themselves, the very oldest and most experienced among them, invariably come on deck as if they'd just awoke from a long sleep, and look about with the puzzled air of men whose eyes are not yet accustomed to the light, and whose first words will be, if they speak, "Where are we now, eh?"—and Killick being no exception to the rule, though, of course, each man has his characteristic way of looking about him, and Killick's is one of annoyance, as he scans the scenery frowningly, with tightly-closed lips, and his hand clutching the rifle, as if ready to deal out destruction even to the landscape itself, and put a hole in it, as if it were a panorama painted on canvas, if it isn't exactly to his taste.

Having expressed in a single grunt his general dissatisfaction with everything, and, so to speak, turned up his nose at Nature for presenting herself under such an aspect to him on that morning when he had clearly expected her to have something quite different ready for him,—as, if it is nothing but sea, he wants land; if in sight of land, he wants it to be all sea; if we're among islands, he complains of the monotony of the view, and so forth,—he deposits his rifle and cartridge-pouch on the seat by his side, and then opens his novel. As he has by this time forgotten what the picture was, he has to refresh his memory and sharpen his appetite for perusal by a reference to the cover, and then the fourth part of the process is to turn over the pages, one

at a time at first, then three or four rapidly, then in handfuls, until his attention may be arrested by some description that tallies with the sensational situation depicted on the outside. If he succeeds in finding this within the first ten minutes, he will either settle down to that page, or he takes its number—treating it like a cabman with whom he has had a dispute—and, his attention perhaps being distracted by the harsh quack of a sea-fowl, or being impelled by a sudden impulse to kill something, or, at all events, to try to, he jumps up, seizes his rifle, loads it, and peers about to see on what object he can wreak his intentionally terrible, but practically impotent, vengeance. When I say "practically impotent," this is only true when he aims very carefully at anything; but if he takes a hap-hazard pot-shot, there is no knowing what, or whom, within a hundred yards, he may not kill.

Fortunately, in sailing among the northern islands we are never so close to shore as to render his shooting at a duck positively dangerous to one of the occasional islanders; or, if we are ever sufficiently near for Killick's shooting to be dangerous, the islands are generally to all appearance uninhabited; or, should there be a cottage or two scattered about at unsociable distances from one another, as if their position was due to some volcanically social disturbance that had dispersed them in this manner, there is no sign of a living soul anywhere about, even to watch the few cows that may be grazing near the sea-shore, apparently on sea-weed, small crabs, shrimps, and jelly-fish. By the way, what a curious flavour this cow's milk must have!

Happy Thought.—To quote Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, as we're off the Scottish coast, *à propos* of Killick's shooting—"What is't you do?" "A deed without an aim."

CHAPTER VI.

MORE SPORT—STUDY—BOOKS—INTERRUPTION—THE RIFLE—HOW TO USE IT—ON GULLS—AND SHOOTING—HUMANITARIANISM—AT REST.

THE shooting having commenced, he "reads no more that day," neither does any one of us, as self-preservation being a first law of nature, and love of sport or of destruction being a latent instinct in every Englishman's constitution, we all want first to take the rifle from Killick, and secondly to have a shot with it ourselves. As each takes his turn, the crew act as beaters, pointers and setters, so to speak, marking the game for us (this can't be a correct sporting expression, as it so evidently belongs to the billiard-room), and directing our attention to coming coveys, or to sea-fowl floating on the waters, which would otherwise have escaped our less experienced and generally somewhat defective vision, for Melleville wears a *pince-nez*, Crayley is useless without his eye-glass, Killick is generally in a state of biliousness which affects the clearness of his vision, and I am compelled to wear tinted glasses, which soften the glare, but give a wintry aspect to every view.

So, putting down our books for the day, as far as serious reading goes, though each of us still carries his own volume about with him, and would be very angry were it mislaid, or if anybody else took it up, we form ourselves into a shooting party, or a rifle-gallery party, and proclaim ourselves the foes of the wild fowl, the porpoise, and of the Sea Serpent itself should he dare to appear.

For my own reading I have brought a philosophical work, in two

volumes, on "Inductive Analogy" (a most interesting subject, which I had intended to begin in the train), and the three first volumes of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, because of the new sensation that *Pamela* gave me some time ago when the first of these revivals was brought out; but after a quarter-of-an-hour's deliberation as to which I shall read, I take the philosophical treatise and open Chapter One, beginning "Inductive Analogy is to the metaphysician what——" but at this point I am called off by Crayley to look at the scenery; or, after I have again settled down, by our host, to inquire what we would like to do to-day in case of reaching shore sooner than we had expected; or, when I have made myself quite comfortable, that is as comfortable as is possible out of doors, whether on shore or at sea, for reading purposes, I am startled by the popping of the rifle and an exclamation from Killick in a tone of savage disappointment, followed by a bitter *sotto voce* murmur of, "Ah! I was precious near him that time!"—when I feel mastered by so strong a sporting impulse, that I fling philosophy to the winds, and very nearly into the sea, and partly from a desire of honest emulation which has made so many heroes, and which induces me to hope that I shall prove successful where Killick has failed, I ask him to let me have a shot with the rifle.

Killick is the old hand, and stands by me as a sort of sardonic *Caspar*, watching the efforts of his pupil *Rudolph*, in *Der Freischütz*. "Six shall achieve, the seventh deceive," was *Zamiel's* arrangement, if I rightly remember. But I haven't got the charmed bullet as yet, and the six don't achieve anything except giving me a headache, and the seventh doesn't deceive me by hitting anything; though, at this point, Melleville, who detests a rifle on board because of the noise, but characteristically keeps one for the amusement of his guests, joins in the sport—and, finally, so does Crayley, who can't see three yards before him without his eye-glass, and can't hold the gun and the glass up to his eye at the same time. The love of sport is fatal to all attempts at morning reading.

In the afternoon, if not sailing in pitch-and-toss water, we recommence our studious attempts after luncheon, when we are more inclined to smoke, look lazily at the view, and indulge in desultory conversation. This time I bring *Clarissa Harlowe* on

deck, and am commencing a desultory study of the Preface and the descriptive cast of characters given as in a play, which is very exceptional in a novel, but not a bad idea as a saving of trouble—when it occurs to me that reading is very bad for digestion.

Crayley is of all of us the one who makes greatest progress with his novel by Boisgobey, because it is an exciting plot, and full of stirring situations and mystery. Killick, not being inclined to read or shoot, settles on Crayley's book, and asks him how he likes it? To which Crayley, without looking up from his book, and treating Killick as the good St. Anthony did the temptress, replies, "that he likes it very much," and continues reading.

"Capital book," says Killick; "I've read it. Have you got to the part where the young painter murders the girl?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake," cries Crayley, imploringly, who is evidently just coming to this very critical situation in the novel; "Oh, for goodness' sake, don't tell me what is going to happen." And again he wraps himself up, so to speak, in his book.

But Killick, being in a nasty humour, won't let him off, and continues.

"I wouldn't spoil your interest in it on any account, as it is one of the best plots I've ever come across. I'm not sure"—Crayley once more gives a faithful representation of the good St. Anthony, and pretends to be absorbed in the novel)—"I'm not sure whether I'm confusing the plot with another—because they are all rather alike,—but isn't there a detective—at least, I mean a man comes in with blue spectacles and a red beard, and turns out afterwards to be the detective whose wife has given the poisoned bracelet——"

Here Crayley can stand it no longer. "Look here, my dear fellow," he says, closing the book, and screwing his glass almost fiercely into his eye, as he absolutely faces his tormentor,—"Look here, if you want to tell them the story, and spoil my enjoyment of the book, say so, and I'll go below——"

But, before he can carry out his threat, and before Killick can retort, a diversion is created by our host, in favour of a line of playful porpoises, to which he directs Killick's attention, at the same time handing him the rifle and cartridges, which the Merry Young Steward, Mark Tapley Junior, has most opportunely brought up, cleaned and ready for use, on deck.

Our rifle-shooting is very harmless. If a gull or a puffin looks

a bit staggered, we are all extremely sorry, and the marksman apologises, so to speak, and sincerely hopes he hasn't hit it. The gulls do offer tempting shots. As a rule, we take fearless aim, knowing that the effect of our shot, like an effort of genius, will be deathless. Once, however, in a calm I shoot at a gull flying, and absolutely wing it. We are all sad at heart, though we are fain to acknowledge the excellence of the shot, which astonished no one more than myself. The other gulls utter plaintive cries, and circle about their wounded companion. It seems to me that all the birds of the air are "sighing and sobbin' when they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin!"

A "hand"—nautical term for one of the crew—they are all "hands"—[*Happy Thought.*—a Pirate's crew would be all "legs," "black-legs"]—is sent out in a boat to terminate the bird's sufferings. We can hardly bear to watch the proceedings. Melleville turns away, Killick looks on gloomily, Crayley hides his emotion behind his eye-glass, and, though trying to keep up a sportsmanlike bearing, with the rifle in my hand, I feel very sad at heart. I remember the Ancient Mariner and the Albatross; and, as the man returns with the dead bird—a ghastly object—in the boat, I feel I could burst into tears. Why did he bring it back? It can't be eaten, and there's no stuffer on board, or any means of preserving it.

[*Happy Thought.*—If you are going to shoot uneatable and curious birds, never sail without a "Stuffer" on board. This sounds as if the crew were going to pass some examination, and that a "Stuffer" was identical with a "Crammer." *A propos* of this, here are the materials for a conundrum: "Why would this new functionary and the Commodore to whom the Yacht belongs represent two celebrated places in the Hebrides?" Because one would say of himself, "I am Stuffer," and the other "I Owner." (Necessary explanation—"*Staffa and Iona.*") How angry Dr. Johnson would have been if Boswell had made this riddle. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "you're an ass!"]

Alas, poor gull! I am as sad as I was when I winged a young rabbit—whether winged is a correct, sportsmanlike term, I am not sure; but I never heard of "legging" a rabbit, which is what I did, poor thing!—and it cried like a child, so that with a nervous

but determined hand I had to give him the other barrel, and finish him. I sat down on a bank, and made a vow never again to shoot at a rabbit unless I was certain of killing him outright, and at once. In a moment of excitement I have ridden recklessly over plough and fallow to harriers, and been in at the death of the hare. The others were rejoicing, as at a great victory over some ferocious and devastating wild monster, or like natives over the body of a man-eating tiger; but I pitied "poor Puss," and when the Whip came round with the cap, I put three shillings into it, instead of the usual half-a-crown, by way of a penance.

I have never been in at the death of a depredating fox, when a farmer's delight is natural and excusable. In fact, I have a natural aversion to killing anything, and must indeed be roused to an ungovernable pitch of fury before I can kill the most persistently irritating fly, and even when I have despatched him I regard his lifeless remains with compassion for his idiotic obstinacy in worrying me, which brought about his untimely fate. Six creatures I can see killed with ferocious pleasure—a bluebottle, a wasp, a blackbeetle, a rat, a horse-fly, and a hornet. If anything happened to the Yacht before I leave it, I should set it down to my having shot the harmless gull.

After this, we only shoot at inanimate objects, such as bottles and cigar-boxes.

Subsequently, as sport is a necessary part of a yachtsman's life, we take to fishing.

And here again the same tenderheartedness prevents my being delighted when I get a bite, which, I am glad to say, is of rare occurrence. I like fishing; it is a solemn and soothing occupation. Time never flies with such rapidity as when one is sitting in a boat or on a bank with a rod and line in one's hand.

If you are a crack shot and invariably kill, there is no cruelty in shooting game; but the best-hooked fish dies a lingering death. Let us hope that they have no consciousness of pain, and that their wrigglings and jumpings are mere involuntary exhibitions of muscular power. Yet fishing is very fascinating—and most fish are, if well dressed, good eating. All regrets have vanished when I see them broiled for breakfast, even when the one I caught is pointed out to me (the fact is so extraordinary that all the crew

know it, and the Merry Mark Tapley Junior, as he places the dish on the table, points to the small one in the centre, and says to me, with glee, "That's yours, Sir,"—and I ask that it may be at once handed to me, when I devour it with genuine relish). Time, the consoler, heals sorrow, and in the space between coming in from shooting and the dinner-hour, the poignancy of my grief has vanished, I have become hungry, I am ready to compare notes of my prowess with my fellow sportsmen (I can be as truthful on this subject as the best of 'em), and when the hare I shot appears on the table, I can cut him up and eat him with the liveliest satisfaction.

* * * * * * *

After a delightful sail, during which we have had occasional glimpses of the Atlantic, have seen about twenty islands and one inhabitant, also two or three yachts, and Melleville, who knows his way about here, has pointed out where the Whirlpool is, which has a great attraction for me at its proper distance—we turn round a corner, and as the sun is setting, we glide into a bay, and after the usual noise attendant upon "bringing ourselves to an anchor" (we don't bring ourselves to it, as we bring it with us, but nautical terms want rearranging), we pipe all hands for dinner, which in a few moments is announced by the Merry Young Steward as "being under weigh."

It is a lovely moonlight night as after dinner we pace the deck in the soothing tranquillity of Lowlandman's Bay, only broken by Killick humming *Casta Diva*, in a very subdued tone, as he looks up sadly at the moon, so wistful in his expression that he might be taken for the Man-in-the-Moon, ejected for arrears, sorrowfully regarding his native land, to which he can never more return until he has paid his rent.

Melleville playfully inquires, "What's that noise?" On which Crayley satirically observes, that "it's curious what an effect the moon has on some animals."

Melleville remarks, that he has heard of "baying the moon," and wants to know from Killick if this is it?

Killick is ready. "Yes," he replies, "this is Lowlandman's Bay."

Whereupon we invoke the shade of Dr. Johnson in the Hebrides, who with his Dictionary did so much to help the punster. Then we descend. "No Cards." Music.

CHAPTER VII.

SAILING—DISCUSSION—MUSIC—EVENINGS BELOW—ARRIVAL—OBAN—ASHORE—NOVELTY.

CRAYLEY always has a glass out looking for Ben Nevis. He is quite annoyed at not seeing it somewhere.

"I know it's there!" he exclaims, quite pettishly, after keeping a telescope to his eye for a quarter of an hour, as though Ben Nevis were playing hide and seek with him, and getting out of his way just for the fun of the thing.

Melleville politely explains that Ben Nevis is not visible for the same reason that the British Fleet couldn't be seen by *Tilburina*.

Killick gives it as his geographical opinion that "Ben Nevis is in Wales." Maps are instantly produced, and the exact situation of Ben Nevis settled.

"Well," says Killick, "I suppose I was thinking of some other Ben. Let me see, isn't there a Ben Davis somewhere? I'm sure I've heard the name, but, at this moment, I can't remember whether it's a man or a mountain."

Melleville fancies that he has heard the name before in legal circles, and inclines to the opinion that the Ben in question is not a mountain in Wales, but an eminent solicitor. "But," he adds, by way of compromise, "probably of Welsh extraction."

Being referred to, I am unable to solve the difficulty. A quo-

tation occurs to me—"*Davis sum, non Œdipus*"—but, as I don't quite see how to bring it in, I leave it in a pigeon-hole (so to speak) to be called for when wanted. If my own name had been Davis, the quotation would have been most apt. Might tell it of a gentleman in a railway-carriage whose name happened to be Davis, and who had been appealed to by strangers to decide the point.

Our Evenings on Board.—Our host is a fair musical amateur, understanding the theory of the art, up in all the modern controversies as to Music, *au fait* with the works of the best Composers, ancient and modern, with a general cosmopolitan liking for whatever is tuneful and melodious all round. He has German proclivities, is a strict mathematician, a scholarly classic, and, bringing all this learning and talent to bear on Music, he is scientifically musical, but slightly inaccurate in illustration.

Crayley is a first-rate listener to music, with his glass in his eye, and always sideways, like a parrot hearing a tune. His memory fails him for names of airs and their Composers, and it usually plays him false after he has once started an air. He has all the notes, but he wants tuning. He says that he learnt Music in his early childhood—when he detested nothing more thoroughly than music-lessons, from the fact of their having mulcted him of his play-time.

"It *was* play-time," puts in Killick, an interruption of which Crayley takes no sort of notice.

Crayley now plays, he says, sometimes when he is alone; reminding Killick (he tells me) of the Cockney, in one of Seymour's caricatures, who "liked to go a 'unting all by himself, 'cos then nobody can't laugh!" Very nearly being "a difficulty" here between Crayley and Killick.

My own musical knowledge is, like *Mr. Sam Weller's* knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar." It consists, whether vocally or instrumentally, of "snatches" generally.

Killick is an obstinate Musician. Whatever he plays, and however he plays it, that must be right—no matter what the weight of evidence might be. He has composed and published three songs, words and music all his own; and under the *nom de plume* of "Val Travers," has written the words which have been set by

rising Composers. He is invariably obstinate at the piano, and so, when any one of us asks him to play some particular tune, he will pay no attention to the request, but will at once proceed to play something totally different.

With these elements of harmony among us, we are never at a loss for an entertaining evening. As we can all play, the one who gets first to the piano sticks to it until he is either forcibly removed, or yields to a united protest from the majority.

The one who is at the piano is never permitted for any length of time to play what he likes, unless that tune happens to suit everybody else's taste. As a rule, no sooner has Killick, who generally gets to the instrument first, taken his seat and performed that sort of up-and-down prelude which acts as a preliminary canter to the fingers, than Crayley, who is lying at full length on a sofa, reading his interminable French novel and smoking a pipe, and to whom it can be a matter of no sort of consequence what tune is being played so long as it doesn't disturb him, says, "I wish you'd play that thing from—dear me—what's the name of the Opera"—Killick gives no sign of attention—"oh, *you* know it—with—who's the great tenor singer in it?" "Sims Reeves?" suggests our host. "What Opera?" I ask. "Oh," says Crayley, quite annoyed with us for not remembering what he can't recollect —"it begins"—here he tries to hum it, but, getting mixed up with Killick's tune on the piano, he declares it's impossible to recall it while Killick is playing. "Well!" says Killick, suddenly stopping, and looking round defiantly. "*Now*—what is it?" But Crayley is not prepared, he can't even call to mind how the tune starts.

And so he is a failure, much to Killick's delight, who "chortles in his joy," he is the only man I ever heard really "chortle," which is a sound between a half laugh and a sly chuckle,—and our host avails himself of the opportunity to ask Killick if he remembers the duet from *Lohengrin*, beginning——but just at this point Melleville's memory plays him a trick, and he can't for the life of him recollect what a second ago he could have hummed or played perfectly. He tries a few notes, throwing them out as a bait to attract the real ones from somewhere in Killick's musical knowledge-box. Killick, however, only shakes his head impatiently

to signify that he can't make out what Melleville means, and sets to work to play just what pleases himself, without reference to anybody else, whereupon he, our host, and myself commence an animated discussion on the music of the last five years, each giving his own illustration in humming of things he likes best. Crayley, unable to pay any very close attention to his novel, puts it down and joins in our conversation, which we all know must be very trying to Killick, who, however, dare not leave off playing, or one of us would at once possess himself of the piano. So, without stopping to get down fresh music, he sings and plays some songs from memory, and, as they are entirely uncalled for, his audience make a point of keeping up a conversation, which become more and more animated every minute. The piano wins as a rule, unless one of us asks another to "sing something," to which the immediate response is, "Yes; if you don't mind playing it for me," —whereupon somebody taps Killick on the shoulder, and says, "I say, old boy," in the most genial and polite tone, "just let Melleville come and accompany Crayley;—he's going to sing"—and, with a very bad grace, Killick quits his chair at the piano, and "he plays no more that night."

Later on, we get to cards, when Crayley, who is very particular on the score of health, looks at his watch, which examination invariably results in his asking everyone else "What the *real* time is," and, having struck a balance in favour of bed-time, he retires for the night. This punctuality he seems to consider a panacea for his indulgence during the day in everything, which he says at the time he oughtn't to take, but which he can't resist—specially pastry with jam, rich cake, and any kind of fruit, fresh or preserved. His rule of health seems to be, "It doesn't matter what you eat or drink, if you only go to bed early every night." However, as nearly every morning he complains of having suffered from nightmare (in which he has been thrown down precipices, and never arrived at the bottom), or has risen with a headache, or sees black specks floating before his eyes,—the only remedy at breakfast for this being chops, ham, jam, heavy Scotch cake hot and honey,—it doesn't seem as if this regularity in retiring to bed early was so entirely successful as he would have us believe.

We arrive at Oban. Melleville doesn't know whether we shall

stay here any time or not. Whereupon Killick describes this as "an Oban question." Crayley looks as disgusted as Dr. Johnson might have done if Boswell had ventured on such a *jeu de mot.*

With great alacrity we go ashore to take exercise, make inquiries at the post-office, wander about and look at the shops, and subsequently dine at the hotel. It is quite a novel sensation to dine at a large table in a gorgeous room, attended upon by waiters in white ties. It is as if we had suddenly discovered civilisation. But also, curious to observe, how glad we all are to be once more ashore. But we've got the Hebrides still before us.

CHAPTER VIII.

EPISODE OF THE PILOT.

"THE piano's out of tune," says Crayley, with his nose close to the music, picking out the notes of "*The Lost Chord*" through his eyeglass.

"Of course it is," retorts Killick, "with you thumping on it all the morning."

In Melleville's absence ashore I come in as peace-maker. I throw oil on the troubled Musicians.

"Let's," I say, as suggesting something very slily, "let's get it tuned."

"How?" asks Crayley.

"By a tuner, of course," answers Killick, immediately adding, 'You don't think anyone was going to ask *you* to do it?"

Crayley pretends to ignore Killick's question, and, appealing to Heaven by a slanting upwards glance through his eyeglass at the cabin-skylight, he asks me—

"Is there a tuner on shore?"

"I should think so," I reply. I had for the moment forgotten that we were at sea.

"Well, I'm not so sure of that," says Killick. "We're in Scotland, you know, and the national instrument is the Bagpipes."

"Well, Bagpipes are tuned," says Crayley, superciliously.

"You don't know *that*," returns Killick. "You don't play them, thank goodness! And if there is only a tuner for Bagpipes, he won't be able to do the piano."

After some argument, we settle to go ashore and hunt up a tuner.

"Don't bother the Commodore about it," says Killick. "There's a lot of trouble on the old man's mind"—(he is quoting a comic song; his words and music perhaps!)—"this morning about the necessity of having a Pilot."

This is new to me. I had associated Pilots only with "fearful nights," with Bays of Biscay, with Arctic Expeditions, with shipwrecks, life-boats, and, in fact, with marine dangers of an aggravated and alarming character generally.

It is news to Crayley, too. Killick is master of the situation as far as knowledge of the subject goes, and he avers, on the authority of the Captain, and from having been in these waters before (so I understand him to say), that a Pilot in the Hebrides is a necessity, and without one we shall probably come to grief. By all means, then, a Pilot.

Melleville has already gone ashore to secure one; so, as he is fully occupied, we agree to start on a secret mission, say nothing to anybody, and have the piano tuned in Melleville's absence, so that at night he will be both gratified and astonished.

On landing we flatten our noses against various shop-windows, and hesitate on various door-steps, not being quite certain, in the absence of any evidently musical establishment, where to go for what we want.

Killick suddenly calls to mind that when he was last here the place to get a pianoforte-tuner was either at the Chemist's or at a toy-shop. He is very nearly right. The Chemist directs us to the toy-shop.

There are dolls, carts, wooden soldiers, tin sailors, comic white rabbits playing tambourines, baits for fishing, conjuring tricks, tackle, walking-sticks, books, puzzles, stationery, magic-lanterns, and nothing, except some toy musical instruments, such as drums, trumpets, and musical glass boxes, to suggest that a pianoforte-tuner is anywhere on the establishment, unless the man behind the counter is himself of that persuasion. But he doesn't look it. He hasn't got a tuning face.

Crayley undertakes to conduct the negotiation, on condition that Killick doesn't interfere.

Killick confides to me his opinion that Crayley is "sure to make some muddle of it."

Crayley commences the business he has in hand by inquiring the price of fishing-tackle. From this by easy stages up to musical toys, without buying anything, he is about to arrive at the inquiry as to a pianoforte-tuner, when Killick, no longer to be repressed, cuts in with the question point-blank. Crayley, thus interrupted, stares at him sideways, through his eyeglass, as if he had never seen him before in all his life, and were resenting the impertinent interference of an utter stranger.

The Proprietor of the Shop doesn't know where the tuner is at present. As far as I can make out, he is either on a tuning voyage, calling in at the different islands and tuning the pianos of the inhabitants, or he is on the same errand inland, and is touring about tuning everywhere, and restoring harmony generally. When he will be back there is no knowing. He is absent at present, and it may be for years, or it may be for ever. There is not another pianoforte-tuner to be found at this minute. There may be others, but the Proprietor of the Shop, and, presumably, of the pianoforte-tuner, is not aware of their existence. However all that can be done, politely intimates the Shopkeeper, shall be done, and if, in the meantime, we can console ourselves with some newly-invented spinning-bait, or a book of views of the country (where the pianoforte-tuner has gone), or anything in the toy-line,—why, there is an almost inexhaustible store at our disposal. We thank him, linger over a few toys, inspect a brown horse on wheels dubiously, and gradually retire. That Toyman will not bless us; but perhaps he will make up for our want of enterprise in sticking it on to the Tuner's charge, should he ever appear, which is of all probabilities the most improbable.

Further inquiry is useless. We give up the pianoforte-tuner and return to the ship.

Here we find Melleville. He has Pilot on the brain; and he has rather a headache in consequence. He is evidently much bothered and anxious. The Captain seems a bit fidgety. So we say nothing

about our search for a tuner, and, after sympathising with Melleville, we descend to our cabins.

There is a gloom over us. If the Pilot doesn't appear, we shall remain here ever so long; if he does, we are off at once.

The Commodore has issued orders to this effect, and the Captain, who is a man of few words, and always ready to make himself agreeable and useful, cheerfully assents. The Captain, it appears, is not personally acquainted with the Pilot who is to come aboard at some time or other. Melleville has not seen him; he is taking him on trust; and, as he tells us, in all his experience of yachting, he has never yet had a Pilot on board.

I am reading *Clarissa Harlowe*, Vol. II. (latest edition), and beginning to think that that smug old Mr. Richardson, Author and Tunbridge-Wells Shopkeeper, must have had exceptional views on the best way of inculcating morality, when a noise attracts my attention. A boat is alongside; and I catch the sound of Melleville's voice welcoming some new arrival.

I tumble up the companion to see what is going on. The Commodore is speaking to a respectably-dressed man of a rather nautical appearance. He catches sight of my head, and beckons me to him.

"Just pay the cab,—I mean the boat," he whispers to me; "it's the Pilot. I'm going to have a talk with him." And so saying, he takes the nautical-looking person down the companion, showing him every possible attention; for, as Melleville has explained to us all before,—and this is, now I come to think of it, what has contributed to his nervousness and anxiety on the subject,—a Pilot is a sort of Master of Arts, so to speak, of his craft. He is obliged to pass an examination, he has taken his degree, and he holds a rank which temporarily places him, when on board a ship delivered over to his control, above Owner, Captain, Admiral, or anyone; and of course, though paid by the week, and his fee or *honorarium*, so Melleville politely puts it, being exceptionally high, he has to be treated as an Eminent Expert. Knowing that these are our Commodore's opinions as to the *status* of a Pilot, we all bow to his decision, and are prepared to imitate our host's example.

First, then, I pay and dismiss the boatman who brought him.

The Boatman asks if he sha'n't wait? "Certainly not!" I reply, as I know that the Commodore's orders are to "sail at once," and already the Captain has given the word, and the anchor—only one out, and at no great depth—is being weighed.

It is all being done with a will, and as we are taut and trim and "ready, aye ready!" for sailing, literally at a moment's notice, it will be less than half-an-hour before we are actually off. A nice breeze is springing up, which will take us away; and the Pilot's duties will not begin until we are well outside, and shaping our course for Tobermory. We enter the cabin one after the other. Melleville is talking with the nautical-looking man, and a decanter of sherry and glasses are on the table.

We have no formal introductions from Melleville to the nautical person, but the latter acknowledges each one of us with a sort of polite inclination as we drop into the conversation in turn. The introduction, of course would be impossible, as Melleville doesn't know the Pilot's name, and, as he is a person of "some consideration"—(this is a bit of Richardsonian, but a student of *Clarissa Harlowe* must expect these words to crop up occasionally),—there may be a certain etiquette to be observed of which introduction forms no part. We have among us implicit confidence in Melleville, who, we suppose, has mastered all these details, and we tacitly form ourselves into a sort of committee of Lords of the Admiralty and Elder Trinity Brethren, for examining the Pilot to ascertain whether he knows more than we do, or, at all events more than the Commodore does, and whether, on the whole, he is to be trusted.

"A very nice boat indeed," the nautical person is saying, as we enter. "Thankye, Sir, I will take another glass,"—and he does too, a bumper, which he sips with the air of a connoisseur, instead of drinking it off at a draught, as is popularly supposed to be the way with the old sea-dogs. He is weather-beaten certainly, but he is not by any means a sea-dog. He wears thickish serge, a waterproof (which he has just removed), and a tall hat, which he has placed on the table. The tall hat strikes me at once, as reminding me of the old prints of sailors at the commencement of this century, and of the queer old boatmen, Deal Pilots, for aught I know, who may be seen any day, with telescopes under their arms, on the beach at Deal.

"I suppose," says Melleville, nervously, but in his pleasantest manner, "you know this coast—I mean all about here—by heart?"

"Well, you see, Sir," replies the nautical individual, turning his glass about and scrutinising the sherry, as if he had been tasting a sample before purchasing a quantity,—"you see, Sir, I was born here, and I think I may say I know all this part—well—about as thoroughly as anyone."

He speaks with a Scotch accent, rather narrow than broad.

Melleville looks round at us approvingly. His manner conveys exactly what he would say, which evidently is this: "This is the very man for us, Gentlemen—he knows his way about. First-rate fellow, this!"

I say to the Pilot diffidently, seeing that I know absolutely nothing about it, and am not even quite clear as to our geographical position, "Is this a very dangerous coast?"

"In parts it is," replies our first-rate man—"in parts. At least, it is to those who don't know it."

Obviously the inference is, that to those who do "know it" there is not the slightest danger; and equally obvious is the next inference—that he is the man who does know.

Again Melleville turns to us, and smiles complacently.

"Is there good fishing about here?" asks Killick.

We all feel that this is unfair on the Pilot. Why should he be expected to know anything about fishing. He's not a fisherman. However, it turns out that he *is* a fisherman, that he knows a good deal about it, and can give his experience of several lochs. There is a pause, and Melleville presses upon him another glass of sherry. At this point we all join. I break through my otherwise invariable rule of "No sherry" in order to do special honour to the occasion.

"A very fine wine this, Sir; very," says the Pilot, shaking his head, and smacking his lips.

"Yes, it is," returns Melleville, and we all smack our lips more or less, having suddenly given up our *rôles* as Elder Trinity Brethren and resolved ourselves into a tasting committee.

"Very fine!" repeats the Pilot, and again we all agree with him. Then there is a pause. It is broken by the Pilot compli-

menting Melleville on the yacht. "As handsome a vessel as he has ever seen—and he's seen lots of 'em here," says the Pilot.

Melleville is highly pleased and gratified. We all take a little more sherry, and at this moment the Merry Young Steward appears with another bottle. Whether Melleville has summoned him or not, I cannot say; probably none of us could say if asked. The sherry *is* very good, and, having broken through my rule,—I believe we have all, except Crayley, whose rule is to do as he likes on all occasions, broken through some rule on the subject of sherry,—I am inclined to go on at all hazards.

So we become communicative, and the conversation becomes general. Somehow or another we get to talking about the Opera, —I don't know who started it, but here we are, with our Pilot, talking of the Opera and of Music generally, and still shaking our heads as wisely as ever, and saying, "Yes, it *is* capital sherry."

"A very pretty instrument you've got there, Sir," says the Pilot. He is praising everything.

"Yes; it is," replies Melleville, and opens it. Is he going to play the Pilot an air? No; he is only explaining its mechanism.

"You see it's a difficult thing to get this sort of piano," says Melleville. "This is specially made for a yacht."

Yes, the Pilot is aware of that; he has seen them before: he can tell Melleville of a better contrivance than this, of a new patent, and perhaps a less expensive article.

"Very superior person, this Pilot!" we express by our looks to one another. What an education he has had! Knows a little of everything. More sherry. Fine wine, very.

The Pilot looks at his watch. Just as he does so there is an evident lurch, and we all stagger a bit; it is very trifling, but there it was, and we were evidently moving, but so easily that no effect till now has been perceptible, and even now it is only very slight.

The Pilot appears to hesitate a minute, as if he wasn't exactly certain what to do. The movement has entirely ceased, but from the gentle ripple which strikes my ear, I am sure we are going straight as an arrow before the wind.

"I'd better get to work at once, Sir, if you please," says the Pilot, again consulting his watch.

"But there's no necessity yet?" asks Melleville, "is there?"

"Well, you see, Sir," says our superior nautical authority, "I've got a lot to do——"

"Which, of course," puts in Melleville, in his politest manner, "I don't understand. Would you like to see the Captain?"

The Pilot looks a little astonished, and replies, hesitatingly, "No, Sir—I don't see any necessity—unless you——"

"Oh no! Oh, certainly not," Melleville hastens to say, clearly fearful of having committed some breach of etiquette.

"Of course he doesn't want to see the Captain," we whisper to one another, and are rather surprised that a man of Melleville's tact and experience should have made the mistake.

Melleville appears a bit nervous. He coughs two or three times, and then, drawing me on one side, he says, "I don't quite know where he'll sleep. I thought he would arrange with the Captain—but—eh? Beg pardon. What?" This addressed suddenly to the Pilot, who has been understood to ask for a key.

"Key?" repeats Melleville, puzzled.

"Key of the piano, Sir. I think you just locked it up."

"O yes, I did—but——"

Here we have another lurch, which brings the Pilot sharply up against the further corner of the piano, which he seizes desperately; in fact, he would have fallen but for cannoning against Crayley, who, being of a slight and fragile build, staggers backwards on to the sofa. A little sherry is spilt. Alone amongst us the swing-table, with the sherry decanter and one glass on it, preserves its equilibrium. It was apparently a sudden gust, for the effect has passed, and we are going along steadily once more. An expression of dismay is on our Pilot's face.

"Is the vessel sailing, Sir?" he asks, with a gasp.

"Well, you see," Melleville nervously explains, fearful of having done something very wrong—"well, I told the Captain that as your duties wouldn t commence till we got outside——"

"Outside!" exclaims the Pilot, convulsively.

We are afraid he is going to have a fit. An epileptic Pilot ought not to be licensed. That is our one feeling on the subject.

"Yes," continues Melleville, more and more nervous as the case of the *Lively* occurs to him (he tells me this afterwards),

"I thought—that—your work would begin as we go up the Sound to Tobermory——"

"Tobermory!" shouts the man. "But I don't understand—why should I go to Tobermory?"

"Because," replies Melleville, suddenly pulling himself together, and, so to speak, dropping the Lamb to assume the Lion, "that is where we have arranged to go, and from there to Loch Scavaig, and——"

"Loch Scavaig!" the Pilot almost screams.

"Yes!" thunders the Commodore, now thoroughly roused. "You said you knew all the Coast, and as I only want a Pilot——"

"Pilot!" cries the man in a frenzy. "I'm not a Pilot."

"Not a Pilot!" we all echo, in different tones.

"No!" he shrieks. "*I've come to tune the Piano!*"

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CHAPTER IX.

TOBERMORY—A HURRICANE.

FROM *Oban to Tobermory.*—Beautiful sail. Arrive here earlier than we had expected: we did this also at Oban. Fortunate, as scarcely are we in than a hurricane commences outside in the Atlantic. The Atlantic is scarcely two steps round the corner.

Rain downpouring in buckets. Next day much the same, with lucid intervals of sun. Walk on shore in morning, ditto in the afternoon. Haven't done so much walking for a long time as I have within the last few days since I came out sailing. We walked at Larne, we walked at Oban, we walk here. The Waterfalls are in Mr. Alexander's private grounds—from the extent of his property I should call him Alexander the Great—and there is no charge for admission as there is at some places where they've only got a twopenny waterfall to show for sixpence. Crayley, with his glass firmly screwed in his eye, and his head more on one side than ever, examines the grand Waterfall critically, as though to detect some flaw in it. Melleville regards it judicially, as if, with a perfectly unbiassed mind, he were ready to hear both sides of any question that may arise respecting the merits of the fall. (This sounds theological.) I—such is the philosophic attitude of my mind towards it—somehow seem to have seen it all before, and,

not being overpowered by it, begin, after a few seconds, to discover faces in stones, and forms, more or less grotesque, in everything. Crayley, having gradually given up criticism, is now lost in admiration.

"And, like Niagara,
Finds it a staggerer,"

says Killick, favouring us with an impromptu, for which he is instantly reproved by Crayley, who tells him that "really he (Killick) has no sort of reverence for the beauties of Nature."

"It's nothing extraordinary," retorts Killick. "I've seen better in Wales."

"Never!" returns Crayley, warmly. "This is distinctively Scotch. You'll seldom see anything like it in Wales, and *never* in the South of England."

"Not in the South?" exclaims Killick, as if he were aghast at what might be a daring imputation on his native place, which it isn't, and I very much doubt whether he has ever been there. "Why, in Devonshire and Cornwall the Waterfalls are magnificent, and twice as fine as this."

This is flatly contradicted by Crayley. If they were alone, I fancy it would end in a Sensation Scene, which could be thus described in the bill:—"The Howling Cataract—View of the Devil's Bridge—Moonlight—Killick meets Crayley—The Assertion!—The Contradiction!!—The Altercation!!!—FEARFUL STRUGGLE!!!!—Awful Fate of the Victim—(either Killick or Crayley)—Flight of the Assassin—The Brand of Cain!!!!" &c.

As it is, however, this melodramatic termination to a pleasant outing does not come off, as Melleville interferes in his gentlest and most soothing tones. It is (reporting it legally) *Killick* v. *Crayley*, *Melleville* intervening. I am watching the case in the interests the general public.

"There are," observes Melleville in a marginal-reference sort of manner, but speaking as an authority,—"There are some fine Waterfalls in Devonshire and Cornwall, not unlike this, but perhaps there are finer in the North of England, and we"—(this brings us all into it)—"must remember we are seeing this on an exceptional day, after a very heavy rain, and, indeed, while it is still raining. I think we'd better get on." Both parties are silent before this

timely rebuke. It reminds me of the effect of one of *Mr. Barlow's* lectures to *Sandford* and *Merton*. Killick is *Sandford*, and Crayley *Merton*. So we move onwards, as the rain is falling heavily, and we should soon be under shelter, but for the irrepressible impulse which seizes upon every one of us to throw something into the torrent (we are now standing at the highest point of the fall) merely to see what becomes of it. If nothing else were obtainable, I believe we should recklessly throw in our sticks and umbrellas, and even our coats and hats, then laugh at them, and cheer idiotically. It strikes me (philosophically and reflectively) that on occasions like the present the savage nature of man has a fierce but momentary struggle with his civilisation, and that if the savage nature once got the upper hand, the result might take the form of the dreadful practical joke of pushing the man nearest to the Waterfall suddenly over, not exactly to procure his untimely end, but simply to take him by surprise, to see how he liked it, and what the torrent would do with him. I can perfectly imagine the Untutored Savage trying this sort of thing on another Untutored Savage not belonging to a hostile tribe, but one of his own set, with whom he might really be on such friendly terms as would warrant him in taking an occasional liberty. The Untutored Savage has, of course, a sense of humour; and if he is in the full enjoyment of the highest possible animal spirits, what shape would his practical joke take except one involving some sort of cruelty? The butter-slide, the treatment of a baby, and the red-hot poker in a pantomime, come into the Untutored Savage Practical Joke Category. (*Note.*—Reserve this subject for Philosophical Treatise; pamphlet form; sixpence.)

Still at Tobermory.—We are here to-day, and *not* gone to-morrow. We have buoyed one another up with the cheeriest hopes as to being able to sail to-morrow. Melleville, as an experienced yachtsman, has pointed out to us that when there are biggish waves in the bay, the wind is expending itself, and that probably there'll be a comparatively calm sea, with the wind directly in our favour, all ready for us to-morrow morning, as if it had been carefully ordered overnight. We fish at intervals.

Note.—There is all the difference between "fishing" and "catching." The men at the bows, when they let down their lines, "catch," but we at the stern only "fish."

Wind worse than ever in the night; rain also. Outside, *i.e.*, round the corner in the Atlantic, it is now "blowing a gale"—so the Captain says, and so also is the opinion of the Pilot. It *must* be, as even in Tobermory Bay we are rocking as if we were in a roughish sea. No chance of getting away. Books, the day before yesterday's papers, the piano, and writing materials are in requisition. We write telegrams and letters, and then wait to see when there is a chance of taking them to shore ourselves. About this time we try to think of any person to whom we owe a letter, or a list of persons to whom we haven't written for years, and who have almost cut us on account of our apparent neglect. Now is the moment to make up for lost time.

Blessings on the clan McIntosh! We are waterproofed from head to foot, and get a little exercise on deck.

Blessings on the proprietors, editors, and contributors to *The Scotsman*. We can get no London papers here except those of the day before yesterday; but *The Scotsman* is brought on the evening of the day of its publication, by steamer, here at 5 P.M.—(but ordinarily half-an-hour or so late; no matter, blessings on the steamer also)—and is equal to three London newspapers rolled into one. Herein we read last night's debate—(last night's!).

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Wind and rain continuing. In the night other vessels have dragged their anchors. We are swaying as if at sea. Wind roaring always "round the corner," like *Mr. Chevy Slyme* in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and imitating the sound of several steamers all working their engines simultaneously. Yesterday's paper finished. I am working hard at *Clarissa Harlowe*. What a tediously told story, and how utterly improbable are the incidents and the method adopted for relating them. *Lovelace* is a tremendous cad and snob. He is, thank goodness, as impossible a creature as one of Ouida's burlesque heroes. Boswell's *Tour of the Hebrides* with Dr. Johnson in requisition. Just the same sort of weather—continuous rain and wind a hundred years ago in these parts. Another instance of History repeating itself.

Locked up together in a yacht, we expend our temper—though there isn't much of it among us—on Dr. Johnson and Boswell.

Crayley says "he really doesn't see that Johnson said such *very*

clever things." I observe that he did "sometimes." Killick asks, "When, he should like to know." I try to remember an instance of a *very* clever saying of the Doctor's which will settle the point in dispute at once, but I can only think of—"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "let us walk down Fleet Street"—which he couldn't have been always saying, at all events not in Scotland.

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On quietly, with a view to future discussion, searching the *Tour of the Hebrides*, I find that, *à propos* of such weather as we are now having, Dr. Johnson did reply to Boswell, who had been complaining of it—"Sir, we have no one to blame but ourselves for starting to go from island to island under the impression that wherever *we* were it must be summer."

And in spite of any protestations I might at different times have made to the contrary, either out of compassion for my host's evident annoyance, or to show with what philosophic equanimity *all* variations of temperature and weather can be endured, I must say that I certainly held Dr. Johnson's conviction implicitly, if not explicitly, or I should never have been where I am now, *i.e.*, on board, in harbour within easy sight but difficult reach of land, being rocked to and fro with a motion which is conducive neither to reading, writing, nor thinking, while the wind is blowing great guns, the rain absolutely cascading, and the vessel's timbers are literally shivering and creaking and cracking like old furniture in a bedroom in the small hours of the night.

Our host is quite distressed. He feels inclined to apologise to his guests for the inclemency of the weather. Still, I would far rather be here than in one of those isolated whitewashed cottages on one of the deserted-looking islands which we have passed *en route*. At all events, we have society, provisions, food, warm clothing, excellent drinks, are well furnished with cigars, tobacco, and pipes, have plenty of books, writing materials, sofas, rugs and wraps, games, cards, piano, and a sufficient supply of music.

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We actually are getting out our *Bradshaws*, our *Murrays*, our Scotch Railway Guides, with pencil and paper, to see what is the best and shortest way back again to London!

CHAPTER X.

ON TO LOCK SCAVAIG.

EVENING *of Third Day at Tobermory.*—Melleville, our Commodore, says that the glass is rising, the wind abating, and that we shall sail to-morrow. General excitement. "The wind," he explains, "will be freshish. I expect," he adds, "that Madame *Creusa* will jump a bit outside." We all say, "Oh, never mind that," and determine that we are ready for all risks rather than remain inactive in harbour. We are advised to "belay," and make everything "taut" in our cabins. Ominous, but exciting. Killick says he hopes he'll be all right. I join Killick; but somehow, though I wouldn't on any account remain in harbour any longer, yet, to adapt the line from Sir John Moore's burial, I "doubtfully think of the morrow."

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The morrow. Wake early with headache. The Merry Young Steward, entering with early coffee, says, "We're under weigh"—(on shore he is a young London valet, but here he is more nautical than any of the sailors)—so that I have slept through all the preparatory noises. "Scarcely any movement," I observe, hopefully. "Not at present, Sir," replies the Merry Young Steward, "but

she'll jump a bit outside." I make up my mind to get up at once, before she does "jump a bit outside," and complete my toilette while a perpendicular position is possible. I do so, as far as I can, but in a few minutes I am forming, with the floor of my cabin, an angle of seventy-five. Getting hungrier and hungrier. I foresee my fate. "Jump a bit outside!" Oh dear!

Breakfast.—To my surprise I can eat a hearty breakfast, and feel much better, in spite of the table being one minute up to my chin, and the next touching my knees. In waterproofs ("Dressed ac-Cording-ly," the Commodore says,—hate jokes to-day) I struggle on deck. Here I manfully take my stand, holding on by a rope, and becoming more and more uncertain every quarter-of-an-hour.

Killick has disappeared. Crayley, who is a frail creature, and generally suffering from headaches, is exceptionally well, and sits in a chair perfectly calm and happy, his head on one side, critically examining the waves (such waves!) through his eye-glass. I envy him. I envy Melleville, who has a chart before him. I could no more examine that chart now than I could leave my rope, or take my gaze (I feel it is a glassy stare) off the sea. I am becoming fixed in one position, like one of Madame Tussaud's effigies. I should like a label up with "Please don't touch the figure." Also, "Don't speak to the figure." In general, I don't want any notice taken of me. Killick, after an hour's seclusion, comes up on deck as fresh as a lark—though I doubt whether a lark would find himself so very fresh when a yacht is "jumping a bit outside" in the Atlantic.

Who said he was "disappointed with the Atlantic?" I think it was Mr. Oscar Wilde when he was crossing over to America. I don't care, as far as the sea-voyage goes, to be any nearer America than I am at present; but I certainly am not disappointed with as much as I have at present seen of the Atlantic. Its waves are magnificent. They may be bigger and grander elsewhere, but these will do for me. Yes, they will emphatically "do for me." I am only disappointed with myself. For two hours I stand expecting the worst, and hoping for the best. "To be, or not to be," that is the question. By twelve o'clock it is solved: it is "to be." With a sudden rush to leeward—which makes them think I am bent on suicide—I surrender myself, cheerfully, to the consequences. I

comfort myself by saying, "It will do me good." And I devoutly hope it will, as it does me awfully bad at the moment.

Then I retire. With difficulty I reach my cabin, with difficulty I lie down. And then—then! it feels as if someone were taking me up by the heels, and jobbing my head downwards against the pillow. For the remainder of the day I lie here, vainly trying to sleep, and sincerely wishing I could gag Killick (whose getting well so quickly I secretly resent), whose speaking voice I hear every minute laughing, talking, asking inane questions, and preventing my going to sleep. If I could get at Killick, and strangle him, I might be better. But I can't shout, I can't get off my berth, and there is no bell. The Merry Young Steward has looked in once, has fastened the blind across the skylight to keep out the sun, and has not returned. At 5.30 I hear the welcome grating of the anchor-chains, and "the movement in sea" ceases.

I prepare for dinner, by trying to part my hair and making myself look less "glazy." I appear as a convalescent. We are moored in Loch Scavaig, Isle of Skye, a fearfully wild spot, which might have been the country residence of the Three Witches in *Macbeth*. Just the place for their meeting here to-night, now that the "hurly-burly's done." The guide-book writers exhaust the vocabulary of abusive admiration for Loch Scavaig, until one of them unable to hit on any more appropriate simile, calls it "The Avernus of the North."

To-morrow we are to make a "*facilis descensus*" on the Avernus "*sed revocare gradum*"—and how tired I shall be! How tired I *am!* Like the lover in Lover's Irish ballad, "I am not myself at all;" though it would be difficult to say who I am.

I can't smoke: my favourite drinks are abhorrent to me: my diet has been of the plainest. Messmates, good-night! And so at an early hour I retire to my berth; and as I undress, commune with myself somewhat to this effect:—"Would I buy a yacht if I had the money? Would I hire one for a couple of months' holiday trip? Would it be the most satisfactory way of spending a vacation? If fine, it is delightful—I mean if fine and fairly calm, and going before the breeze; but if not, if blowy, if "jumping a bit," or with a head-wind, or at sea quite out of reach of land, and unable to put in anywhere and come to an anchor for dinner—

how would that be for a holiday? Supposing, too, that all my companions were to suffer as I (evidently) should, why, it would be merely a "floating hospital." However, before arriving at our destination, I am likely to be sorely tried again, and so I will snatch a "fearful joy" to-morrow on shore by "doing" Avernus, "and after"—— Now, bed.

Off Avernus Loch Scavaig, Isle of Skye.—Merry Young Steward enters cabin at 6.45. Fine morning. I am better, but only convalescent. Very cautious at breakfast. Roughish, wet on deck, and cold: bathing not enticing, "on account," the Merry Steward says, "of the dog-fish." The dog-fish, it appears, are of the Shark family,—young Scotch or Hebridean sharks—and if you bathe,—— but, in fact, nobody does bathe where the dog-fish are.

No one feels better for yesterday's gale.

With waterproofs on, we put off in gig. Avernus looks more Avernus than ever as we get nearer and nearer. Not a living soul to be seen; not a sign of habitation. The tops of the mountains are enveloped in mist, which is slowly rising. This part of Skye can only be inhabited by ghosts of departed Scotchmen who have come "bock agen." I should not be in the least surprised were Locke's *Witches' Chorus* in *Macbeth* to be heard behind those heavy mists, or were we actually to come upon the Weird Sisters out for a holiday—a Witches' Sabbath—picnicking around their cauldron, and rising to dance to a tune played by *Tam O'Shanter's* goblin piper! In fact, nothing supernatural would astonish me here. I should be prepared for anything—except seeing Skye-terriers in Skye! Don't believe there are any. Should say that they had all turned into dog-fish.

It is not easy walking. Big black boulders, sometimes enormous, presenting the appearance of buried elephants, their backs only being visible, petrified by time and exposure; the devious tracks between the buried elephants' backs—which it would be flattery to call sheep-walks—are composed of bits of rock, shifty sand, heather-moss, and peat-bog of a very deceptive character. The Sun suddenly comes out, and, when it does so, it comes out very strong, so that we take off our waterproof-coats and caps, and breathe more freely. We have scarcely experienced this relief for three minutes, than down pours the rain, and on have to go our coverings again.

There is no faith to be placed in the climate of Scotland. Crayley, generally rather an invalid, and short-sighted, skips from rock to rock,—like a mountain-goat with a glass in its eye. Killick is in the height of good-humour because everyone else—even Crayley occasionally—is more or less in difficulties; and he has managed to get well in front, and then asks the others "why we don't come on?"

Sun shining. Very hot as we re-embark in the gig.

Happy Thought.—Bathe before lunch. No dog-fish close to shore. Not deep enough for them, and they're too deep for *it*.

For once, all agree to this. Yes, just the very time! No sooner is this settled, than the winds begin to blow, the waves to rise, the spray to attack us, so that we have to resume our mackintoshes—and in another second we are all complaining of cold, and decide, *nem. con.*, that we can't bathe with any sort of comfort to-day. Lunch. Directly the eating and drinking is finished, we are off.

I am still cautious, and do not rush up on deck in too great a hurry. They tell me the wind will be with us the whole time. "Now we sail *with* the gale"—only, it is not, thank goodness! a gale, merely a breeze.

CHAPTER XI.

AWAY FROM LAKE SCAVAIG—PRACTICAL JOKE AT LOCH HOURN—ON AGAIN—CRAYLEY'S PRACTICE—MAKING FOR KYLE AIKIN.

ONE of Crayley's idiosyncrasies — idiosyncrasies soon become palpable on board a yacht—is to be quite delighted at having bought anything cheap. He has purchased during the voyage (before our appearance on board) a box of Jersey cigars, one hundred for nine shillings. He says that they are really very good; in fact, he prefers them to anything he has ever smoked (he deals in superlatives) at five times their price. He is most open-hearted with these treasures, pressing his host and ourselves to "just try one," but somehow we all seem to shrink from availing ourselves of his lavish generosity. Our host, who is so courteously good-natured that he would rather risk an irreparable injury to his constitution than seem by his refusal to imply a slight on his friend's perfect taste and judgment as evinced in his predilection for these Jersey Favourites, pretends to change his mind, and asks Crayley, in a way that makes it quite a favour on Crayley's part, to give him one; which, of course, Crayley does with the greatest possible pleasure. The Jersey Favourite is a trifle recalcitrant on being lighted, and shows an inclination for burning on one side, with a dirty-coloured crumbling

ash. The conversation, whatever it was about (Dr. Johnson, I think), continues, but I notice that, within five minutes of the first lighting of that Jersey Favourite, our host has risen to look out of the port-hole to see what the weather is like, and has then, avowedly with the same object, gone up "the companion," and when he returns, with a hopeful report of the weather,—which is immediately dissipated by a sudden downpour, and a derisive howling of the wind,—the Jersey Favourite (the cigar merchant ought to have labelled them the Lilies, or the L-gtries) is burnt down to a stump, which our host places in the ash-tray. "It is impossible to smoke in the wind," he says, and somehow or other he skilfully manages not to give any decided opinion on the cigar; at all events, he has committed himself to nothing which can hurt Crayley's feelings (we are all so tetchy about wine, cigars, and horses), and as he has smoked it, Crayley, if he asks no questions, can afterwards quote Melleville (who is really a good judge of most things) as having smoked one of these, and liked it;—the logical inference being from his having smoked it that he *did* like it. Crayley regrets not having bought five or six boxes of the Jersey Favourites. Killick observes that he's deuced glad, for the sake of his friends, he didn't, but Melleville, who occasionally visits Crayley at Crayley Court, Kent, only smiles, and saying dubiously, "Ah, well!" retires drowsily to the saloon sofa.

After a despairing glance upwards at the skylight on which the rain is still cascading and cataracting, we compose ourselves to sleep, with books in our hands, and our legs up on chairs. I take my scientific work to my own cabin, and retire till a cessation of rain may permit me to pace the deck; but, as this is most unlikely, I get *Clarissa Harlowe* (that fearful example of the *cacoëthes scribendi*) by my side, with Dr. Johnson's *Tour of the Hebrides*, a few odd numbers of magazines, and a *Spectator* which I ought to have read a fortnight ago, but which, having been packed up by mistake, comes in quite fresh now, and with these and my note-books and my pencil all within my reach, so that I shall not have to disturb myself when I have once settled down comfortably, I prepare to spend so much of the afternoon as may remain between now and dinner-time.

We give the weather another chance, which is returning good

for evil, and determine to leave the "Avernus of the North," whatever happens, to-morrow morning.

The weather takes our courteous treatment into consideration, and limiting itself to a Scotch mist to begin with, but a real fine day and a pleasant breeze to finish with, away we go, "a-sailing, a-sailing"—and thoroughly enjoying the poetry of motion.

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We sail by Loch Nevis, Armadale, and arrive at Loch Hourn, where, after a consultation between the Commodore, the Pilot, and the Captain, we anchor. In this part, at the entrance of the Loch, there is a good practical joke played by someone who has placed a stick with a square piece of something on it (which may be a notice-board when you get close enough to it), on the top of a submerged rock. The humour of this is, that in broad daylight it is scarcely visible, in twilight it may be just discerned with a strong glass when you are unpleasantly near it, and at night it can't be seen at all. Of course the practical fun of this is evident.

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Killick and Crayley, who has developed a wonderful faculty for flat contradiction, have a lively argument as to the meaning of "Scavaig." It commences by Crayley informing the company generally that Loch Nevis is Lake Heaven.

Killick says he knew this, and caps it by telling us that Loch Hourn is just the opposite.

Then I ask, if the guide-books call Loch Scavaig the Avernus of the North, what is the meaning of Scavaig?

Killick thinks that it must mean something gloomy.

Melleville observes, marginally, "probably."

Crayley thinks it is the old Scotch for "Witch."

"Gaëlic," says Killick, majestically.

"No; not Gaëlic," returns Crayley. "They don't speak Gaëlic here."

"They did!" retorts Killick, shortly.

"They did nothing of the sort," answers Crayley, with his head well on one side, his glass screwed in his eye, his face turned away from Killick, and towards Loch Nevis.

"Oh, certainly!" remarks our Commodore, intervening with

persuasive gentleness. "They certainly spoke Gaëlic in these parts. Scavaig, Nevis, and Hourn are all Gaëlic names."

"Armadale isn't," says Crayley, not thoroughly convinced.

This is my opportunity. I am not well up in Gaëlic, but now I feel my feet. "*Armadale*," I say, cleverly, "was a novel. Was it a story about this locality?"

Nobody is positive on this point; *ergo*, I suppose no one has read it. I haven't.

Killick remembers it in the *Cornhill Magazine*. "By Wilkie Collins," he adds, as if he had only read the title, and stopped there. There are some people with great reputations for reading everything who never do more than this, and manage to pick up the chief points in the course of conversation.

"It wasn't written by Wilkie Collins!" replies Crayley, curtly.

He evidently owes Killick one for the latter's recent victory on the Gaëlic dispute.

"It was!" retorts Killick, sharply.

"Nonsense," says Crayley. "It was Mrs. Wood."

"Oh! I don't think it was Mrs. Wood," I say, "because she has a magazine of her own, and why should she write in the *Cornhill?*" Having given this bit of logical reasoning, it occurs to me that Mrs. Wood hasn't a magazine of her own; but keep the doubt to myself.

"*Armadale was* by Mrs. Wood or Miss Braddon," says Crayley, returning to the subject. "Wasn't it?" he asks, appealing to our Commodore.

But Melleville will not commit himself to an opinion. He remembers that *Armadale* was the name of a novel; nothing more.

This neutrality decides Crayley, and he bears down on Killick with all his guns.

"Of course," he says, decidedly, as if he had just that instant received private and positive intelligence from indisputable authority. "Of course *Armadale* was by Mrs. Wood or Miss Broughton, and, at all events, it certainly was *not* by Wilkie Collins."

"I'll bet you anything you like," says Killick, warmly, "that *Armadale* was by Wilkie Collins. I'll bet you five pounds. Come!"

But Crayley won't "come." He simply replies, with a superb contempt for Killick's offer "I never bet," which provokes Killick into extravagant offers to back his own opinion, at twenty to one, thirty to one, fifty to one, anything, in fact, to one, that Wilkie Collins *did* write *Armadale*. But Crayley preserves a disdainful silence, which so irritates Killick that he says, "My dear fellow" —he is only affectionate when he means quite the contrary, for if his "My dear fellow" were translated, it would be literally, "You d— (not *dear*) fool (not fellow),"—"My dear fellow, you can't be certain, or you would back your opinion."

"I never bet," repeats the inperturbable Crayley, still with his head on one side, his glass firmly screwed in his eye, and his gaze fiercely fixed on the opposite coast. He reminds me of Edgar Allan Poe's wearying Raven, with it's constant "Never more!" Killick would have thrown his boots at that raven, and broken the bust of Pallas Athene over the Poet's door. As it is, if he could chuck Crayley quietly into the water, he would do so, and, as the latter was sinking, he would ask him savagely, "*Now*, did Wilkie Collins write *Armadale* or not?" to which Crayley, rising for the third time, with the glass in his eye, and his head on one side gazing upwards, would serenely reply, "I never bet," and disappear for ever.

Our Commodore goes below; so do I; and Killick crosses over to the other side of the vessel.

Now, though at the commencement of this discussion I knew perfectly well, without having read the novel in questiqu, who was the Author of *Armadale*, yet now I own to being a bit shaken by the decided tone and positive manner of Crayley. Positiveness is nine points of the law, if you happen to be "laying it down."

"Dinner is under weigh, Sir," cries the Merry Young Steward, and we descend silently.

* * * * * *

We all meet at dinner as happily as possible, and hear no more of *Armadale*.

Crayley and Killick avoid discussion. It is a truce between them; but when they recommence, the contest will be frightful.

As neither Melleville nor myself will dispute with him, Crayley starts a new method and argues with himself. He contradicts

himself flatly, and finally brings himself as holding Opinion No. 1, over to the side of himself as representing Opinion No. 2, or he tries to bring one of us into this dual discussion. But as to cut in on such delicate ground would be like interfering between man and wife, we wisely hold aloof, and express no opinion either way.

For example, he takes up a telescope, and, after a careful survey of the distant shores, he says, "There's a castle there. A splendid ruin." Then he hands the glass to me, and I agree with him, in much the same spirit as the old courtier *Polonius* did with *Hamlet* as to the camel-shaped cloud which was backed like a weasel and very like a whale. But this does not content Hamlet-Crayley. He looks at the object again, and then, in a voice which is quite loud enough for any bystander to catch and reply to (it is a bait thrown out to Killick, who won't bite,—or bark either, now), he says to himself, "No, it isn't a castle; it's a rock."

He turns to offer me the glass, but as I am with *Clarissa Harlowe* in Bloomsbury, and cannot be disturbed, and as Melleville and Killick have gone below, he applies the telescope once more to his eye, and continues the argument entirely with himself. "Yes," he says, "it *is* a castle"—then, the next minute, he meets this statement with the flat and rude contradiction, "No, it isn't." Then he treats himself in the most cavalier manner, and quite turns up his nose at the idea of anyone ever having been so absurd as to think that eccentric-looking rock a castle. And here it would end, but that he takes one more look through the glass, which results in his saying positively, "Yes, it *is* a castle: I thought so from the first"—which concludes the controversy. It is a harmless amusement, and, so to speak, keeps his hand in for when he shall have a real opponent to contradict.

We are now making for Kyle Aikin, and that is my last point before Strome Ferry.

CHAPTER XII.

"HERE BREAK WE OFF"—RETURN BY OVERLAND ROUTE.

NEVER met with such weather as in the Hebrides and in the Scotch Lochs. No knowing where to have it. It pours, and you put on your mackintosh and waterproof cap and cape. When carefully buttoned up in these, out comes the sun, and off come all the above-mentioned articles except the cap, unless you have had sufficient forethought to have brought a lighter cap with you. Directly you row, or have been rowed, or, if on shore, you have walked a few yards, the rain recommences, has a short struggle with the sun, conquers, and has the next half-hour all to itself a downpour in torrents, when, just as you have made up your mind to return to the Yacht, sunlight appears, as much as to say, "Hold on! I'm coming to the rescue, more powerful than ever!" You hesitate; sun and rain have a struggle, sun getting stronger and stronger, rain weaker and weaker, until it disappears altogether, the mists roll away, the mountain-tops are visible, the sky is blue, the flies come out and bite fiercely to make up for lost time—(a Scotch fly is a most persistently irritating insect; when it finds someone it really likes, it scarcely leaves him for a second, and if it does, it comes "bock agen" fresher than ever)—and in another moment the waterproofs are voted a nuisance, are carried over the arm, coat-collars are turned down, some of the party complain of the close-

ness and heat of the weather, others prepare to strip off and carry their waistcoats; and all, *pace* flies, are admiring the view, when somebody exclaims, "Hang it! Wasn't that a drop of rain?" Some hopeful person denies it. If Killick has asserted that he has just felt a drop of rain, Crayley will immediately assure him that he must be mistaken, and that such a thing is impossible. Killick says he was not mistaken, and declares he has just felt another.

"That time I admit," says Crayley, true to his colour of contradiction, under which he would die sooner than yield, "I did, but not when you first spoke." And in another second the rain and sun drama is enacted all over again, and, tired of the monotony of the variety, we return to the Yacht, and—this is the usual resource—ask at what hour dinner is ordered.

Whatever the time mentioned, if Killick is pleased, Crayley sighs; or if Crayley is delighted, and says, "Ah! that exactly suits me!" Killick wishes it were later, or earlier, or at any time, in fact, when Crayley doesn't want it. Crayley, however, is generally most pleased when it is at an hour which doesn't suit anyone—not even our host precisely.

* * * * * *

Strome Ferry.—Here my brief holiday comes to an end, and I quit the *Creusa*. My life on the ocean wave has been a short but merry one. Crayley also leaves. Other guests are coming to take our places. Killick is to remain for the whole voyage. The Merry Young Steward keeps up his *Mark Tapley* character to the last, and on the morning of my departure he enters the cabin with a radiant smile to inform the Commodore that "he's been ashore, and there's no meat to be got anywhere."

What's to be done? The Merry Steward, brighter than ever, makes a suggestion. "Wouldn't it be as well to telegraph to the Gentleman who is coming aboard to bring a round of beef with him?"

After all, even the pains of separation can be ameliorated by the consideration of the sufferings of others. I am going straight through to Town, and offer to send them any beef and mutton from there; but at the same time suggest that, as Crayley is going "by easy stages"—as Cardinal Wolsey travelled—to his

destination, he could send them provisions from Inverness, and, indeed, from various stations all along the line.

Return "Through Journey," Express Notes.—Strome Ferry to Inverness. First part of scenery wild and wonderful. Panorama changes to low and lovely, with Ben somebody in the distance, and then at Inverness to lower and unlovely on the shore-side, and to bold and blusterous on the other, or sea-side, with Fort George at the farthest point, which I am informed is evidently a nice warm station for the soldiers, and on that account generally chosen by the Authorities as a *dépôt* for any troops fresh from India. How tropical must be the situation anyone can judge for himself when informed that it is built on what Estate Agents call an eligible and picturesque site, commanding uninterrupted views of the river and mainland on one side, and of the German Ocean on the other.

Inverness—in time for the *table d'hôte* at all the hotels. Can only go to one. Fair *table d'hôte*. Usual eccentric tourists, and wonderful females. Everybody making arrangements to be called early. Meet a shooting friend unexpectedly, who, having been forced to remain here alone for some hours, has read two three-volume novels, and, not liking to dine alone, has determined upon renewing reminiscences of his childhood by buying a sweet cake, which he intended to eat with his tea,—poor fellow!—and so to bed about eight. I save him from this miserable fate, and in a burst of grateful hospitality he asks me to dine with him. Pommery *sec* instead of tea. I accept, and we foregather till nearly ten, when I have to continue my "through journey" to London *viâ* Perth and Stirling.

Having bespoken a berth in a sleeping-saloon—there's still some slight reminiscence of the Yacht about this—I dispose myself for the night. N.B. (North Britain.) This sleeping accommodation has not yet been brought within measurable distance of perfection.

Perth.—Perfectly fresh—as fresh as one ever can be during a night journey under the present conditions. I slip out, in full yachting costume, to breakfast at Perth. More nautical now, on shore, than I was at sea.

Perth Express Breakfast! If there be an oasis in the dusty

desert of the Railway Station Commissariat system, it is this! it is this!

Cleanly, bright cold meats, hot drinks, tea and coffee,—I had some "grounds" for saying that the coffee was not perfect,—eggs and bacon, salmon, all on the "cut and come again" principle, hot rolls, toast-and-butter, real mac-marmalade and jam *ad lib.*, what more could be desired by the most voracious and capacious traveller with a clear half-hour before him?

Then off by 7·30 train to Edinburgh *viâ* Stirling, with—and here is the great defect—no prospect of a wait of more than five or ten minutes anywhere, and not *that*,—should the train be unpunctual. We pass through pretty country highly cultivated, but the boldness has disappeared; the wild has become tame; the waters are no longer turbulent torrents, but placid streams, or rippling rivulets. The distant moors suggest grouse, the hillside cottages are neat and comfortable. The horses sleek and shining in the sunlight; the cows, evidently accustomed to a regular life, repose luxuriously between business hours, while the sheep are contentedly grazing, never once lifting their heads at the sound of the train—unlike their rough-coated, twisted-horned cousins in the parts we've been visiting, which are ever on the alert, and dart away at the approach of any footstep, except that of their own particular attendant. The "storm-motive" is over, and the "pastorale" has commenced.

Civilisation! Boys begin to cry yesterday's London afternoon papers, but I have already got the *Scotsman*, with all the latest news of any importance from town. I read how pairing has begun, how everyone is off for a vacation, how the business of the nation is being hurried through so that Legislators may be off—and "rogues are hung that jurymen may dine"—and I feel very much like the boy who has to remain in to do a task while all the others are off for their holiday,—for I am coming back to work.

Stations *en route*—

"Berwick-on-Tweed"—sounds like the work of an author on "Trouserings." Has a legal twang like "Byles on Bills."

At Newcastle,—The first thing to see in an Old Castle, probably the residence of Old King Coal. The town is being vastly improved.

Am told we shall have half-an-hour at York for refreshments. "York, you're wanted!" Don't know where this is from. Perhaps G. A. S. will respond. His "Echoes" always answer.

York. Very good dinner—soup, fish, meat, pudding, cheese; the whole boiling and roasting at 2*s.* 6*d.* a head, to be taken in half-an-hour, which, deducting three minutes for the walk to and from the Refreshment-Room, is feeding at the rate of an infinitesimal fraction over a penny a minute. One plateful of anything, however, if all eaten, will stodge the hungriest traveller unless he's a champion lunch-eater, and can do it against time. One shilling for a B.-and-S. is dear, but the profit must be made somewhere.

We race through Doncaster—stop at Grantham for tickets—see Peterborough Cathedral, and think of Mr. Whalley—glimpse of Huntingdon race-course—St. Neot's, where, of course, a *tidy* lot of people live under the patronage of St. Neot. Flat country—pass small station, apparently called "London News," as that is all I can see, written up in white letters on a blue board—cultivation everywhere—good roads—country giving promise of good shooting-coverts for September—"every bird has his day"—new proverb—close fields—big hedges—brick-making—new division of panorama—high yellow banks—station called "Sandy"—remember a Clown of that name at Hengler's—a mound or two, mere molehills compared to the hills I've left behind me—fine trees, meadow, grass-land—neat villages—gardens—shriek of engine—we whizzle past station—the only prominent name I can catch as we pass is "Somebody's Mustard," in yellow letters—corn-fields—gleaners—then a large field of some dry-looking stuff, which looks like somebody's light hair unbrushed—more covert—ricks—sheaves—fewer hedges—signal place labelled "Langford Box"—big potatoe-fields—then banks—more brick-making—station called, I think, Marley,—pretty church—park-like grounds—inclosed fields and big hedges again—more signs of harvest—"Flying Scotchman" gives a whoop! as his countrymen do in the national dance, and we rush wildly by a station, the name of which is "Arlesey Siding"—what party Arlesey is siding with I haven't time to guess—fields—high banks—reappearance of road—village—old houses—old trees—banks again—signal-box—more harvest—grass and clover-fields—hedges—falling off in trees—brook—through

English landscape shut out—"Flying Scotchman" shrieking again—"Hitchin!"—"Flying Scotchman" dashes past it, evidently calling out "Bless the Duke of Argyll!"—then slacks off a bit—as if a trifle blown—scene changes to Wymondeley—very pretty—Birket Foster sort of English scenery—then changes to high reddish sand-banks—F. S. going steadily—hurries up a bit before Stevenage, which we pass in style—neat red-brick town—gardens—road—more bright-red houses, as if the builder had been a regular Rufus—Harvest not so forward—fields for miles—crowds of trees—more good coverts—undulating country—sheep. Harvest better than ever—absolutely "golden grains"—big banks—probably tunnels—no—more red bricks—extensive view of country—grazing-land—charming farm. Large village—two men—we go under bridge—country more undulating—F. S. tremendously elevated—decidedly, F. S. is a whiskey train—tunnel at last—shriek—in we go—darkness—lights—out we come—shriek—in we go again—out we come again—pass Welwyn—lovely wooded country—large fields—fine trees—banks—under bridge—big fields—small hedges—F. S. going it now—intends finishing well—only about twenty miles more to do—two more arches—wooded country—horses—cows—but nobody about anywhere the whole way along, except two men walking in opposite directions—odd!—is it tea-time everywhere, or dinner-time, or have they all migrated for the holidays?—shirk Hatfield—"Renowned Salisbury!"—F. S. slacking off—wooded country—much the same as before—views shut out—meadow-land—rabbits feeding outside plantation—hedges—ditches—woods—copses—an obelisk on bank, with City Arms (I fancy) on it—slight whistle for Potter's Bar—no one at the Bar—we don't stop—F. S., the whiskey-er, is becoming temperate—whistle—tunnel—in for twenty seconds—out—sun setting—whistle—tunnel—seven seconds—short whistle—tunnel—ten seconds—people at last—suburbs of London really commencing—thrown out like skirmishers to see what the country is like—F. S. going it again—must get it over quick now—short whistle—tunnel—ten seconds—more skirmishers—wall of advertisements—Station (what?)—houses—shorter whistle—tunnel—fifteen seconds—shorter whistle, 'cos F. S. can't waste breath—gas-works—London bursting out—

River Lea, or New River?—views shut out—Station (what?)—suburban London in force—boys—school playing—F. S. taking it leisurely—rather blown,—whistle—sun setting—moon rising red on the other side, to see the effect—sun hot and tired—moon chilly—want of circulation—town, town, town—smoke, smoke, smoke—churches—advertisements—Holloway Station—Peter Robinson, Maple, Colman's Mustard to welcome us,—tunnel—going—low whistle—tunnel—in—out—ten seconds—tunnel again—that's it—F. S. ceases to fly—he's walking in—but he burrows into London through more tunnels, and——here we are, King's Cross, 7 P.M. to the moment, after a splendid two hours' run with the "Flying Scotchman" without a check. As the Mohawk Minstrels sing, "*Home Once More.*"

MY HEALTH.

MY HEALTH.

CHAPTER I.

BIGSBY MY BOY—RETALIATION — CHEERINESS — THE MOMPISONS—MENTAL MEM — AGATHA MOMPISON — DANIEL LAMBERT — A PICTURE—ANALYTICAL HISTORY—TORPIDITY—COMMENCING FAT MAN—MORE MENTAL MEMS—WINTON—HIS CLUB—AN INVITATION—VAGUE—MORE OF THIS.

MY health has often been proposed, and I've returned thanks for it—such as it is. Can't make out what's the matter with me. Bigsby, meeting me in the street, exclaims heartily — (just like Bigsby, by the way) — "Hallo, old fellow!" — (everyone's an "old fellow" with Bigsby, or, if not an "old fellow," you're "his boy")—"how deuced well you're looking!"

I reply, "Am I?" as if this was information coming from Bigsby, and look (I can't help it) as much as to say to him, "Bigsby, my boy"—(you fall at once into the habit of saying "My boy" when with Bigsby)—"you mustn't judge by appearances. The excitement of seeing you"—(I tumbled upon him round a corner; he being, of course, the last man I'd expected to meet. *Query:* If Bigsby's the last, who was the first? Make a note of this for my *Theory of Precognisances*)—"has made me *look* healthy, has called up the hectic flush, Bigsby; but no! I am *not* the robust creature you imagine me to be."

I do *not* say this to Bigsby. I look it at him. I only reply, "Am I?" and retaliate upon him with, "So are you: never saw you looking better."

"Why!" cries Bigsby ("cries!" I should say "*shouts!*" for wherever Bigsby meets you, so remarkably cheery is he—"cheery" is his own word—that he must shout at you if he likes you, and the more he likes you the louder he shouts—"Why, my boy"—(I knew I should be "his boy" directly)—"you're getting horrid stout?" And he throws himself back, in a sort of artistic manner, as if to get a good light on me, and bring out my points. Of course Mrs. Gore Mompison and her two daughters issue at this moment from Fortnum & Mason's——

Mem. "Sweets to the Sweet." Good thing to say to the Mompisons when I meet them at a dinner-party, *à propos* of Fortnum's. Mustn't let Bigsby's shouting put it out of my head. This *mem* is a mental *mem* while Bigsby is shouting and I am raising my hat to the Mompisons.

They look astonished. At least Agatha Mompison does, and elevates her eyebrows. If I was asked, I should at this moment like to be seen to advantage; but one can't be with Bigsby. "'Pon my word," he says, still shouting, and sticking to his subject, "You're regularly running into fat."

The Mompisons, all of them, hear this, and I can't help noticing their heads pushed forward slily, just to take a quiet glance at me from the carriage window, to see if I am "running to fat."

I wonder what they decide.

If I ever (again) meet Agatha, and we sit out a dance or two in retirement, and if I commence to talk to her from the depths of my heart, won't Bigsby's words recur to her mind suddenly (just as one suddenly thinks of funny things in church), and won't she say to herself "He's running to fat"?

Bother Bigsby—at the same time bless Bigsby. The truth *is* unpleasant, but if it *is* the truth?

Yes, I think it is. Perhaps Daniel Lambert was once thin. Everybody must have a beginning; fat men must have a beginning. I remember smiling at an enormous man who showed me a picture of a slim young creature, "That, Sir," said he, "was I, years ago."

I own I did not believe him.

I see now it *is* possible. I am beginning to be fat. That's why I am melancholy, that's why I am out of spirits, that's why I sleep heavily, and that's why I can't get on with my scheme for my "*Analytical History of Motion*," which is to commence with the First Revolution of the Earth, and then take everything in its turn.

That's why—I see it now, hang and bless Bigsby!—that's why I've stuck at the same line of Chapter the Second on "*Elementary Rotation*," and have gazed at the paper day after day, torpidly unable to write a single paragraph, and feeling only inclined to scribble occasional *mems* for future work, and generally ending with scrawling idiotic figures with thin legs, no bodies, and large noses on the very sheets which ought to have been devoted to the highest, scientific purposes.

Bigsby is right. I am, as it were, an infant Fat Man. There is such an academical existence as that of a "Commencing Bachelor." I don't know what it means, and it conveys no very distinct idea of a profession to my mind. But I see what a Commencing Fat Man is. I realise *that*.

Mental Mem to be acted upon immediately. To go home and try all my clothes on. Give attention to waistcoats, &c. Particularly "&c."

I have parted from Bigsby, and have taken my way, by bye-streets to my Club. I will not appear in the Park; I will avoid the haunts of men. I will be a hermit—a Commencing Fat Hermit.

No. I slap my forehead. I have it! * * * I will be thin. Take Fat by the forelock. "A stitch in time," &c., and so forth. * * * Stay! * * * Perhaps Bigsby's wrong. Perhaps it's only his fun. Having nothing particular to do, I'll call—no, I'll write to Bigsby, and ask him if it was only his fun.

At this moment Winton walks in.

Winton is sharp, short, and decisive, his hair curls crisply. His eyes are here, there, and everywhere. He rubs his hands briskly while talking, and smacks them with a sort of "flash" which a conjurer gives to a pack when he is going to show you the card you choose, when he delivers an oracular opinion.

Winton is a great hand at health. He never (so I believe) overeats, never overdrinks, never oversleeps, is always well, lives a good deal "about," as he calls it, which means that no one is ever certain as to his address. "The Club," says he, "will always find me;" and yet not once in twenty months will you find Winton at his Club.

However, here he is. He is brown, sunburnt, not an ounce of flesh too much upon him. I envy Winton as I salute him, and congratulate him on his health.

"Yes," he returns, "you ought to come with me"—(he never says where)—"and take regular exercise. Your sedentary work doesn't do. Go in for tennis, or riding, or a good stretch over the downs."

I say, "What downs?" expecting an invitation from him to his house somewhere by the sea. Pleasant.

"O," he replies, rubbing his hands, and chuckling, "Anywhere. You take a little place by the sea, and I'll come and stop with you, and put you through your paces." And he slaps his hands, and smiles amiably.

I must hear more of this.

CHAPTER II.

OLD BOOTS — OPINIONS — SMASHING — MEMS — VIDDLE — FLUTER — GILVER IN THE NORTH—COUSIN RICHARD—UNPROFESSIONAL OPINIONS—MULFER—DOCTOR'S SANCTUM—MEM—ADVICE GRATIS —MY AUNT HENRIETTA—LADY ABBESS—OUR PARTY TO RAMSGATE — MINSLEY — AN AFTER-DINNER PARTY — WENSDAY — WONDERS.

ON COLLECTING the advice of my friends on this subject, I find it convenient to classify their opinions thus :—

1. To walk like old boots every day for three hours.—Sympson's *Opinion.*
2. That I ought to do gymnastics every morning for an hour,

and go in for a turn with the gloves for two hours before dinner.—Muggeridge's *Opinion.*

Mem. Notion of the gloves not bad, if I could find a professor who would bind himself solemnly not to hit me on the nose. Somebody in great suffering once exclaimed, "All this to crush a worm!" When a sort of muscular buffer comes with a deadened blow on what the P. R. terms the "smeller," so that you feel that organ suddenly spread (as it were) over your face, and your eyes watering violently, then one is inclined to adopt the above, and cry, "All this to smash a nose!"

2nd Mem on this Subject. The punishment of the nose because the hands are fighting, is a specimen of unevenhanded justice where the innocent suffers for the guilty.

3. To go in for the Cold Water Cure.—Viddle's *Idea.*

4. To get change of scene. Run about everywhere.—Fluter's *Idea, accompanied by a practical suggestion to the effect that, if I'll pay half his expenses, he'll travel with me anywhere.*

Mem. Fluter's not a bad fellow; and if no one else will go, *Query*, is he worth it? What's the proverb say? "Better to be alone than to pay half of another fellow's travelling expenses," or something to that effect.

5. Go and stay with Gilver in the North. He'll be delighted to see you.—Richard's *Opinion.*

Richard is a cousin of mine, and he thought I was going to propose coming to stop with *him.*

Various Opinions (*all unprofessional*). Go in for diet.—Cut off lunch.—Get up early.—Go to bed early.—Get up late.—Take hot baths only.—Take nothing but cold water.—Take a shower-bath before dinner.—Never take a shower-bath by any chance.—Walk *before* breakfast.—Never walk before breakfast, but immediately after.—Get the morning air.—Morning air worst thing for me: death in fact.—Never go out until 2 P.M.—Hunt.—On no account venture to hunt.—Take medicine every other day.—Rashest thing for me to take any medicine: play Old Gooseberry with me.—Live high.—Live low.—Walk.—Lie down.—Run.—Jump.—Shoot.—Box.—Drive.—

Sing.—Dance.—Eat vegetables.—Never touch *any* green meat.—Take no pastry.—Take anything.—Never touch tea or coffee.—Never touch coffee: take tea.—Never touch either.—Take weak tea last thing at night.—Never at night, but first thing in the morning, &c., &c., &c.

I sit in and consider the matter. I go out and consider the matter. I am restless. I can't work. I feel depressed. Coming events begin to cast their shadows *before* me, and, on *de*flexion, I feel sure that I am getting fat.

Bigsby's awful words haunt me—"running to fat," just as weeds or strawberries *spread out* (awful simile!) and run to seed. It won't bear thinking of.

I've a headache. It suddenly comes on at the corner of Sackville Street, where my friend Mulfer lives. Mulfer? Odd it never occurred to me till this moment that Mulfer is *the* rising young Practitioner of the day. I'll consult Mulfer. He'll advise me as a friend and as a medical man; or, seeing that I know beforehand his advice will be gratis, the characters will be amalgamated, and he'll be my Medical Friend.

I tell him (he's delighted to see me in his little back study with a case of the brightest surgical instruments on the table, a picture of Doctor Somebody on the wall, and a bookcase full of professional literature) that I have *not* called in professionally (this will remove all delicacy on his part and mine about a fee, and reduce the affair to a mere friendly visit), but just to see him, and ask him how he is.

Mem. Not a bad idea for getting an opinion from a doctor. Call in and ask him how he is. Hint for conversation with doctor:—

Friend. How d'ye do? How are you?
Doctor. Ah! How d'ye do? *How are you?*
Friend (*seizes the opportunity for a "full and particular," and details all his symptoms*). How am I? Ah, that's it, &c. (*Here follow the complaints.*)

I tell him how I *am*. I tell him how I *have* been. I tell him how my headache has just come on, taking me at the side of the nose, going up to the top of my head, round behind my ear, and down again to my jaw, until it seems to turn into a toothache.

I tell him that I am getting fat. I tell him that I feel generally speaking "anyhow."

"You want a regular change," says Mulfer. "Go away for six months at least."

After expressing this opinion, he looks at his watch, says he's rather pressed for time, will I excuse him? rings a bell, then there's a knock at the front door, then his mysterious man enters to ask "if he shall show Lord Aubr——"

Mulfer stops him in the middle of his indiscretion, and tells him, "Up-stairs."

"And Lady Court——" (his mysterious man begins again).

Once more Mulfer (who, I see, attends the aristocracy) stops him quickly, and tells him, "back room," then looks at me, as much as to say, "You see how busy I am."

I *do* see how busy he is, I thank him very much, promise to "let him see me again soon." He replies, "Do," but not heartily, and I show myself out into the dark passage, and into the arms of the mysterious servitor, who lets me open the front door for myself (I'm evidently not worth half-a-crown for future interviews, and he sees it with a practised eye), while he ushers a lady out of the front room into the sanctum.

There are coroneted carriages about the door. Mulfer is getting on, and I've been taking up his time.

Mem (*in pocket-book*). To ask Mulfer to dinner when I come back. At present, to take his advice, and go away, for change. Where?

I am melancholy. As I think of going away for change, I am depressed.

I will go and call on my Aunt. It's an odd thing that whenever I'm depressed I always feel I should like to go and call on my Aunt Henrietta, and I generally do.

The idea of calling on my Aunt when miserable, originated (I can distinctly trace it) in an ancient and laudable custom of my boyhood. The occasions of greatest depression to me, when a boy, were undoubtedly the days of my return to school, and these became to me "times of refreshening," as a lawyer might say, because I went the round of my relations in London, and made a

collection to defray the expenses, or, as it were, encourage the performance, of my going back to school. I knew, as well as a street musician, or a country tramp, the houses that were good for anything, and also could reckon beforehand, to a shilling, how much they were good for.

My Aunt was uniformly one sovereign. I visited her, beaming, at half-past eleven, A.M., commencing my tour with her. We were delighted to see each other, she made inquiries about my progress at school, and fetched her purse out of her work-box; I meantime, delicately pretending not to know what was going on. Then, after stopping there a quarter of an hour, I rose to leave, and she pressed a sovereign into my hand, for which I used to thank her heartily and blushingly, and then giving her a kiss (as a sort of set-off), bade her good-bye.

Thus it happens that, whenever I'm in as low spirits as I used to be on going-back days, I always instinctively turn towards my Aunt.

My Aunt Henrietta is of a sad temperament, and dresses (for no particular reason) something like a Lady Abbess, or, to give a better idea of her costume, as a Lady Abbess might appear in a brougham, and going out shopping in Regent Street.

"Well, my dear," she says, after hearing my statement of suffering, "I should say that quiet and repose would do all you want for you."

I assent.

"With, of course, a thorough change of scenery."

I assent again. I fancy she contemplates making me a handsome present (nothing like reviving good old customs), and paying my expenses for a continental trip.

"Change of scene," she continues, meditatively, "and change of people."

Certainly; quite my views on the subject.

"You should have no anxiety or trouble for some time, for instance," she goes on, myself assenting to every particular; "and so, I think——" (she's adding up what she's going to "come down with") "if you were to come down——" (ahem! the coming down I'd expected from *her*) "with me to Ramsgate, you could" —in a burst of generosity—"stay there for a fortnight or three weeks."

I am very much obliged. I accept. Ramsgate is near Dover Dover to Ostend, and so forth. A little diplomacy will manage it. Diplomacy says, "Cultivate your Aunt." I will.

We go to-morrow. The party consists of my Aunt, her maid (a nice young girl of about fifty-three), a small King Charles (retained on the establishment for past services), and a melancholy turtle-dove in a wicker-cage. Our united ages amount to—— but no matter; I foresee quiet, rest, and irresponsibility.

On looking over my *Mems* I find that I had set down, "Call on Minsley about certain commissions in town." As I shan't have any time to see him to-morrow, it occurs to me, after finishing my packing, that I'll look him up (10.30 P.M.) to-night. Minsley has something to do with looking up old records in a State Paper Office, and is generally considered a rising young man of strict business habits.

I find Minsley at his Club. He has dined late with a friend, and they are the only persons in the large dining-room. I am announced, and shown in. I don't know the friend. They have two decanters on the table, one nearly empty, the other half full, and some legal-looking papers are lying between them.

Minsley and friend have either had quite as much as is good for them, or have been both fast asleep.

Both attempt to be excessively polite. The friend smiles and bows, and evidently would rise if he could only move his chair away from the table.

Minsley says, "Aha!" and looks at me as if trying to see me through a mist.

I am introduced to his friend (who tries to rise again, and is puzzled by his chair), whose name seems to be, as pronounced by Minsley, Mr. Wednesday.

He says, "Let me in'duce Mis' Wens'day," and omits my name entirely. Mr. Wensday smiles blandly, and in waving his hand (intending, I fancy, to motion me with the utmost politeness to a seat), upsets a wine-glass. At this they both laugh, though Wensday appears to be a little discomfited, and mutters something about "'tis not being worth mentioning." I seat myself, and am about to address Minsley, when I notice that he is suddenly dozing, while Wensday is still bowing to me, and smiling.

I observe to Minsley that if he's too sleepy to attend to business now, I'll write to him, as I sha'n't have time to call before leaving town.

He wakes up at the mention of business, and replies, "Certainly. I can 'tend. Go on." Then, by a sudden inspiration, "Take something." Whereupon Wensday, who is helping himself to claret (and pouring some on the law papers), "begs pardon, and hopes I'll join"—with which he knocks over his wine-glass, and looking angrily round, as if some one had jogged his elbow, says, "Wai'r, wine-glass to thisgen'man." Then he smiles upon me as before.

Whatever Minsley is, there is no doubt about Wensday's being very far gone.

I find out afterwards that his name is Middleborough, but that before I came in, they'd been discussing something important to be done on Wednesday, and Minsley (so he says) had somehow got the word on his lips, and really was quite unaware he'd made the mistake.

Mem. This explanation comes to me by post days after.

I mention why I am forced to go away. My health. Wensday says, "By all means; in a bumper," and is calling for another bottle of claret when I manage to make him understand that I am not proposing a toast. More smiles from Wensday. While this passage is occurring between us, Minsley goes beyond a doze, and fairly snores.

As it is improbable I shall get him to attend to any business (and mine being important and pecuniary, requires a clear head), I rise to go.

I leave Wensday—quite unable to get away from his chair, but polite to the last—smiling, bowing, and saying something indistinctly, "Bett'r stop—f'ish it"—(he means "finish it," *it* being the bottle)—and Minsley fast asleep, with his chin hiding his white tie.

Mem. Not a good time to call on Minsley as a man of business. Wonder what those law papers were about that they'd got on the table between them? Wonder when they got home, and how?

CHAPTER III.

DIFFICULTIES — CABMAN — LUGGAGE — MASTER GEORGE — DODDRIDGE AND DOVE — MY AUNT'S POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF — HIDE AND SEEK — IN THE TRAIN — "TELL ME, SHEPHERD" — OLD GUARD — PRIVATE CARRIAGE — NO SMOKE.

MY AUNT is of opinion that I shall be the better for my journey to Ramsgate: this she says before starting, at the Railway Station.

I never knew any two people so difficult to find as my Aunt and her maid, or any things so difficult to keep in one place as my Aunt's and her maid's packages.

Of course (after an altercation with the Cabman in consequence of the number of parcels outside, in which he has the best of it), I have to take their tickets and look after the luggage. It requires a considerable amount of "looking after." I ask them in the meantime to step into a waiting-room: from that moment I experience the greatest trouble in what I may term marshalling my forces.

After seeing the luggage labelled, and arranging for one porter to carry our wraps, rugs—we have as many as if we were going on an Arctic expedition—and umbrellas, and entrusting another porter with the turtle-dove in its wicker cage, I go in search of my Aunt.

Into one waiting-room—no. Somebody very like her, but that won't do.

Into another waiting-room—no. Odd. Perhaps the refreshment room—no. Ah, there's Doddridge, her maid, by the book-stall. Doddridge has known me from infancy, and calls me Master George. She is a trifle more cheerful than my Aunt, there being, perhaps, just one smile to choose between them. You never know when either of them is going to cry. There are some subjects of conversation which, if anybody touches upon ever so lightly, set them off one after the other, as if by mechanism. Doddridge's sorrow is the memory of her great-grandfather, whom she supported for years (she's a kind soul) until there was nothing left to support, except his loss, which appears to be still (and it happened twenty years ago at least), insupportable.

Mem (*always to be borne in mind in talking with Doddridge*). Never mention any great-grandfather. Ignore such a being.

My Aunt has a secret sorrow. There's the difficulty with *her*. No one can tell *why* she chooses to dress like a Lady Abbess (with modifications). No one can tell why she invariably retires for two hours during the afternoon, and will be at home to no one.

You can avoid the pit-fall of Doddridge's grief, but you can't do the same with my Aunt's. You may step down on it suddenly if you're treading (conversationally) ever so lightly, and then—squish !—out come the tears, not noisily, but with sufficient force to give you such a shock as you'd have if you'd pulled a shower-bath string, when you thought there was nothing in and the top turned out to be full.

You never knew of what subject to steer clear with her. And then, when she cries, it is most embarrassing; she weeps with her eyes wide open, not blinking for a second, and she never has a pocket-handkerchief to hand when wanted. If my Aunt is up-stairs, her pocket-handkerchief is down-stairs, and *vice versâ*.

I find Doddridge at the book-stall. Where is my Aunt? "Lor, Master George," says this excellent woman, "how should I know? What with the bustle, and the whistling, and things going about, I really can't see no one nowhere, and where your Aunt has gone, Master George, is a misery" (she means "mystery") "to me." I point to a waiting-room and tell her to go in there. She con-

tinues, "and then, Master George, there's poor Charlie (the King Charles, now in her arms, turning up his nose at me, and showing his teeth), I must take him with me in the carriage. Lor', if he was to go in the luggage place, or if I was to part company with him, Missus would never forgive me, for she says, just before you left us, says she,"—

—I pretend to see my Aunt in the distance and leave Doddridge. I find my Aunt at last, slowly walking up the Greenwich Train platform. I bring her back, and then go for Doddridge, in the waiting-room. Doddridge has vanished. I rush out, and to secure my Aunt, ask her to "wait *there*" (a seat under the clock) while I fetch Doddridge.

I come upon Doddridge in the refreshment-room, feeding the dog. We've only got five minutes—she can't find her purse. I pay—sandwich for dog. Now then, back to my Aunt.

No Aunt. Try for luggage. See Porter with turtle-dove, showing it to some other men. Don't see Porter with Arctic rugs.

On my return, followed by Porter and dove, who sha'n't quit me any more, I miss Doddridge, and, beginning to lose my temper, suddenly encounter my Aunt coming out of waiting-room.

"Oh," I exclaim, "here you are, at last."

[*Mem.* On consideration (reviewing the day from a diary point of view) this was not exactly the tone in which to address her. Must be gentle with my Aunt.]

Afraid I spoke roughly—shall I apologise? I see the tears gathering in her eye. Can't be brutal—can't say "only two minutes; no time to cry; come on; cry when we're in the train." What can I do?

Porter does it. Porter says, "Only two minutes more, Sir."

Then we hurry on. That is, the Porter hurries first to say we're coming; I hurry next, at only half the pace I could and should go if I were alone, and then comes my Aunt, whom at this moment, in my impetuosity (I am impetuous and hate missing a train) I should like either to carry down the platform, on a truck, at a run, or (with another fellow) to take both hands and pull her along, somewhat after the country-dance style of "up the middle

and down again." I don't think this cruelly, but as much as to say (if I *could* say it to her), "You'll thank me for it when you're seated."

She is seated; half a minute more. She's in the carriage—so's the turtle-dove. Where's the other porter? and Doddridge? Good Heavens! Doddridge!! and Charlie!—a quarter of a minute. Stout old Guard, with ruddy face, says, "Now then, Sir," intimating that I must get in and let him shut the door. I say, "Tell me have you seen—"

Quotation suggests itself—"Tell me, Shepherd (Guard of the Ramsgate train) have you seen my Doddridge pass this way?"

No. "With a dog?" shrieks my Aunt.

"Got a ticket for it, M'm?" asks Guard. My Aunt turns to me.

"Yes," I reply; luckily I have, at least, I know I received one, but can't find *it*, or any of them, *now*, of course; bother the things. "Yes, and for the maid—"

Sharp Porter (*suddenly*). "Maid and little dog, I put 'em second."

He rushes (for sixpence) wildly along the platform, tugs at a door, lugs out Doddridge (who thinks it's something to do with the police or train on fire) and the dog, brings 'em along, I beckoning (having come out of the carriage again), my Aunt waving her handkerchief from the window, the old Guard looking at his watch, and then opening the door with "Now then, Miss"—Miss to Doddridge which means a shilling prospectively from *me*—I jump in, Doddridge is bundled in and falls somewhere as the signal is given, the engine shrieks, and we are off.

"O, Mum!" exclaims Doddridge, "the rugs and umbrellas!! They was put in with me, Mum, by the young man as showed me into the second-class, as I didn't know as Master George had took a first ticket for me, Mum, and I've left 'em there, Mum, in the 'urry. Whatever shall we do, Mum? There! I wouldn't ha' had that t'appen for fifty pound, Mum, I wouldn't."

I say, we shall get them on the first stoppage, and I wish we may.

Mem. What I am on all hands advised to get for My Health is, Quiet, Repose, and an absence of Responsibility.

First stoppage. Old Guard (sounds like a Napoleonic title) looks in, brings rugs, &c. Joy of the party.

Old Guard informs us through the window, pleasantly, that he's going through with us. I reply that I am glad to hear it.

Mem. Politeness to a Guard, or from a Guard, costs something. Invariably.

Old Guard, still looking in, says with a knowing look, "All right, you'd like this carriage to yourselves"—I, my Aunt and Doddridge, aged fifty-three if a day—"so I'll do my best to keep it for you," with which he nods, winks, smiles and locks the door. Does he think we're a bridal party? two spoons and an old maid? or can he imagine that my Aunt wants to smoke?

Smoke! I should like a cigar now, while travelling. *The* time above all others. My Aunt hates it. Not to be thought of—or rather *to be thought of* as much as I like, but not to be tried on any account.

To put it (as it flashes across me) in a nautical form, "No smoking abaft my Aunt."

Mem. Absence of Worry is essential to My Health. I feel I shall worry myself about not being able to smoke, while I'm at my Aunt's.

CHAPTER IV.

STILL IN THE TRAIN — INCLINATIONS — PANKLIBANON — MEM. — REFRESHMENTS—UNCIAL CHARACTER — SYMPATHETIC NERVOUSNESS—THE JOURNEY—GUSHING—ARRIVED—NOBODY ANYWHERE—DIET—QUIET—MUSIC—THE DOVE—BLIGHTED BEINGS—NINE-THIRTY — AN APOLOGY FOR MELANCHOLY — PECULIARITIES OF RAMSGATE—DOVE QUITE IN COO—MORNING—DIARY—NERVES.

IN THE *train*. All three silent; turtle-dove cooing; melancholy noise. I feel inclined to say a lot of things, but don't. Must select my subjects carefully, or else they'll both cry.

Things I feel inclined to say, but don't—(keep 'em for another time). The noise made by the train fits any tune (hum one and try it — hum another. Can do this when with musical friend, but not now; keep it).

That we wriggle about a good deal in this train.
That time soon passes while travelling.
That Railway Travelling is superior to Coaching.
That it's delightful to get out of Town.
That the Country is looking very well.

Mem. (*to consider what I mean by this.*) Whatever anyone else may mean, I find, on analysis, that my notion is, that the Country

is different to Town; that it is green; that there are trees; that there are fields; that there are sheep and cows.

That it is impossible to make out the name of a station from listening to the Porters.

That we want a new Act requiring uniformity of pronunciation among Railway Porters.

That it's a great mistake to allow stupendous advertisements in stations. Foreigners might easily mistake "Panklibanon," or "Ozokerit," when in enormous letters on a large board, for the name of the place.

Mem. Panklibanon wouldn't be a bad title; sounds eastern. "Cedars of Panklibanon," &c. Wonder what Panklibanon really is. One thing I *do* know, that it is *not* another name for Canterbury, where we are now halting, and I make this note.

Mem. It is a pity, also, that Guards, Porters, and Officials generally differ as to the time the train is going to stop at an intermediate Station. One says, "Two minutes;" another, "Hardly a minute;" a third, "Four minutes;" a fourth, "Off directly." Our own confidential Guard assures me that I shall have plenty of time for a cup of tea or coffee and a bun, and *he* will show me the refreshment-room. This results in *his* getting a glass of beer (from me), and in my ordering a cup of tea, and having it handed to me very hot, when I'm trying to swallow a sponge-cake. The bell rings, somebody outside cries sternly, "Any more going on?" and *our* old Guard looks in to say, "Now then, Sir, time's up."

Continuing, on my resuming my seat (being received coldly by my Aunt), to "think," and to make occasional notes (which I manage by grasping my pocket-book tightly in my left hand on my knee, and pressing down upon it heavily and slowly with my pencil, producing thereby a kind of uncial character which subsequently costs me some considerable time and trouble to decipher) would gradually send me to sleep, but for Doddridge, who can't be persuaded that the wheel is not on fire, and my Aunt, who is sure we are going so unsteadily as to be certain of an accident.

Mem. Sympathetic nerves. They make me quite uncomfortable. Doddridge sniffs, and is sure it's fire. My Aunt clutches the seat-

arms convulsively every three minutes, and says, jerkily, "I can't stand this—I know I can't"—then she breathes, as if with difficulty, relaxing slightly her hold on the arm—three minutes of quiet travelling—when we come on to a decline, or an incline, or a beautiful bit of engineering, which takes us on to a curve, and nearly sends my Aunt into a fit.

I tell her, cheeringly, that there's nothing to be frightened at, I beg her to think how many thousands travel and yet——

I've done it. Doddridge has begun to sob, and my Aunt is staring, in a three-quarter-face attitude, out of the window with the tears gradually gathering in both eyes.

What have I said?

* * * * * *

Ramsgate.—My Aunt likes to take watering-places at a disadvantage, as it were. She is the guest who comes too early, and witnesses the preparations.

February is *not* the season for Ramsgate. Ramsgate is "to let." There is no one on the pier. There is no one on the sands. There is no one in the street. There is no one on the promenade.

My Aunt has very nice lodgings. There's a piano in the dining-drawing-room, which I am glad to see.

After all, we shall manage to be cheerful.

Mem. With regard to My Health, go in for diet. Also for quiet Diet and Quiet. Just the opportunity here. Opportunity also for reading, not writing (except occasional notes), but only reading.

A little music in the evening will be cheerful. I ask my Aunt, after dinner, to sing. She will. Her collection of songs is of a deeply melancholy character. She commences with "*The Forsaken*," which makes Doddridge, who is in a corner knitting or doing something with a piece of green leather, a pattern, and a needle, snivel. On her finishing, I say, "Very pretty. What is it?" and I examine the copy. Will she sing again? Yes. She selects "*My Heart is Sore*"—which is very depressing. The burden of this is, that the singer (my Aunt) complains of having been slighted and neglected for another (some other lady), after having trusted herself to the gentleman apostrophised in the ballad as "Ah, cruel! couldst thou" something or other, which he not

only apparently *could* but would, and, for the matter of that, *had* done, and pretty effectually too.

After this, we three sit thoughtfully (I don't know what I'm thinking about), and the Dove coos plaintively. I sleep next door to the Dove, and hate him.

My Aunt now rises and examines her *répertoire*. She chooses another. It is "*Blighted*," which cheerful composition shuts up Doddridge entirely, and sets my Aunt gulping with emotion. She breaks down. They are both crying. What *am* I to do? I don't feel inclined to cry. I wish I did. I would willingly. My Aunt can't find her pocket-handkerchief, so, it being a lovely evening and warm for this time of year, she goes out of the open window, and sobs on the steps leading into the garden. Doddridge retires. I look at my watch. Nothing to do. No books. Forgot to buy papers. 9.30. Too early for bed. I wonder if this sort of thing will go on every night.

My Aunt says (returning from window), "I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull here."

I reply, "Oh, no, not at all. It's just what I want. It'll do me good."

My Aunt hopes it will, and taking her candlestick, goes to bed.

Quarter to ten. Well, yes, I *will* go to bed. It's so calm and quiet here, I shall get a good night's rest. I might smoke outside. No, it's getting cold, and above all things My Health requires me to be *very* particular about the night air. Daren't smoke in the house. Perhaps it will do me good to give it up gradually. Am restless.

Bother my Aunt's songs, they've made me quite sad.

In the front of the house it is a calm night: at the back, where my bedroom is, it is a rough night. Peculiarity perhaps of Ramsgate. I've heard that the climate is different on both cliffs, but that there should be scarcely a breath of wind in front of the house and a hurricane at the back-door is a meteorological phenomenon. I am awake at midnight: I am more awake at one a.m.: I am hot and feverish at two. Window rattling, wind howling. I try several "good things for sending you to sleep." I count up to a hundred, and am more wide awake than ever. I try a hundred backwards and feel quite ready to dress (if they'd only

call me now) and go out for a walk. About 2.30 I begin to wander in my mind, then for a short time I am wakeful, then drowsy. I am saying to myself "Now I'm going to sleep," when the Dove in the next room commences cooing. I count his cooing He coos seven times and stops. Thank goodness. He recommences as I am beginning to doze. I count ten coos. I strike a light and look at my watch. 3.30!! and My Health absolutely requires a great deal of sleep. The wind subsides. So does the Dove. I begin to wonder if . . . to arrange what I'll do to-morrow —I will—let me see—I'll—first . . . . .

Knock at door. Hot water. Ah, yes. 7.30, Sir. Quite so. All right. Feeble. To sleep again.

Diary of Next Day. Aunt the embodiment of the soul of punctuality at breakfast. I have to apologise. Storm: new bed: Dove —no, on second thoughts, I won't say anything about the Dove. Delicate ground—it's a pet. Love me, love my Dove. It is trying work for the nerves, living with my Aunt. She starts at the least thing.

If I come into the room at all quietly, she jumps up, exclaiming, "Ah! I do wish you would knock, or cough before you come in."

I'm now always knocking *and* coughing. I knock first, look in and then cough. This will become a habit, if I go on with it very long. Then, if I get tired of a book, and drop off to sleep, and the book falls, up jumps my Aunt and presses her hand to her heart, as if I'd shot her.

She *will* have the coalscuttle outside the room, so that my carrying a scuttleful to put on the fire is a feat not unlike Blondin's walking on the tight-rope. It's most difficult to carry it without spilling a coal, specially while my Aunt is saying "Do take care," and I know that the fall of one lump will make her give such a jump as will be fatal to my steadiness.

If I come upon her suddenly at a turn of the stairs she clutches the banisters, she is so startled. I can't, as it were, accustom her to my appearance. I am the Skeleton popping out of the cupboard, the Ghost on the staircase, the Cuckoo in the clock, the Jack in the box, anything, in fact, sudden in its movement, and startling—that is, as regards my Aunt. I proposed in a satirical mood (of

which I afterwards repent, but I *was* worried) that I should be perpetually playing a trumpet, or have a bell round my neck like Charlie, the little dog.

For me to come in by the window from the garden simply kills her. I never saw anybody so frightened in my life. I explain that I really did not know she was there. Doddridge, calming her, says, "O, Master George, you ought to be more considerate."

CHAPTER V.

WALKING EXERCISE — FLYING — RAMSGATE STREETS — DESCENTS — ASCENTS — RIGHT ANGLES — MY HEALTH — EDUCATION — MEM. — DE RAMSGATE À BROADSTAIRS — ALLER ET RETOUR — INTERIOR OF SHOP — JUMPS — NEW VERB — DOG AND CAT — BUDD — A MEETING — PROPOSAL — ENORMITIES — A DEAD 'UN — GASPIPES IN VIEW.

WHEN I am obliged to ask Aunt if she wouldn't like to go out for a walk. My walk is a good three-and-a-half miles an hour for a genuine constitutional. My Aunt's is one mile in an hour and a half, with stoppages. Tremendous exercise for control of temper—that's the only exercise it gives me.

I take my Aunt out in a fly—shopping, and to see Ramsgate. Ramsgate, for fly-driving, is a startling place for such a nervous system as my Aunt's. The place reminds me of the Centrifugal Railway where you went down a tremendous incline on the left, were whirled round a circle (still in your car head-over-heels) and shot up another tremendous incline on the right. This is Ramsgate, only without the circle in the centre, its absence being compensated for by gutters, inequalities in the roads, and sharp right-angled corners, which the flys take with a bump that sets 'em all straight again, and puts you right for the next hill.

Going down a Hill.—My Aunt's teeth chatter—she is pale. She draws in her breath: she grasps the side convulsively with one hand, and Doddridge with the other. She is perpetually

worrying the driver to "go gently," which results at last in funeral pace. When we are bumped, which happens every other ten minutes, she shudders and grasps whatever is nearest to her. I protest, I am becoming fearfully nervous myself. The streets of Ramsgate were never meant to accommodate more than one carriage, and you have to go almost out of the town before you can get sufficient room to turn comfortably. When this critical moment arrives, my Aunt simply steps out and stands on the pavement, retiring subsequently within a shop-door, while the fly-man is executing this strategic movement. In passing another vehicle we have half an inch between its wheel and ours. It seems as if my Aunt's last moment had come. She clutches at her heart and gasps spasmodically. As to *my* Nerves and My Health—a few days more of this and I shall be a shattered invalid.

Second Day of this Sort of Thing.—Can't stand it: the two old women, the dog growling, and the turtle-dove cooing will drive me wild.

My Aunt has got an idea that a turtle-dove will talk if properly trained. She practises this for one hour a-day, and asks me to continue when she's tired. The lesson consists in sitting before the cage, and wagging your head from side to side, saying, "Pretty! how d'ye do?" Tends to lunacy.

Mem. Surely this kind of life leads to drinking, or (as I look over the cliff and watch the waves) to—— but no, I can swim.

This state is the worst possible thing for My Health—I feel it. I feel that I am heavy, that I have got a pain in my nose, and that I show signs of being, like Charlie, over-fed. Over-fed! like Charlie; yes, and growling.

But I am out by myself, for the first time. Alone and free. In an East wind, that seems to cut right into you, and make a cold draught, a sort of Suez Canal, through your ribs. I will not return to ask my Aunt, but will go for a constitutional. Where? Look at pocket-book, where I've previously noted what to do at Ramsgate.

Mem. When at Ramsgate go to Broadstairs. Good—will look in at a tobacconist's shop and ask my way. I do so.

The *dramatis personæ* of the shop on my entrance are—old man

behind the counter (probably the proprietor), a customer (back view), a large shaggy dog on the floor (evidently a visitor), a big cat on a cigar chest (evidently a resident). The dog is eyeing the cat wistfully, while the cat is lying with her legs comfortably tucked up under her, pretending to be more than half asleep, but in reality, very much awake. My appearance distracts the dog's attention, and offers him another subject for consideration, namely, my legs. Cat supremely indifferent. Proprietor attending to his business. Customer choosing a tobacco-pouch. Dog suspicious. Myself nervous. I cannot help it; after such a turn as I have had of it with a Jumping Aunt—[*Mem.* Startling Name for a Sensational Novel, *My Jumping Aunt.*]—a ring-dove learning to talk, and a water-nymph (Doddridge, the Crying Maid) of uncertain age (*i.e.* after fifty). My nerves are quite out of order, and My Health, instead of being improved, is sensibly worsened.

Mem. New verb, To be worsened, *i.e.*, to be made worse. Why not? To be loosened, *i.e.*, to be made loose. Note for book, *in futuro.*

"Get away, you ruffian!" says the Customer, opportunely interfering with the dog's proceedings, who won't allow me to advance another step. Dog retires (on receiving an admonitory kick from Customer) with a side glance at cat, conveying the idea that he'd very much like to meet her by moonlight alone, and give her a bit of his mind, or rather a bite of it, at the same time sulkily protesting against such treatment before strangers.

This action (*i.e.* the kick) brings Customer and self face to face, which, by the way, is not generally the result of a kick.

"Why"—he exclaims, staring at me.

"Why"—I exclaim, recognising him in two seconds.

It is Budd. The very fellow of all others for me to meet at this crisis of My Health. Budd is a superlative. He is the jolliest, cheeriest, best looking, best hearted fellow possible. He is what is called a man with his heart in the right place. [Awkward, by the way, if he hasn't; but there are occasions when hearts are not in the right place, as, for instance, in a panic, when someone's "heart's in his mouth" (horrible!), or, "sinks into his boots." But this never happens to Budd. He doesn't know what nervous-

ness means, and as for ill health, he appears simply unable to understand it.]

He is hearty.—I am delighted. What has brought us both here? Health. I have come in search of it, he has brought it with him.

"By Jove," he exclaims, after taking a good look at me, "I hardly knew you at first, *you've got so tremendously stout.*"

"Do you think so?" I ask, with an assumption of carelessness, as if it was, after all, only a matter of opinion, and that other people thought I was curiously thin.

"Think so!" says he, "why look here!" and he pinches my arm, and then prods me under (to put it neatly) my fifth rib. I wince. Budd, who was in the Army, has, I find, taken to farming and country pursuits generally, and has an eye for fat, having exhibited pigs and got a medal. "He wants some of this off, eh, doesn't he?" he continues, appealing to the shopkeeper, who smiles, clearly afraid of offending two customers.

"Come and take a Turkish Bath, that's your tip," says Budd; "You'll lose ten pounds of this," another prod in a new place, and shopkeeper much amused, confound his impudence, "in a week, and at the end of a couple of months you'll be fit for a Derby winner."

This view of the result of a course of Turkish Baths is encouraging, though my recollection of having taken one a long time ago in London, is that I was seriously ill for three days after.

"Bosh!" cries Budd, heartily; "you come up with me, and I'll put you through your paces."

I promise to join him in a bath to-morrow. Will he, for company's sake, walk with me to-day? He considers.

"No," he replies; "I can't, because I'm going to commit the enormity of going out fishing."

Everything with him is an enormity. At one o'clock he is going to commit the enormity of taking a brandy and soda, and a biscuit. At this moment he is "going to commit the enormity of smoking a cigar." Falling into his way, I inform him that I propose committing the enormity of walking to Broadstairs.

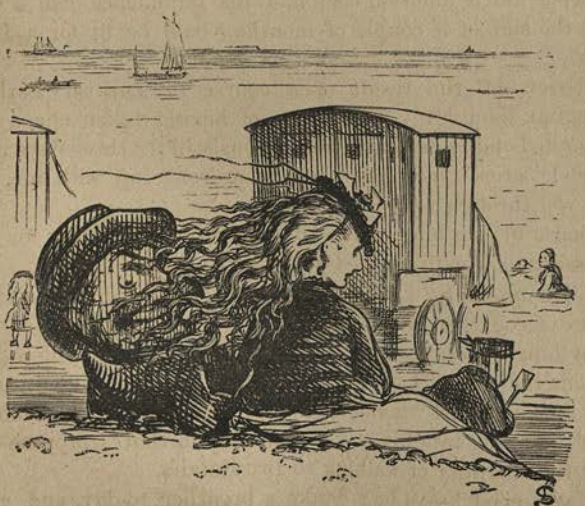
"Do you good," says he; "take a breather to-day, and go in or the enormity of a Turkish to-morrow, no beer or butter, and

you'll enter for the Gaspipe Stakes in a fortnight. Melt some of this off," another prod, "and choke off your nerves, or you're booked for a dead 'un before you know where you are."

With this cheerful view of my case, given in the jolliest manner possible, he summons Growler, the dog, with a playful poke of his stick—very much like what he's been giving me—and marches out, Growler nodding to the cat, and expressing himself to the effect that it won't be long before he has the pleasure of seeing her again.

I am determined. Now I see my way. "Breathers" and Turkish Baths, *versus* "being a dead 'un before I know where I am."

Subject of consideration to occupy time of walk will be, how can I manage to get quit of my Aunt, Doddridge, and the Dove, or, to put it in Budd's style, how can I commit the enormity of choking off my Aunt & Co. (representing my nervous system), train for a gaspipe match, and so avoid the melancholy contingency of being booked for a dead 'un. Think it over.



CHAPTER VI.

TO BROADSTAIRS—THE WALK—PROJECTS—SUDDEN SHOCKS – SOLITARY PROMENADE — DARWIN — DONKEY — MEM. — TENNYSON — NEW VIEWS—THOUGHTS ON WAVES—OBESITY—NOTES ON BROADSTAIRS —RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

COMING *to Broadstairs from Ramsgate.*— Beautiful weather between Broadstairs and Ramsgate. Ramsgate has several sorts of weather all at once; and having paid your money (for lodgings or hotel), you can take your choice.

After meeting Budd I feel better. I am cheered by the prospect of Turkish Baths and probable reduction. Think, as I walk on, that on my return I will take a more decided line with my Aunt. What the decided line shall be I don't exactly see, but generally speaking I might alter my conduct towards her. For instance, when she's frightened, on meeting me suddenly on the stairs (we almost live on the stairs, as I am perpetually returning from going to fetch my Aunt's pocket-handkerchief, and she's as often coming up after me to tell me that she's found it *in* the piano), I can laugh boisterously, and pretend it's good fun. Laugh her out of her "nerves" as it were. When she cries, instead of being too sympathetic, I can say, "What's the use of tears! Why give way?" which latter arguing sounds like an advertisement, with an answer after it, telling you *not* to give way on the cheapest plan.

Sudden Shock to Nervous System.—There are no railings or posts along the cliff between Broadstairs and Ramsgate. A meditative person might easily step over the edge. Very dangerous. Find I've been following a path which actually has been made to lead to the very verge, and have luckily pulled up short. What pulled me up short? Instinct? *

Mem. Write to Mr. Darwin on this subject. What I want to draw his attention to is that my mind was occupied with one line of thought—far away from cliffs and precipices—but that suddenly something pulled me up with a jerk and prevented me going over. I notice a donkey grazing within three inches of the edge. He is evidently thinking of his dinner. He moves on quietly and fearlessly, vegetating. He doesn't even give a side glance at his danger. He is dining, like Damocles, with the sword over him. Change "o" into "a," and say sward under him—which suggestion turns the current of my thoughts. I rise (having seated myself to write this note for Darwin before I forget it), and leave Damocles the donkey.

Mem. Before I move on again. People say that when at a dizzy height one feels an irresistible inclination to throw oneself over. I don't. Nothing like it. But approaching a trifle too near, I *do* feel a sort of vibration about the knees, something like the sensation in a nightmare when you're falling down-stairs without your legs. Used I to experience this before living with my Aunt, Doddridge, Charlie, and the Turtle Dove? Don't think so.

Not a soul to be met. Peacefully quiet. This is Ramsgate-cum-Broadstairs out of season. Sit down again and think. This process will restore nerves. But is sitting down good for exercise? Yes; and go on again, fresher.

Melancholy is marking me for its own. I will sit and write *Thoughts on Waves.* Fancy there's some sort of poetic feeling in me—(*Mem.* Write to Mr. Darwin again. Think I could support his theory with an argument. Work it out.)—latent, and to be developed by solitude.

* Advice to tourists who may be taking this walk: *Never turn your back to the sea. Never take your eyes off the footpath.*

Thoughts on Waves (in Note-book, to be developed).—The bold, blustering wave which froths and foams . . . . [Wonder how Tennyson would express this? Can one take lessons in poetry? Might write and ask him. How much a lesson? *Mem.* for Darwin and Tennyson. Not bad idea to ask them both to dinner. Literary party with Budd, and a sporting dash in it, to "commit the enormity" of taking a glass of wine, with pleasure, &c., &c. Think it out.] . . . . and foams like a raving maniac, and being without a strait waistcoat . . . . ["Wave in a strait waistcoat"—*Query* for Tennyson, poetical idea, or not?] . . . . dashes itself upon the rocks and . . . . and . . . . there's an end of it. (*Mem.* This wants finish.)

Another Thought on Another Wave.—A feminine wave coming up with a slight rustle like the sound of a lady's dress—(material immaterial; never know what ladies' dresses are made of, except silk). It curtseys, makes a slight advance, then bashfully retreats, and . . . . is seen no more.

Wave Number Three.—The cautious wave, which, knowing how thoroughly out of its element it will be on shore, joins two speculative friends who are making the expedition. The firm (unlimited liability) reaches the sands, and breaks.

Names for Waves.—The Barber Waves. They get up a great lather, then leave the sand clear as a fresh-shaven face.

Leapfrog Waves—which rush after one another, jump on to each other's backs, fall together, and roll over and over on the shore.

Notes finished. Rise: with difficulty. Rheumatism? Or obesity? Horrid word, "obesity." Perhaps rheumatism *and* obesity. Take sharp walk on to Broadstairs. Very dull. Wish there was somebody to talk to. A walking-stick would be a companion. Will get one at Broadstairs. Begin to feel hungry. Mustn't eat anything between breakfast and dinner, if I want to get into good condition. Yet I should like to commit the enormity (can't help quoting Budd while I am alone—it seems sociable) of taking a little bread and cheese and a glass of beer. It ought to be water, not beer; but it won't matter just for once, as to-morrow I begin Budd's plan, and take Turkish baths.

Broadstairs.—Viewed from cliff. Not a soul visible anywhere. Broadstairs probably at luncheon, or taking a *siesta.* I feel almost afraid of stepping in, and disturbing it. Sit on bench, and watch for signs of life. . . . Two figures emerge from somewhere in the town. . . . I am interested. . . . They disappear above . . . they re-appear below, on the sands, where they at once lie at full length. One is in a bright blue blouse, and the other in a whitish coat. Who? . . . On further inspection . . . there is no doubt of it . . . they are the butcher and the baker, of Broadstairs, and this is all they've got to do.

I walk on. To the hotel. From the coffee-room window I have a full view of the Parade (?), and on the coffee-room walls I can amuse myself with prints of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode.* Children and nurses appear on Parade; also two Bath-chairs with invalids.

Plenty of invalids here, probably. Bantingising, or vegetarianising: which would account for the idleness of the butcher and baker, still lying at full length on the sands, where I view them again while luncheon is being prepared.

It is quite refreshing to talk to anyone. To the barmaid, for example, after the silent walk. I say "Good day." So does she. I ask what there is for luncheon, as a sort of *façon de parler.* She shows me a glass-case with curiosities in beef, mutton, chicken, and something bony, with a good deal of fat, also a faded ham. I feel inclined to say, "Ah! very interesting!" as if I was examining a museum. "Any fish?" No; of course no fish, being at the seaside. Well, then, I will commit the enormity of bread and cheese. She retires, sulkily, I think, as much as to say, "Is *that* all you've come for?" Really to oblige her, and get her to be chatty (merely for sociability's sake) I would willingly commit other enormities, such as chicken, salad, soup, and a bottle of the Best. No: will restrain myself: remember, a constitutional is my object, not luncheon. I ask her, pleasantly, "Many people here?" She replies, unpleasantly, "Yes," and I don't believe her. I say, more pleasantly . . . (*Mem.* Conversation is quite an art. Wasn't there someone called "Conversation Tommy?"—friend of George the Fourth's. Think so. . . . But you must have two to a con-

versation as to a quarrel.) "You can't be doing much business *now*, out of the season?" which is intended to veil a complimentary allusion to their vast business *in* the season. She replies, curtly, "Quite as much as we want;" and resumes some knitting, or stitching. Ah! Well . . . will go and buy a walking-stick.

Noticeable features at Broadstairs.—All the shops do each other's business. An unsettled trade, as much as to say "We'll see what sells best, and then stick to that." For instance, the tobacconist sells walking-sticks. At the photographer's you can get boots. At the bootmaker's there is a fine collection of photographs, chiefly of people celebrated at Broadstairs, or celebrated *for* being at Broadstairs. Perhaps they'd be glad of mine as "A Visitor to Broadstairs." At the hatter's they deal in petticoats and crinolines. At the draper's there are valentines, music, and I think cheap toys.

The only shop which appears to be doing a fixed business is a small sweet-shop, in a passage leading to and from the Parade. Passing on to the Parade, I look over on to the sands. Butcher and baker still at full length. Children are coming out in great numbers. This accounts for the thriving state of the sweet trade, and the indolence of the butcher and baker; though, by the way, one cannot arrive at any definite conclusion from this, as it is probably, from their mode of doing things at Broadstairs, that when they're at home, the baker is a fishmonger, and the butcher deals in vegetables, and perhaps lets out Bath-chairs. Perhaps the butcher and baker, having nothing to do, are making arrangements for an amicable interchange of goods (on a Mutual Subsistence Company principle) until the return of the season.

Lunch.—Bread and cheese is simple and enticing. More children out. Three more Bath-chairs. Finished. Walk out. Look over cliff. Butcher and baker still there. Walk out of Broadstairs. Same sort of country as it was when walking *into* Broadstairs.

Through Broadstairs once more. Children and invalids disappeared. Tea-time probably. Take same seat as before; a bench commanding the town. Look on the sands. Butcher and baker there, still at full length. They came at two, it is now

4·30. I've got two hours before me to dinner-time. Wonder how long they (the butcher and baker) will stop on the sands.

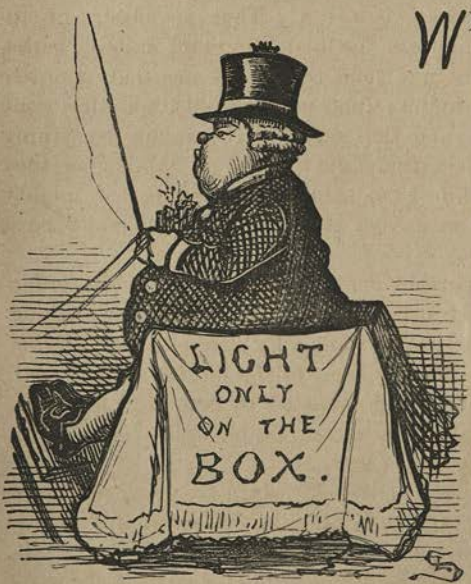
> The Butcher and Baker were two pretty men,
> They lay on the sands till the clock struck ten.
> Up jumps the Baker, and looks at the sky,
> "O brother Butcher, the moon's very high."

Five o'clock. — Baker sitting up. Butcher sitting up, too, stretching. Both stretch : rise, and lounge off. Evidently tea-time. Perhaps (on the Mutual Subsistence Co. idea) the baker gives the butcher tea, finding muffins, crumpets, and toast, the grocer bringing in tea and sugar, and the milkman milk, as their share of the risk. Dinner arrangement would be butcher gives dinner (that is, meat) to the company, the greengrocer finding potatoes, the baker bread, the publican beer, and the confectioner would come in with the tarts. I fancy that the greengrocer would get the best of it.

I follow their example, and disappear. I return to Ramsgate.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRAMVILLE HOTEL—NOVEL IDEAS—RAMSGATE BOULEVARDS—JOSLYN & BUDD—DINNER PROPOSITION—THE SECRETARY—THE VERANDAH—LETTER TO MY AUNT—WITTLES—MR. DAVATI—HUNT & WINLEY—COZENS—HOOKER THE CHEMIST—MISS PUFFHAM THE PRETTY—IRISH WAITER—TABLE D'HÔTE SYSTEM—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DINNER—THE IRATE MAN—THE MODEST MAN—THE DINNERLESS MAN—"CHAIRMAN! TO BILLIARDS."



WHAT a nuisance the walk back again is! Progress is the law of Nature. Becoming melancholy and nervous once more. Prospect of dinner with my Aunt. What I should like would be a jovial party. Something to stir one up. That's what my health requires; "stirring up." I pause in front of the new hotel, East Cliff. Striking. Handsome. First idea seems to be that a lot of people in a row of gothic private houses thought they'd knock down all the partition walls, and live happily together. Second idea seems to have been, "Let's make it a hotel." Response, "Let's." Other subsequent ideas appear to have been, impulsively, "Let's build a smoking-room on the roof! Let's put up a flag!!" Then, rushing down-stairs again, "Let's make a croquet-ground!!!" Then, when out of doors, "Let's have a

refreshment-room, to save going into the hotel again ! ! ! !" Then, "Let's have a tunnel under the cliff to the sands. O let's ! ! ! ! !" And, magnificent conception, "*Let's pull down the cliff ! ! ! ! ! !*" Apparently, carried *nem. con.* Then, being on the sands, "What a bore to go up to the hotel again, just when one's getting comfortable. Let's have a *restaurant* on the sands, led up to by tunnel, and by carriage-road made in the cliff when they've nearly pulled down the cliff and built up a strong wall !"

Next Step.—Somebody who didn't play croquet and didn't care about walking, exclaims, "Let's have a Rotten Row ! !" Resolution, with amendment, of "With trees on either side, as on the Boulevards." Carried again, *nem. con.* Then somebody, an invalid, who didn't want to cross the sea, suggested sulphur baths. So they all said "let's" again ; and Budd tells me that here are the Turkish, and the sulphurs (not yet finished), and the ozone baths (a new invention), and the secretary to explain everything generally, to whom and a friend he (Budd) is talking as they come up towards me, while I am standing surveying the mighty whole, admiringly, for in a very short time it will really be a beautiful place.

Budd's friend is a sporting man of the tight trouser order. Budd tells me (privately afterwards, on my enquiring something about his friend, whom I think I know by sight) that "he" (his friend Joslyn) "is down there to keep quiet a bit, having blistered his fortune severely," from which (assisted by details in ordinary language) I gather that Joslyn's course of "blistering" has drawn pretty well all his money out of him.

Budd informs me that they (he and Joslyn) are going to commit the enormity of dining at the Cramville. Just what I should like. But the fact is—my Aunt—

"O !" exclaims Budd, as if he'd known her for years, "she won't mind. Say it's to meet Banting."

Joslyn seconds the invitation, and the secretary (of course quite an unbiassed individual) suggests in an offhand way, as if he was patronising the establishment out of kindness, that we might do worse. I make one difficulty hesitatingly, that is, I must let them know I'm not coming. "Send a boy," says Budd. The secretary is of opinion, doubtfully, and still only in the

character of a casual visitor and unconnected with the interior economy of the hotel, that "Yes—oh—there's some one you can send," and then resumes an explanation, which my appearance had interrupted, as to how a certain verandah had been put up in two weeks—a feat apparently unequalled in the annals of building, painting, and decorating, and which they'd never have done without *him*, the secretary, who kept 'em at it. We congratulate him on the verandah. Budd observes that it "gives quite a ——" and finishes his sentence with a flourish of his stick, to which the secretary replies, "Yes, doesn't it?" and Joslyn, who has never set eyes on the place before, remarks that that's just what was wanted. I add, "Yes, decidedly;" and to show that I have interested myself in the matter, turn to the secretary and inquire, "Only a fortnight?" to which he returns, "Only a fortnight," whereupon I say, "Indeed!" and we all stand stock still, and, having nothing better to do, stare at the verandah for about three minutes.

Then Budd observes decisively, that "It's a great improvement," and the secretary, really pleased, says, "Yes, isn't it? Only a fortnight!" To which Joslyn, by way of variation, returns, "But, I suppose you made 'em stick to it." This causes the secretary to shake his head knowingly, as much as to say, "Didn't I? I should rather say I *did*," when Budd throws in, as if skilled in these matters, "Sharp work, a fortnight," and nods fiercely. The secretary answers interrogatively, "Yes, wasn't it?" And I (feeling bound to join in, or he might think I differed with him, and wasn't pleased with his efforts) answer positively, and as summing up the whole case, "Yes, it was."

We spend about half an hour surveying the verandah, and playing this sort of languid conversational battledore and shuttlecock always with the same shuttlecock, when I conclude that it is time to write to my Aunt. Daren't return home and say cheerfully, "Going to dine out to-night," as I know she'd shed floods of tears, and I should be upset for a week. No, in the interests of my health, I will dine with fresh companions and write (after some consideration) to my Aunt.

Letter (carefully considered) to my Aunt:

"*Dear Aunt,—I am very sorry,*" was very nearly putting

"deuced sorry," but "sorry" won't do in any case. Begin again, not scratching out, but on another sheet. "*My dear Aunt*"—"My" is more affectionate—"*I am very much grieved*"—no, that'll frighten her, and she'll think there's been an accident. Recommence—"*My dearest Aunt*"—I have two other aunts, so that the superlative is correct and complimentary, besides being conciliatory—"*I am very much afraid that I shall not be able to return in time for dinner to-night*"—she'll naturally ask why I stopped on my road to write? Can't help it. Will send it at last moment, just as *we're* sitting down, and risk it,—"*as I have met a man whom I have not seen for years*,"—dash "years" underneath strongly. If it means Joslyn, I've never seen him before —"*and a very old friend*" meaning Budd—"*and, as they may be going away for good to-morrow, perhaps to India*,"—of course, they *may* be, and my object being explanatory and conciliatory—"*I could not refuse to spend an hour or so*"—vague "or so," but leaves a margin for after dinner—"*with them. Hoping*"—I am just going to add "that you are quite well," better not—"*that this will cause you no inconvenience, I remain your very Affectionate Nephew*, GEORGE."

Budd comes in, and says "Wittles," and finding my letter finished, sends it by Hunt, the porter, to whom I give a shilling, and we are all jovial.

Mem. Another peculiarity about Budd. He is a capital fellow for any place. Always knows who everybody is, and gives you their style, title and occupation, all compact. For instance, I ask, "Who's that?" meaning the secretary of Verandah fame. That, Budd informs me, is "Mr. Davati, the secretary." The man at the door who has gone with my letter is "Hunt, the porter." The civil and most obliging young gentleman in the bar is "Winley, the clerk." Then there's—when we go to wash our hands—"Mrs. Prymmer, the housekeeper," and "Jane, the chambermaid." A man comes with the secretary into the coffee-room—"Who's that?"

Mem. You get, out of season at Ramsgate, in a chronic state of asking, "Who's that?" arrivals being interesting.

"That?" says Budd. Then, after looking round, he tells us,

confidentially, and as something that's not to go any farther, "That's Cozens, the contractor."

A very pretty girl passes before our window, along the new Rotten Row. Who is she? Budd thinks (he doesn't know) that she's one of the Puffhams, the Pastrycook's. An elderly man passing her, bows. He (therefore) interests us deeply. "Who is he?" "He?" says Budd. "Why" (here he takes another look at him, and either recognises him or invents the name on the spur of the moment), "that's Hooker, the chemist."

Here we arrive at our second glass of sherry after the fish, and I, to repress Joslyn who is inclined towards a libertine tone, observe that "the young lady who has just passed has, it struck me," I threw this in to show that I'm only speaking from a merely artistic point of view, "very beautiful eyes."

"Hasn't she!" exclaims Budd. "I say, you must go in for the Turkish bath, and cut out old Pill-box." By which he means that when I have reduced my tendency to stoutness, I can take the earliest opportunity of getting an introduction to the young lady with the beautiful eyes, and establishing myself as a successful rival to old Pill-box, that is, Hooker, the chemist, who, after all, as far as we've seen from our window, has only taken his hat off to her most respectfully.

We continue our dinner. Everything very good, when it arrives. We have to wait some time between the courses, owing, it appears, to its being the first night of the *table d'hôte*—by way of experiment—and more people have patronised it than they had expected. This distracts the waiters, and private dinners don't get attended to. Wish we'd dined at *table d'hôte*. [We do so another day, and imagine ourselves on the Continent. If the *table d'hôte* system is adopted here generally, the novelty of travelling abroad will be at an end. Think this out.]

There are two gentlemen at separate tables, dining in the Coffee-room, one in the corner, the other by the fire. The one in the corner is plaintive; the other, by the fire, is peremptory, and evidently not to be trifled with. He is trifled with, however. It appears that he has ordered his favourite dish—a veal cutlet; and, instead of that, they have brought him a ham sandwich. On his remonstrating violently, the waiter disappears with the

ham, and soon after another enters with a dish of fish, which he places before him.

"What the deuce is this?" says the man by the fire.

"Didn't ye orther fish, sorr?" asks a most polite waiter of Irish extraction.

"No!" replies the visitor, savagely. "I——" when he is interrupted by a touchingly-sad voice from the corner, which says, "I ordered fish; it's my fish, I think. I've been waiting half an hour for it—I've had nothing since soup."

Joslyn whispers to us that we (our party) have had that party (in the corner)'s fish, and the waiter whisks it away from the angry man by the fire to place it before the famished sufferer.

Angry man, who begins to think he's lost a chance of *something*, at any rate, begins, "But, I say, waiter, I ordered——"

"Comin', sorr, derectly," replies the Irish attendant soothingly, and vanishes.

Our dinner is going on well: wine excellent: table nicely arranged: room charming: Gothic furniture: everything so nice, clean, and comfortable.

"Now," says Joslyn, who, it appears, understands ordering a dinner, "I've got for you a compôte of pigeon coming, which, I think, you'll like."

We wait. Budd suggests filling up the time with the enormity of a glass of claret. We do it. A waiter (quite new to us) rushes in with a covered dish and plates. Great excitement on the part of Man by the Fire. "Ha! ha!" we hear him exclaim, "At last!" and he begins to flourish a knife and fork. Waiter smiles, and plumps dish down on table before him, plate also. Irate Man audibly smacks his lips and draws in his breath as if in for a good thing. Now then. Waiter whisks off cover. Angry and hungry man ready to plunge his knife and fork in, pauses, as if struck electrically, "Why, *dash it*" (dash is not the word) "it's *Pudding!!*" They've brought him apple-pudding.

"Confound it! Why, I—I—" he can hardly speak, he's so angry. "I haven't had any meat yet. Take it away, and—and—" in a voice of thunder, "Dash it WILL you bring my VEAL CUTLET!!"

Mild Man, plaintively in corner, is here heard. He raises his voice and arrests the waiter's attention, "*I'll* take the pudding," which, as he's only just done his fish, proves him to be of an accommodating disposition.

The waiter is about to comply with his request when another official rushes in, all hot, blows up the first waiter, takes the pudding angrily from him, and both vanish in a flash of excitement, before the Angry Man, now fuming, can take advantage of a new waiter's appearance to demand his rights in veal cutlets. Enter third waiter with *our* Compôte of Pigeon. [*Our* dinner goes on pleasantly enough; *we* can understand the "waits" which are quite in keeping with the first night of a new piece (*i.e.* of *The Table d'Hôte* specially at this unseasonable time), and we fill up our intervals with the wine, which Joslyn has craftily ordered beforehand. Compôte excellent. First-rate *chef* at the Cramville.] On apparition of third waiter, angry and starving person by fire is at him, "Look here, waiter, I can't stand this." Waiter replies, *en passant*, "In one minute, sir, I'll attend to you," which causes him to rise from table, take his hat, hesitate, put it down again irritably, reseat himself, and then he finds Waiter Number Three opposite him, asking placidly, "Have you ordered anything, sir?" This sends him up again; he nearly kicks over the table. "Ordered!" he exclaims, then restraining himself by a great effort for a second, he bangs his fist on the table, and in a tone of what the opera librettists call "suppressed fury," exclaims, "Where's My VEAL CUTLET!"

The waiter is perfectly calm, and indeed sympathetic—but confoundedly irritating (we agree to that) when he asks, in a tone of interest, "*Haven't you had it, sir?*"

This is too much for the Man by the Fire. "Had it!!" he shouts. "Why, I've been waiting here—I've only had soup—they brought me pudding—and—and—here, DASH it, *send the Manager.*" He is so savage under much provocation that he orders the Manager as if he were a dish, and he intended dining off *him* instead of veal cutlets.

The mild voice from the corner here addresses the waiter. "If I can't get anything else, *I'll take some sugar.*" Poor man! Sugar is hardly a substitute, even to the happiest disposition, for three

courses, *entrées*, *rôti*, and dessert. Will he, the Mild Man in the Corner, take some cold beef? Certainly; whatever he can get; and he has it. Not so the Man by the Fire, who will have the Manager, and nothing *but* the Manager. He refuses such blandishments (chiefly offered by the pacificating Irish waiter) as "Would ye take some cold beef, sorr, and" (as an additional inducement) "pickles?" He dashes pickles. No, where's the Manager? "He's comin', sorr—but won't ye take some—some cold ham, or" —vaguely—"a cut off the joint, with"—another inducement— "potatoes?" The indignant visitor by the fire won't have anything or anybody except the Manager.

Enter a respectable man, respectful and attentive. The waiters remain to listen. "Who's that?" Budd is ready—"Merks, the Manager." Mr. Merks has a talent evidently for taming violent guests, like Rarey's with obstreperous horses. He bows, he is grave, he is deeply interested; he attempts no explanation except the true one, of their being, he regrets to say, unprepared for such a sudden influx of business, and is positive that nothing of the sort shall occur again.

"It is," he adds, "most unfortunate," and while he is yet talking, a new waiter, entering quietly, artfully places before the almost exhausted stranger a dish of veal cutlets, some asparagus, and a pint bottle of claret. His complaints subside into an explanation (almost apologetic) about his having had a long walk, and being peculiarly hungry, and so he is gradually soothed, and his equilibrium restored. As to what becomes of the unfortunate gentleman in the corner, who dined off "fish first" and "sugar to follow," he has disappeared during the above conversation. He has left in despair. His affecting story might be entitled *The Dinnerless Man*, a companion tale to the *Shadowless Man*. We wonder if he paid for the sugar.

We adjourn to the billiard-room, where we smoke and take coffee. The Cramville is, certainly, as a hotel, unique. A Gothic hotel. Gothic furniture, with variations. The billiard-room, a cheerful room of a sort of Japanese Gothic, as if the Mikado (or whatever the dignitary is) had suddenly exhibited High Church tendencies, but, being only half converted, had ended in building a billiard-room. All very charming and pleasant; and so we sit

and take our coffee, and look at the billiard-table. I look at my watch to see about returning to my Aunt.

Thoughts on this Subject.—If she's up, I shan't want to see her. Should frighten her, perhaps. If she's in bed I can't see her (and she'd frighten *me*, perhaps). If they're all gone to bed I needn't ring, as one of the peculiarities of Ramsgate is, from what I have noticed, open house all day and night. Confiding, but foolish. Useful, however, on occasion, but not now.

Budd is "walking my way," he says, "so if I stop just for one game of billiards, we'll go together." By all means. He at present proposes committing the enormity of "B. & S.'s," adding that "he's quite given up this sort of thing at night. Never mind: Turkish Bath to-morrow." Billiards.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOTES ON BILLIARDS — SYMPTOMS — DIARY OF HEALTH — NOSE BAROMETER—IDEAS ON FEEDING—NERVES—GEORGEENER—THE BELL—THE MAID—MARY THE LUMPY—HYSTERICS—AWKWARD MOMENT — WHAT REMEDIES? — IN A DIFFICULTY — TILL NEXT CHAPTER.

BILLIARDS.—Budd asks Joslyn if he'll play a game. Joslyn will, but observes that "he hasn't touched a cue for years." Budd now tries to remember when it was that *he* last played a game. He decides that it was ever so long ago.

Mem. — Good plan this; because, 1stly, if you play badly, why, it is evidently because you're out of practice. 2ndly, if you astonish yourself by making brilliant strokes, it will be clear to your friend that you used to be a first-rate player, and haven't forgotten your science. It is arranged that I am to play the winner. I only remark that it's getting very late. Budd answers carelessly that we shan't be more than twenty minutes. * * *

Whether it's the dinner of yesterday, or the late hours, or the change of the weather, I don't know, but I am not so well this morning. It's true that Budd said, "Never mind what you do to-day (yesterday) because to-morrow (that's now to-day) you'll begin your Turkish Baths;" but still it only shows me that I must be particular as to what I do. It is evident (if yesterday's doings were the cause of to-day's indisposition) that among the things I cannot do with impunity is a dinner given by Joslyn, billiards, champagne, sherry, various drinks afterwards, and to bed late.

I write down my symptoms in a diary, so as to be able to refer to it afterwards when consulting a doctor. An excellent plan, and as the advertisement says of the Cocoa (which I mustn't touch) "highly recommended by the Faculty."

Symptoms of To-day. Diary of Health.—Hot nose. . . . . I pause for awhile to think what else! I have got a *sort* of headache but not *quite* a headache. I mean not a headache that makes you say, "O do go away. . . . . No, I don't want anything, thank you—" ("Thank you" being given very politely, and meaning "May the anathemas," &c., &c.) "If you'd only *kindly* leave me alone . . . . and *do* ask that dove not to coo . . . . and please shut up that—that—dog . . . . if I could only sleep I might. . . ."

No, it's not that sort of thing. Then there's a pain on my eyelids, but not a definite pain, so I can't put it down. General lassitude, perhaps, and a feeling of increased fatness, that is, what the tailors mean when, having shouted out to the man in the box, "Ninety-six and a half!" they add, cheerfully, "A trifle stouter, Sir, I think, than last time;" and you suddenly pulling yourself up very upright, expand your chest, and partially correct the mistake by explaining, "and broader," in order to show him that the increase below is, after all, only symmetrically in keeping with extension above. This is what I experience this morning. After this diagnosis I sum up truthfully in my Diary of Health. *Day of the Month. Time.* Hot nose. General tightness. *Weather.* N.E. wind. *Appetite,* nothing remarkable, chiefly an inclination towards dry toast, and a feeling of disgust for butter.

I do *not* like this Hot Nose. Suppose it swells. Suppose it

gradually becomes redder and redder, a consequence of getting hotter and hotter. I am sure that a hot nose is a sign of debility; Mulfer, my medical friend, once told me so, and I took to port wine. Port wine, everybody is aware, produces this sort of nose; therefore the remedy was, I hope, homœopathic. I don't think it has ever gone entirely away, but has been stealing gradually upwards like afternoon shadows on a mountain. Occasions will bring out my Hot Nose symptom. The colour seems, as it were, to be done in a sort of invisible ink in which secret despatches used to be written, and which only show out after a warming before a fire. Joslyn's dinner has done it. Or, perhaps, to put it more fairly, not being prepared for Joslyn's dinner by a series of entertainments leading up to Joslyn's dinner, has done it. My Aunt's and Doddridge's ideas of feeding are of the plainest description; so, to come (as it were) suddenly on a dinner like Joslyn's, is really a startler to my Health.

As to my Nerves this morning, I feel that I can't bear anything or anybody, but that's owing to my Aunt, not Joslyn.

I can't arrive at the condition of my Nerves, because there's a shrill voice at the back of the house, out in the road, which *will* go on crying out, "Georgina!" in three distinct syllables. I try to see where the owner of the voice is, but can't from my window. It's fearful. "*Geor-gee-ner!*" Then, after a few seconds' rest, "Geor-gee-ner!" I'd Georgeener her—whatever that might be—if I caught her. If I could see her, I'd tap at the window severely, and threaten her.

The door of the yard is blown open, and I see the little miscreant now—a child of about eight or ten, or twelve, perhaps (for I never *can* make out children's ages by their appearance, and there really appears to be no rule as to when a child ought to begin to talk) is standing in the middle of the road, calling "Geor-gee-ner!" Georgeener is somewhere in the distance, and won't answer. It paralyses my dressing. I stand at the window, mesmerised by this child. She doesn't change her key, or her emphasis, or her intonation. She stands quite still, and does it mechanically. I tap my window sharply. She can't hear. Why can I hear *her?*

"Geor-gee-ner!" for the twentieth time.

I will ring. I do ring. It takes a good deal of ringing to fetch up our enormous Housemaid at the lodgings. She is so big that she can't come up with one pull: three good ones do it as a rule, and then not without a consultation with some one (generally the Cook) invisible. The ceremony of ringing the bell for Mary is as follows:—

One pull. No effect whatever.

Second pull. A louder one; audible as sounding downstairs somewhere. Indistinct murmurs also arise from below, like those made by a distant crowd on the stage. Burden of indistinct chorus, apparently. (*Strophe*) "Where's Mary?" (*Anti-strophe*) "Don't know. Up-stairs, I think." That's another curious thing, she's always up-stairs.

Third pull. Much louder, and of a remonstrative character.

Mem. Subject for something, "*Bells and Bellringers, by One of Themselves.*" Also, "*How to Wait, by a Waiter.*" Think it out. "Geor-gee-*ner*!!"

Third pull is immediately followed by a bell up-stairs. This brings out Mary (she is about six feet high, and would have made a capital companion to a plough-boy, as a plough-girl, if there is such a person) from somewhere above. She wants to know, over the banisters, to save trouble. "What bell's that?" Answer from an invisible's unrecognisable voice below, "Dining-room, I think." Mary comes down lumpily. She hasn't heard distinctly. "*What* bell?" she asks, rather crossly. Cook's voice from below fancies it's Dining-room. Mary heard murmuring something about she wishes as something, &c., &c., and Cook heard in answer that she *did*, &c., &c., whatever it is; to which Mary replies grumpily, that she (Mary) thinks that she (Cook) might, &c., &c., and *then* she goes to the Dining-room and inquires, as if out of pure curiosity, "Did you ring, Mum?" of my Aunt.

It takes all this time to get Mary to come to my door. When she arrives it occurs to me that I have no right to interfere with a child's holloaing Georgeener out in the road, but still, if it's a nuisance (and it is), why not remove it?

I tell Mary from my side of the door that there is a child, &c., &c., and will she oblige me by stepping out and sending the

child away. She will. I hear her go to the front door, but, in the interval between the first bell-pull and this, Georgeener has responded to the summons, and the child has disappeared. Mary lumps back again, and says through the door, "There ain't none, Sir," and away she goes up-stairs to the top of the house, so as to be well out of the way of the next down-stairs bell.

I finish my dressing, and join my Aunt at breakfast.

I knock at the door, in order not to startle her, and enter. Must be very conciliatory this morning. The wicker dove-cote is on the table, and my Aunt is engaged at the side-board, getting out some seed. She has not heard me. I foresee what will happen when she turns round. She'll be fearfully startled, and go off into something or other jerky—not hysterics, but a sort of spasmodic faint peculiarly her own.

Shall I retire, on tiptoe, and re-enter presently. If she turned and caught me stealing out, the consequences might be serious, and in my present state I don't know but that I might have a fit myself.

Shall I cough? Shall I speak? Not too suddenly. She is so engaged with her bird-seed that whatever I do she must jump. Suddenly it occurs to me to take up the newspaper and say, "Good morning, Aunt." . . I say it . . . it's all over. . . . She has knocked over the bird-seed bag, the tray, and the water, and is clutching the side-board with one hand, and plucking at her left side with the other.

I wish I knew what to do in these cases.

I've heard something about "good things" to do with hysterical subjects—one was, I think, "Hold 'em down and stamp on 'em." Another, "Stuff a pocket-handkerchief in their mouths." Another, "Beat their open palms." Another, "Undo the collar; give them air" (what with? the bellows if at hand?).

CHAPTER IX.

THE DIFFICULTY SOLVED—AFFECTATION—"TEARS, IDLE TEARS"—OP, HOP, AND POP—IDEAL TELEGRAM—CHIPPINESS—GROWLER—LODGERS—DISTINGUISHED RESIDENTS—EAST AND WEST—"PECULIAR PEOPLE"—MY AUNT'S PROMENADE.

BEST *thing to do.*—Ring for Doddridge. Ring violently. Same work as before; Mary from upstairs, Cook from below, Landlady from somewhere else inquiring if that was the Drawing-room bell, and finally, by accident, Doddridge comes in and finds my Aunt having fits on one side of the room, and me on the other looking at her. I tell her, I can't make out what's the matter with my Aunt. This sets Doddridge off. She exclaims, "O, Master George, how can you say such things!"

I ascertain afterwards from her that my observation about "*not knowing what was the matter with my Aunt,*" conveyed the idea to her (Doddridge's) mind, that my Aunt was intoxicated.

My Aunt recovers, and I rush up-stairs for her pocket-handkerchief, subsequently found shut in the piano.

"I hope," I observe, when all is calm again, "that I didn't cause you any inconvenience last night," meaning by sending my note to say I was staying out to dinner.

"No, George," she replies, sadly, and sighs.

Mem. to myself. Better drop the conversation. Two words more, and tears. Recommence with an entire change of subject presently. I notice that Charlie, the little dog, is limping. I pity him, and say so. ("Love me, love my," &c. Politic.)

My Aunt replies, rather severely, "O, there's nothing the matter with him; it's only affectation."

My Aunt, I discover, sets down almost all maladies (not her own) to affectation. Complaining to her that my nose has become red, and is certainly swollen, she replies, "Nonsense! it's all affectation." She wishes to know, before I go out, if I *am* coming back to dinner *to-day*, as she really *never* was *so much* frightened as when she received that message yesterday.

"Ah, it did, indeed!" chimes in Doddridge. "You *should* have more consideration, Master George."

I feel inclined to say, "O, what confounded nonsense!" but what I *do* say is, that I am very sorry, and I am *certainly* coming back to dinner to-day.

"We can't give you such things as you get at the hotel," says my Aunt, plaintively.

I reply cheerily that "There's no dinner I enjoy more than a simple chop."

The word "chop" does it. My Aunt bursts into tears. Heaven only knows why.

Mem. When with my Aunt avoid all mention of chops. And *N.B.* Note down while staying with my Aunt at Ramsgate what subjects make her cry—in order to avoid them. By the way, as I jot this down in my note-diary, it suddenly occurs to me that the other day, when we were talking about dancing parties, I remarked to my Aunt that I had enjoyed a hop somewhere or other. Scarcely had the word "hop" escaped me, than my Aunt, with eyes gradually filling, repeated it once, looked me full in the face, then, turning away, burst into tears, just as she has done at the word "chop.'

Psychological Query.—Do all words ending in "*op*" make my Aunt cry? If so, one knows what to avoid. Might try one more, to make certain. Three would form a sort of quorum, and decide

it. *Mem.* To try "*pop*" on the earliest opportunity, and see how she stands it. If it does not affect her, then try "*drop*," and finish appropriately with "*stop*."

Feeling that I am helpless here, I retire. As I go down the passage the dove coos and the dog barks. I feel worried. This sort of thing is trying and wearing. I must thank my Aunt for her kindness, and get some one to send me a telegram to say—

"*Come at once. Business of Importance.*"

Then I can get away.

Budd is just passing the door. "Hallo!" says he, "off to the bath of the Turk, eh?"

I tell him "yes;" and add that I don't feel very well to-day, and I can't make it out.

Budd, who looks as fresh as a young American apple, replies, "Ah, I thought you were a little 'on' last night. Eh?" Here he chuckles, and then adds, "I feel a bit chippy myself this morning."

Is it possible that after all my diagnosis, pain over eyes, aching head, unstrung nerves, and hot nose, that I must enter myself in my Diary of Health thus: *The —— day of ——* 18—. *Morning* —"A bit chippy"?

Budd whistles to Growler (his brown bear of a dog), who sulks after us at a heavy pace, and we proceed to the West Cliff to the Turkish Baths at the Cramville.

"This," explains Budd, "is the time for going to be washed;" this is what he calls the Turkish Bath process, and adds, that he invariably comes out at this hour.

Note on Ramsgate out of Season.—The few people here are as regular in their times as the mechanical figures on a clock, or on an old-fashioned organ. I can tell what time it is on the East or West Cliff, by observing what people are out, weather permitting.

Further Notes on the Out-of-Season Time here.—Observations by Budd and self. There are so few residents, or residing lodgers. [*Amendment proposed to Budd by me,* "Sojourners,"—which he rejects as being a trifle profane. I assure him it is not so, but he is positive as to having heard the word somewhere in church, and

prefers to say "residing lodgers." *Note.* Better not proceed with discussion. Better to feel, interiorly, superior to prejudice, and say nothing. I *feel* superior, and we continue our walk and talk.]

There are "residing lodgers" whom one comes to know by sight like the *dramatis personæ* in a small play.

You seldom see a West-Cliffian on the East Cliff, or an East-Cliffian on the West Cliff. I believe he, or she, would be immediately treated as a trespasser, and, after a few warnings, prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

The houses of the East-Cliffians on Wellington Terrace (or Crescent) are guarded, probably against any incursions of West-Cliffians, by a strong iron railing. Behind this they can breathe defiance at the invader from their dining-room windows. They have a garden railed in, a promenade also railed in, and a part of it, in a corner, so cunningly railed off as to cause a stranger, who sees an East-Cliffian sitting within its boundary, to wonder how on earth he got there. Whether there is a gate to this harbour of refuge, or whether there is a sort of gate, or no gate at all, or whether the East-Cliffians possess the secret of getting through or over the railings, or whether it opens to some secret "Open Sesame!" conjuration, are problems which a visitor will probably never solve, specially if accident of temporary residence identifies him in the list with West-Cliffian interests.

The East Cliff is separated from the West Cliff by a respectable square of the early marine-lodging-house style of architecture; by, also, a worse down-hill road than usual from the respectable square to the town; by the town itself; by (on the west ascent side) a jumble of houses, taken apparently at random from some superfluous lots originally intended (but not used) for villas at Brompton, or St. John's Wood, for a back street at Brighton, or any street in, or about Soho, and placed here to be aired, and get a sniff of the sea.

On the ascent from the town to the West Cliff the visitor (we notice) will pass through a pleasing modulation of scents, varying with the weather.

We are now descending from the West, and going Eastward Ho!

The *dramatis personæ*, or clockwork figures on the West Cliff, are, first, an old gentleman got up to within an inch of his nose, to

resemble the late Duke of Wellington. He is never without a stick, which he shakes playfully at children, and seems to be on terms with everyone, and very good terms too, apparently, with himself. This figure is wound up for an hour and a half's walk in the morning, and wound in again about luncheon time, to reappear (perhaps requiring rather stronger winding this time), at four o'clock in the afternoon; and, the works going down (as it were) with the sun, the Shade of the late Duke disappears for good about six, probably to wind himself up with dinner, wind himself into bed, and wind himself up again the next morning in time for his usual walk.

Secondly, there is the Wild-looking Lady with a fat umbrella—[I dare say it has been once thin, but carelessness has brought it to this state. *Mem.* Note *that.* Moral in umbrellas. Why not extract a moral from everything or anything? Why not? Will try]—and a pocket full of tracts. She comes out particularly strong on a bright Sunday. I have never seen her offer the late Duke of Wellington's Shade a tract. I think if she did, he'd waive her off with his stick.

Thirdly, the Young Married Couple, who are always admiring the sea, and examining the horizon together, as if they could see their future somewhere about in the distance.

Fourthly, the Old Married Couple, who sit on a bench for an hour or so before dinner, shake themselves, rise slowly, as if about to walk a minuet, and then retire.

Then come regularly in the afternoon two Elderly Gentlemen, one a *vieux militaire en retraite* with only his moustache and military stock (no collars) left of his former profession, and the other evidently a civilian. They talk politics loudly and energetically, and, apparently, with the invariable result of "*exeunt quarrelling.*"

There is the Handsome Widow, whom the *vieux militaire* stops to salute profoundly in the midst of his most animated discussion, and who holds converse sweet and low (in tone, of course, though probably on the most elevated themes) with the gentle High Church Curate, whose large black wide-awake is the nearest approach he can procure to the purely ecclesiastical hat of the Spanish or Belgian priests.

Then there are the learned Benedictines from the Monastery, West Cliff (very unlike "the monks of old, what a jovial race they were!"), who come out with their healthy and happy-looking young collegians at certain hours, and whose church, at the extremity of West Cliff, is one of the late Welby Pugin's gems of Gothic design.

Punctually at three o'clock out come another pair of Elderly Gentlemen (not politicians), who stand still the greater part of their time, pointing out nothing "in the offing," and disputing as to what it isn't.

There are plenty of children, nursery-maids, and dogs.

Finally, there is my Aunt and her dog, with Doddridge in attendance sympathetically. Charlie gives my Aunt much trouble on account of his "affectation" of lameness, and (being led with a string) by his great affability, and apparent desire to be on the best possible terms with other dogs, whether bigger or less than himself.

Charlie has also taken to shivering lately, which my Aunt denounces as "really intolerable affectation," but which Doddridge asserts is a sort of spasm, which to her (Doddridge) is not entirely unknown. Attributing this in her own case to a want of some mysterious and invisible flannel, she has set about to make a sort of miniature jersey, to be worn by Charlie when out for an airing, and not unlike the small horse-cloth used for pet Italian greyhounds.

It is his first day of wearing it, and the fashion attracts the attention of several intelligent dogs. My Aunt walks along—Charlie jerking, growling, barking, and starting—pretending to ignore the pack at her heels, to which Doddridge nervously acts as the whipper-*out*, with her parasol.

CHAPTER X.

GROWLER AND CHARLIE — FIGURES — THE VERANDAH — SAMUEL — WANTS SUPPLIED — THE APPEARANCE OF SAMUEL LE NOIR — LECTURE ON NAYTCHAR — INTENDED TURKISH BATH — IN THE ANTE-ROOM — WHAT NEXT?

BUDD and myself take notice of the miscellaneous procession of dogs behind my Aunt, as we commence our descent, Budd trying to admonish Growler with a gentle kick, that he (Growler) is not to join the performing canine troup now following my relative.

More Regular Mechanical Figures.—On the East Cliff appears the Pensive and Mysterious Lady in black, taking short walks up and down, and occasional "sits;" also the Croquet-playing Family who contest vague and unexciting games, within the garden-rails, in any weather. The Foreigner of unwashed aspect, who, for economy's sake, smokes only half a cigar at a time, and that apparently without lighting it, as no one ever yet has seen smoke issuing from his lips. When he retires, it is believed, he puts the half-cigar into his pocket to be ready for to-morrow's use on the same principle. Perhaps he is breaking himself of the habit.

We pass these on our road to the Cramville. On the cliff the men are engaged on a work of a very perilous nature, which is

nothing less than hacking away the cliff itself and seeing how small a space each man can stand upon without falling over. The amiable secretary is here, and tells us about the verandah which, owing to him, was built in a fortnight; which fact he *can't* get over anyhow. He lights his pipe and stands in front of the hotel, admiring that verandah, as if he personally had put it up all himself, painted it, varnished it, made the iron-work, fitted it up and come down again without any sort of aid or assistance.

Budd asks if Samuel, the bathman, is in, as he and his friend (I'm his friend) wish to commit the enormity of a wash.

The secretary thinks it not unlikely that Samuel is there, it being Samuel's duty to be there, but he won't commit himself to *knowing* anything about it for certain! he *may* be or he *may* not (all this time he can't take his eyes off the verandah, as if he still saw where some improvement might come in, with perhaps just a dash of paint, put on in a moment of inspiration) but on the whole inclines to the opinion that Samuel *is* there.

Is there a *table d'hôte* to-day? we inquire. After half a minute's thought, just to clear his head of the verandah, and get the fresh subject in, the secretary replies, that "there *is* a *table d'hôte*, O yes, certainly;" (and conclusively, now that the verandah has quite gone out and he has grasped the subject)—"yes, a *table d'hôte* at half-past six."

"You have a good *chef* here," we observe, Budd or myself, or both.

"Yes," returns the secretary, refilling his pipe and speaking with rather a doubtful air, as if he couldn't quite give his opinion of the *chef* until he's tried him with everything, "Yes," he admits, "he's not bad," and lights his pipe.

"Will the table be very full to-night?" is my next question.

The secretary thinks it may be, perhaps, but is generally uninterested—except, as his eyes wander upward once more, fondly, to the verandah. So we leave him, and enter the Cramville, where the Turkish Bath is.

[By the way, everything appears to be obtainable at the Cramville. Do you want billiards?—there you are in the Japanese Gothic room with a phenomenon boy-marker, the Pocket Roberts. Do you want American billiards?—there you are again, with a

blue ball and no extra charge. Do you want German or French billiards?—well, perhaps there'll be another table soon. Can't you get on without a sulphur bath?—there you are, or there you will be, when the sulphur comes, the baths being there now. Do you want to bathe in ozone water and lie among the seaweed?—there it is, all ready, with a shower-bath at hand to freshen you up, if the ozone should be too much for you. Do you want to smoke at the top of the house, like a chimney?—there you are, with a flag flying from that part of the roof, to announce your presence. Do you want to dine alone?—do it, in the coffee-room. Do you want to dine in company?—do it again, in the *salle-à-manger*. Do you want to read? or write? or play bowls? or play croquet? or be quiet? or have your hair brushed?—there you are. Do you want a concert after dinner?—there's the concert-room and the music-stands. Do you want a dramatic entertainment?—yes? Very well, then there's a stage, with scenery, lights, and curtain, at the end of the concert-room. This stage, I am informed, was "inaugurated" by an Eminent Entertainist, who, at the end of his performance, took off his wig as a mark of respect to the National Anthem, which he sang by way of carrying out the idea of inauguration. Perhaps he muddled the notion with some reminiscence of "unveiling a statue."]

Budd, followed by the brown-bear dog Growler, walks down a passage, and shouts "Samuel!"

A voice is heard in the distance, which Budd tells me belongs to Samuel, the black man, manager of the Turkish Baths, and shampooer in ordinary to anyone who comes to be shampooed.

We open the door of the first room, and Samuel stands before us. He is a tall coloured gentleman, of the handsomest darkest mahogany dye, dressed in a loose suit of (apparently) red check bed-curtains. He is enthusiastic about the efficacy of the Turkish Bath system in all cases and for everybody, no matter who they are, or what's the matter with them.

Budd introduces me to Samuel, observing that I've "come to pull a little flesh off." Whereupon, Samuel, eying me all over, puts his head rather on one side, opens his eyes wide, stretches out his hands in a sort of appealing way, and answers, "Well, he *can't*"—("a" not being pronounced as *ar*, but a very broad *a*)—

"he *can*'t do better dan come here to Samuel" (meaning himself). "I'll bring him back to Naytchar"—(meaning "Nature")—"and when he"—(meaning me)—"when he leave me he shall say, 'I'm very much obliged to Samuel.' Dat's it, sar."

[What astonishes me, being accustomed to the conventional Christy, or street-nigger, is, that Samuel shows no sign of joyously giving way to a break-down dance, or bursting out with a "Yah, yah!" nor is his conversation broken up into conundrums.]

Budd laughs, and observes that Samuel will soon put me "in proper form," and asks him if he doesn't think I want it.

Samuel pretends to be astonished at the question. "Want it!" he exclaims. "Want it! Of *c*arse he want it!—Why—look 'yar" (touching my arms and then my sides, as if explaining me anatomically to Budd)—"look'yar—and look'yar—'taint Naytchar—you don't want all dis"—(alluding to what he considers to be superfluous flesh). "Of *c*arse," he continues, "you're ill: of *c*arse: if you've got all dat about you,"—(here he stretches out his hands on either side, appealingly as before)—"how can you be well?"

This is exactly what has struck *me*.

CHAPTER XI.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE — REASONS — OBJECTIONS — ANSWERS — ON WRAPPING UP—THE VERY DAY FOR A BATH—FIRST ROOM—GROWLER'S PLACE—ACROBATIC—NUMBER ONE—GROWLER'S FUN—HIS DEFECTS—MORE ENORMITIES—GRADUAL PROCESS—SAMUEL DELIGHTED—SAMUEL HURT—OTHELLO—SAMUEL MOURNFUL—DISSERTATION—INTERRUPTION.

STILL, I am not quite satisfied as to whether a Turkish Bath isn't a dangerous remedy in this climate, specially to-day, as there's an east wind. I put this scientifically to Samuel, to show him that I really *am* considering the bath medicinally, and have not come merely to lounge.

Note.—Subsequent experience shows me that Turkish Baths are generally taken for the following reasons:—

1st, Because it passes a couple of hours away easily.

2ndly, Because it gives you an appetite for dinner.

3rdly, Because the taker has felt a little "chippy" (as Budd calls it) all day and thinks it will set him right.

4thly, Because you've not taken one before, and want to know what it's like.

5thly, Because you took one a long time ago, and forget whether you liked it or not.

6thly, Because the one you had a year since didn't agree with

you, but you rather think it was *your* fault, so you're going to give it another chance.

7thly, Because the one you had the other day didn't do any good, and you were told that it's the second which is really beneficial.

8thly, Because the first Turkish Bath you had agreed with you wonderfully.

9thly, Because you've been *saying* you'll take one for the last two years, and haven't had time.

10thly, Because you like it.

11thly, Because you don't like it, but think it will do you good.

12thly, Because another fellow takes it regularly, and wants you to go with him.

13thly, Because your doctor thinks it's a capital thing.

14thly, Because your doctor says it's the worst thing possible, and you wan't to show him he's wrong.

15thly, Because it's a wet day, and you might as well be in a Turkish Bath as anywhere else—better.

16thly, Because it's a fine day, just the day for a bath.

17thly, Because it's a hot day, and you want to get cool.

18thly, Because it's a cold day, and you want to get hot.

And so on.

I object to the bath to-day, because of the east wind.

"East wind!" repeats Samuel, opening his eyes and mouth, and stretching out his hand, as if he were playing at fives, and expected to hit the ball next time. "East wind!!" here he half turns away, chuckles at the absurdity of the idea, and then faces us again. "What's de east wind? Why—*it's de very day to take a bath!* Dere wouldn't be no test for the bath if it weren't for de east wind?"

"But," I say, "I may catch cold on leaving, and must wrap up." Samuel smiles pityingly, and looks from me to Budd, then back again at me, then once more at Budd. Then he finds words: "Why," he says, almost plaintively, "if you *wrap up*, what's de good of coming to *me?*" This is the first time I've heard anything like a conundrum from him. "Don't say, if you're ill afterwards, it's de bath; don't blame Samuel. No; it's de fault of de wrapping up. Dere, sar," he adds, with the air of putting a

thorough poser, and settling the question once and for ever, "Look at *me!*" I do. "Wa-al, where am I all de day?" [Ah! another conundrum.] "Ain't I *in* bath, den *out?* Do I wrap up?" [These have been, as it were, a series of conundrums.] Indignantly, "*No!*" Pause. Then he calms down, and finishes up with his usual, "Well, den, you trust to Samuel (himself) and he see you all right."

[*Mem.: subsequently.* Another day I ask him — "Bad day, Samuel, for bath, so cold, north wind too." He replies, "Dere! hear dat! Well," as if in utter amazement at the absurdity of my objection, "Well, I *am* astonished! An' you an eddicated gen'leman! Why de north wind!!! Why, *it de very day for a Turkish Bath,*" and he seemed to be so shocked and hurt that one feels compelled to take a bath in order to console him. But he can't get over it all the time I'm there, until he's finished with me, and I tell him I feel better, when he brightens up, and says, "Dere! didn't I tell you so. Trust Samuel, he never tell a lie—it just de very day for a bath." And so on, whatever the weather may be.]

Samuel retires. We are in a light and airy room of Gothic style, with a plunge sea-water bath at one side of it under a sky-light. There are several neat-looking beds, or rather pallets, ranged lengthways on either side, giving the room a sort of private hospital appearance, or perhaps (taking the Gothic character into consideration) the infirmatorial department of a somewhat luxurious monastery. The religious tone of the place is heightened by the introduction of stained glass, and by the little dressing cabins for the "plungers," which remind one of the open confessionals seen in Catholic churches. Quite primitive notion. Confession first, and baptism by immersion afterwards, with a swim.

Growler has followed Budd into the room, and sulkily takes up a position under a bed. We prepare for the bath. First stage, the acrobatic.

Hot Room, Number One. Flash of Thought; take care of Number One. I will. Red brick walls. Stained glass windows of a kaleidoscopic pattern, very dangerous to biliousness and head-

aches. There is a large marble slab, like the front of a fishmonger's shop, only not sloping on one side, where Budd says, "the patients can lie." Somehow his use of the word "patient" grates upon me. The marble slab, too, suggests——but, no—this must be repressed. I am simply nervous, the effects of my Aunt, Doddridge, Turtle-dove, & Co.

I feel that my head is getting hot and dry, and my feet cold. I mention this to Budd, as an experienced man. He replies, "Ah! yes! they do sometimes." "But," I ask, "is that right?" being anxious. He answers in an off-hand manner (not being the least nervous or unwell himself), that he doesn't think it matters. It suddenly occurs to Budd that he oughtn't to have left Growler in the first room under the bed, because of people coming in.

"Why? what would he do?" I ask, having hitherto looked upon Growler as harmless, only of a sulky demeanour.

"Why," he answers ruminatingly, "he's inclined to be stupid with strangers."

I inquire in what way he shows his "stupidity?" It appears from Budd's reply, that Growler's "stupidity with strangers" developes itself in a tendency towards strangers' calves. I inquire, in case I have to go into the room alone, whether there is any chance of Growler being "stupid" with me.

"Well," Budd says, "in *that* undress I don't know." He alludes to my present acrobatic appearance. "He mightn't make you quite out." Then I won't go in there alone.

"No," returns Budd; "I wouldn't if I were you—better not."

"But," I add, "those sort of dogs are so intelligent; he's seen me often with you, and he'd probably know my voice."

"Yes," returns Budd, standing in the doorway which leads to Hotter Room, "he'd know your voice if he could hear it, but the old boy's *as deaf as a post, and, you see, it's that makes him rather stupid with strangers.*" With which he disappears into Hot Room, Number Two.

I am gradually becoming accustomed to the atmosphere: being "acclimatised," as it were. My hair feels to my touch like grass after three weeks scorching sun in July. I wish Samuel would come and watch me to see how I'm getting on. Being all alone is unpleasant and a trifle dangerous. I might frizzle up suddenly or

faint. Budd is, as far as I know, out of call, and I couldn't run into the hot room for help, which would be out of the frying-pan (first room) into the fire (second room), and in the only cool room, where we commenced, is Growler, who, being deaf, won't "quite make me out," and will probably be "stupid" with me, as a stranger. Whatever may be the ultimate result, at present I am drying up.

I feel dry all over; parched. I want my pocket-handkerchief. It is in the first room. Let me see, if I go back into the first room without medical advice, or Samuel's advice, I may, perhaps, get a chill and send myself all wrong. And again recurs to me—only more strongly—the just-mentioned want of intellect on the part of that Beast. On the whole better stay where I am. Why doesn't Samuel come and see how I am getting on? A novice oughtn't to be left alone. Supposing I was to faint suddenly, or . . . . . Ah! here *is* Samuel.

How does he think I am getting on?

He is in ecstacy with my progress. He spreads out his hands and opens his eyes. "O, beautiful!" he exclaims; "beautiful! dat," he says, alluding to my present state, "dat's what I call Naytchar." So do I to a certain extent. I complain of being dry, generally; of my hair being dry particularly.

Samuel is quite annoyed; for a few seconds he really can't speak. He is, apparently, so very much put out by my evident ingratitude towards "Naytchar," and himself.

"Why," he says, when he has recovered himself, "Gracious Goodness!" rolling his head from side to side, and as usual extending his hands, palms flat out, like fins, "Ain't dat de verry ting you come 'ere for? You leave it to me;" then, appealingly, to my common sense, "'taint no good for me to tell you a lie, sar, is it?" Being rather afraid of making him angry, though I think *if I was in full dress*, I shouldn't be in the least nervous, but, *as I am*, I feel as it were out of my element (clothes being, when I consider it, my element), and that he'd have the advantage of me—I admit that he is right, and that to tell me, or any one else, in my present helpless condition, a lie, would not only be of no use to him, but would (*I* feel and hope *he* does so, too) be an act of positive cruelty.

[*Mem.* Wonder if Shakspeare drew his *Othello* from a Samuel of

his time. *Quotation.* "I took the Turk by the throat"—no, not exactly—but head not clear just at present.]

Samuel tells me to wait a few minutes longer here, and then I can join the Captain (Budd) who is, he says, "gettin' on, O, beautiful, beautiful, in de hot room. Why de Captain get on beautiful?" he asks suddenly, as a conundrum. I don't know. I give it up. "Wa-al," he replies, laying down the moral with his right hand, "Wa-al, 'cos de Captain do jist 'zactly what I tell him. You trust to Samuel, 'an he won't tell you a lie."

He really appears so hurt that I feel as if I'd been doing nothing else but accusing him of mendacity since I came here.

A knock at the outer door!

CHAPTER XII.

MORE OF SAMUEL—A SHOW—SIMILES—MORE OR LESS UNPLEASANT—DARWINISM—CAMBRIDGE HERMIT—LE MASQUE DE FER—SOCRATES—THE FATAL DRAUGHT—CURRENT THOUGHTS—MORE NAYTCHAR—TORTURE CHAMBER—MATTRASSES—PILLOWS—HEAT—EARLY CHRISTIANS—SOUVENIRS D'ANVERS—SHAMPOO—WANDERING MIND—VAGUE RHYME—PANTOMIME—TIME OF REFRESHING—SOAPY SAMUEL—LATHERY SAMUEL—NIAGARA—THE NEEDLE GUN—PROCEDURE—RUBBING DOWN—THE FINISH—SO FAR SO GOOD.

SAMUEL summoned. Short conversation without. Re-enter Samuel. He comes up to me persuasively. "You won't mind, sar, two genelmen seeing over dis place?"

I reply (being in his hands), "O no, certainly not;" though I don't feel that I'm precisely in the state in which I should like to receive visitors. It appears, however, that the Turkish Baths are a novelty here, and strangers, or residents, are admitted to view them.

Samuel explains the room to them, and takes me as part of it. I remember going over a Lunatic Asylum once, and a gaol, and wondering how the comparatively-sensible lunatics and the prisoners liked being shown off. I fancy that I

experience *their* sensation now. Rather I should say the lunatic's sensation,—one who has destroyed all his clothes, and has been placed in a room by himself. I don't experience shyness exactly, but feel sulkily resentful at this intrusion. They don't quite ignore me; on the contrary, they stand near the door, hardly going away from it, as if afraid of my making a sudden dart at them, perhaps for the sake of their clothes and boots, when Samuel isn't looking, and, at this respectful distance, they give a sort of half bow to me, as if they were calling upon a gentlemanly maniac of uncertain temper, or had been admitted by Samuel, into the den of a partially-tamed animal, unsafe except under the keeper's eye. *Mem.* The idea occurs to me, perhaps one of these visitors is Mr. Darwin in search of evidence corroborative of his theory. Unpleasant.

Mem. Think I've read of a hermit, near Cambridge, who had to be "interviewed" in this way. There seems, too, to be the ingredients for a Historical Romance in this situation. "The Man in the Turkish Bath," like "The Man in the Iron Mask." Head very hot. Wish I could get my note-book in here. Left it in first room—can't return for it, on account of Growler's "stupidity with strangers."

The "Genelmen" retire, inclining towards me very civilly on their exit. I do the honours of the first hot-room as well as I can. Samuel returns, and brings me a glass of mineral water. Iron. "Is that a good thing?" I inquire. "De best thing possible," answers Samuel. "What's its effect?" I ask, holding the glass in my hand. *Mem. Simile:* Socrates putting a few scientific questions to the gaoler before taking the fatal draught.

"You drink that, sar," replies Samuel, "and it make you all fresh for the next room, den you go in and jist do what I tell you, and take your time over it, 'cos, dat's what I say, you genelmen do what you like, you need not hurry; you enjoy," he pronounces "*enjy*," "de bath. You put yourself in de state for Naytchar to act; you give Naytchar a chance, and you bless Providence you come 'ere. You take my word for it, sar—now, sar," says he, drawing back a red-baize curtain, as if he was going to show me a real *chef d'œuvre*, "You walk in dere! pro-ceed!"

I enter the hotter room: it nearly knocks me down at first. On recovering myself a little, I find it is like a very clean wine-cellar,

without bins, having a sort of opaque Gothic screen, with intervals of kaleidoscope-coloured glass on one side, and fitted (the cellar, not the screen) with a narrow sort of dresser fixed against the side walls. Here in a corner lies Budd on a mattrass, prostrate, an appalling figure at first (reminding me of Cruikshank's illustrations to the *Tower of London*—"Somebody, as he appeared after the rack") until one gets accustomed to him, and then I begin to understand that he is enjoying himself, tropically.

Samuel places a mattrass and a pillow for me; motions me statuesquely to my place.

Budd, without moving in the least, utters a sort of pleased sound; implying, I fancy, that in spite of his present condition he recognises us and appreciates my progress.

Samuel approaches him; he regards him as a work of his own hands with profound admiration, nay even with an appearance of religious veneration for "Naytchar" in a Paradise of 160 degrees, and drawing a deep breath, exclaims, "Ah, beautiful!"

Budd appears pleased, and intimates briefly his intention of remaining where he is, until inclined to take the douche or the needle.

I am reclining now, and feel that I am all Head. Or perhaps —if I can exert myself to think at all about it—that my head is Central Africa under a burning sun, and my feet are the North Pole at night. . . . Too languid to ask about needles or douches. . . . Lie on my back—look at ceiling. . . .

Thoughts, or beginnings of trains of thoughts (while recumbent at 160 *in the shade).* Early Christian Martyrs. . . . I hear a noise and a roaring—*Christianos ad leones!* . . . (Budd says, "They're making up the furnace") . . . Saint Lawrence on gridiron . . . Remember picture in Antwerp Gallery—torture—wonder how I should stand it. . . . Good practice here for beginners. . . . Noise of engine, as if it were going somewhere by steam. . . . Wonder if I shall be ill. . . . Wonder why I am not in a profuse perspiration. . . . Shall I mention it? . . . no. . . . Hair brittle. . . . Enter Samuel, with more water. . . . I drink. . . . Samuel only says, "O beautiful! it's Naytc*har!*" . . . I complain of my feet being cold.

"I wouldn't hab it no oderwise," replies Samuel, seriously, waving his right hand as if to dissipate any other notions on the

subject that may be floating about in the air, "Wait till I come to shampoo, den you'll know what de beauty of it is." He retires.

Thoughts. My Aunt . . . Doddridge . . . the Dove . . . Will recommend them a Turkish Bath . . . Might do little dog's leg good . . . take the affectation out of him . . . Must manage to get away. . . . Look at Budd. . . . He smiles and I smile. . . . Think of when I knew him years ago as a boy. . . . Think of the ceiling . . . the bricks . . . how impossible it is to do anything in this state. . . . Query, is it a waste of time, or not? . . . Can't I think out something? . . . Bruce and spider . . . a poem . . . a play . . . an invention to . . . to . . . do something wonderful . . . thoughts chiefly on ceiling . . . engine hard at work . . . more furnace . . . Samuel and shampoo . . . what rhymes to Shampoo? . . . *woo*—Jew . . . a rhyme occurs to me (vaguely)

Would you shampoo
The Wandering Jew?

Nothing more occurs to me . . . then round of thought all over again about martyrs, St. Lawrence, &c., &c.

Wonder if Budd feels this? I mean feels that he can't concentrate his thoughts on any one thing now? I ask him. He answers, "Don't know—don't try," and seems, on the whole, perfectly satisfied with inanition.

I will do the same. . . . I am doing the same. . . . Enter Samuel, without his bed-curtain dress, and in an acrobatic costume, like ours. He carries a little bowl of water, and evidently means business. He approaches me.

He refreshes me with a bowl of water, emptying it over my head. Delicious. He jerks my arms, cracks my joints. I am helpless. He plays tunes with his fists all over me. When sufficiently pummelled and jerked, I am led out tenderly, by Samuel, into another room. I remember (at this instant) having heard the Clown say to the Pantaloon in the pantomime, "Hallo, here! hi! I say! come and be washed!" This is what, in action, Samuel says to me.

Then follows a charmingly refreshing process, managed exquisitely, and scientifically, by Samuel. I sit on a chair and have water dashed over me. I am soaped and lathered, and while I am

trying to open my eyes, down come the contents of another bowl of water right over me. "Naytchar" is gasping. I am put into a sort of cage, standing, and am enervated by a shower of tepid water, revived by an avalanche of cold water from above, braced up by cold water from the sides, from round the corner, from in fact all sorts of places whence you'd least expect it.

I clutch the rails of my cage, convulsively; more gasping. Through the mist of the spray I see Samuel with a hose, as if he were putting me out. I try to say, "Hi! that's enough!" But I can't, and, as he thinks I am enjoying myself immensely, he gives me some more. Niagara all over, and round and round. . . . He stops . . . . I recover my breath . . . gasping over . . . I feel invigorated, inclined to shout, to spring up, to dance. One more turn, a thousand watering-pots are pointing their very small bore roses at me, and, as it were, pricking me all over. This is the Needle. Then I am told to "pro-ceed" by Samuel, and am directed to step under a round iron ring.

More cold water. A chest expander. Here I could stop for some time longer, but Samuel won't hear of it. So I am hurried away by Samuel, rubbed over, wrapped up in a sheet, which he picturesquely folds over my shoulders, and am finished off ("This style complete") with a turban, which he skilfully winds round my head.

He leads me to Room No. 1, shows me a pallet, places me comfortably, leaves me to the most soothing influences of a semi-dozing state and a cigarette, and returns in about five minutes, or more (but time *does* go at such a pace in a Turkish Bath), with Budd costumed in the same style—Mahommedans both. Samuel is right, so far, at all events. I *do* thank him; I haven't felt so well for an age as I do now. I experience a sort of buoyant feeling, so that, if I could be transported to our house, *at once*, I could dance round my Aunt, kick the bird-cage into a corner, pull the dog's tail, and do a polka with Doddridge.

Mem. "*So well now.*" As I made this note in my pocket-book, I am lying on the pallet and gradually becoming so hungry that I would dine here, on the spot, at once, but for the shock my absence would cause my Aunt.

Samuel is right when he exclaims, "Beautiful! Beautiful!"

CHAPTER XIII.

BENEFITS FROM TURKISH BATHS—COMPARISONS—DOSES—APPETITE—A STARTLER—AN ENORMITY—AFFECTATION—DIAGNOSIS—ANALYSIS—MELANCHOLY—BLANK LOOKS—BLANK VERSE—MY AUNT IS SAD—DOVE COOS—WANT OF SYMPATHY—KETZLER'S GREAT WORK—A DIVIDED DUTY—DODDRIDGE DEEPLY AFFECTED—DEPTH OF WOE—HOUSEMAID—LETTER—ANNOUNCEMENT—WE EXPECT COUSIN JOHN—THOUGHTS AND ANTICIPATIONS.

ON the whole, I am much benefited by Turkish Baths. How much? To the extent, at present, of one sovereign. The way to value the amount of good done, is to compare in parallel lines the number of Turkish Baths taken in a week, with the quantity of medicine I might have had for the same money.

Say, on one side, one pound's worth of Turkish B's.

On the other side, one pound's worth of medicines.

There can be no doubt that four Turkish Baths representing twelve days, I couldn't, unless the doses had been very expensive,—old, dry, for example, twenty years in bottle, and "round in the mouth,"—I couldn't have had my money's worth out of them in the same time. Probably, if I'd ventured upon that enormity, I should have been, as Budd puts it, a dead 'un.

My appetite and drinkatite are, comparatively, enormous. I am constantly apologising to my Aunt for keeping her so long at dinner or luncheon.

Her observation to-day struck me as having something in it. It was—"In some people a large appetite is a most unhealthy sign."

Question. Have I suddenly gone to an extreme?

Diagnosis. Tuesday. Headache slight. Hot nose; and, undoubtedly, slightly red. Appetite up to (as it were) 190 in the shade, *i.e.*, without exercise. My Aunt sighs and shakes her head. She is of opinion that my coming with an apology three times for roast mutton is unnatural. At first she was inclined to set it down to "affectation."

Fourth Diagnosis. Wednesday. Intense sleepiness. Loss of appetite between breakfast and luncheon, but sudden return of same, with increased power, at 1.30. Mustn't take anything now, as it's T. B. day. Pouring wet. Samuel says, "Just the day for a Bath; couldn't be better." *Evening.* Faint with hunger before dinner. Sleepiness after dinner, when my Aunt is uncommonly lively in her own way; *i.e.*, she sings three of her most melancholy songs—*O do not Leave me! My Heart is Weary! O let me Die!* and thoroughly wakes me up by bursting into tears over the last-mentioned, when I have to ring for Doddridge to bring my Aunt's pocket-handkerchief, which is almost immediately afterwards discovered behind the sofa-cushion.

Then, when my Aunt is going to retire for the night, irrepressible wakefulness sets in with me, which she remarking, more in sorrow than in anger, cannot help observing, that "she is but dull company for me;" to which politeness requires me to answer, "O no, not at all," and that she is afraid she depresses me; to which again politeness and a certain amount of policy compel me to reply that "On the contrary, I——" when I finish, feeling that my acting is not up to the occasion. She continues that she is sure I must be glad to get rid of her; whereupon I try to return with effusion, as the French say, "Get rid of you, my dear Aunt, why I'm sure that——" But once again I come to a standstill by the ingenuousness of my nature, which is at this moment a nuisance, as I should like to be sympathetic, and —if one could in private life—deliver a speech in blank verse, expressive of how much I *don't* want to get rid of my Aunt,

and how immensely her songs, her presence, and her manner generally are calculated to cheer me.

I think I manage to look hurt at her imputation, but, somehow or another, I equally feel that a smile is pulling up one corner of my mouth, as Doddridge enters with the candle, and exclaims (the toadie!) "O, Master George! how *can* you!" as if I'd hit my Aunt, or been rude to her. And so she leads her up-stairs to bed. When they've gone I find myself clenching my fist and saying, "Confound it! I never——" and here the Dove in her cage says Coo-coo-oo exactly nine times, very slowly, and bowing to me each repetition.

I do *not* get on with my Aunt. I really should like to for various reasons, some being of genuine importance. I cannot. I've tried it, and failed, and am still trying it. I cannot sympathise with the little snappish King Charles and the monotonous Dove. Perhaps a return of health, through the agency of the Turkish Baths at the Cramville, makes me irritable, or, more properly speaking, impatient.

I know I should please my Aunt immensely—at least, I believe so—if I nursed Charlie for two hours regularly, and said that I liked his new collar with six bells all tinkling at once.

I object, too, to being obliged, as it were, to share my meals with Charlie. His dinner-hour is our dinner-hour, his breakfast-time is *our* breakfast-time, and so on. From the moment we sit down he commences a series of spasmodic yelps, enough to derange the stoutest nerves; though my Aunt and Doddridge only allude to the horrid noise with rapture, as "almost speaking, isn't it? Dear little Char'!"

"He's quite like a child, ain't he Mum?" exclaims Doddridge, admiringly. "*Do* give him that little bit on your plate, Master George."

All my little bits go to Charlie. I like little bits myself; keeping a reserve of them.

My Aunt has discovered that Charlie has an ear for music. Doddridge (the sycophant!) exclaims, rapturously, "He almost sings to you, don't he, Mum? Don't he, Master George?"

I say (being disturbed in reading Ketzler *On Idiosyncratic Induction*), "Yes, almost sings," and wish that he'd quite sing

instead of setting up the most dismal howl I ever heard, as an accompaniment to my Aunt's most cheerful ballad, *Longing to Die.*

Keeping my eyes on my book (like "the good St. Anthony," only for a different reason), I meditate upon the quickest and best means of getting away from my Aunt and Ramsgate. Let me see, or rather, let me consider—while pretending to read—

Philosophical and Psychological Note. — Complex faculties, negative and positive.

(*a*) I am reading with my eyes, and a few sentences disjointedly get mixed up with my (*b*) thoughts on quite a different subject, namely, how to break off (as it were) my connection with my Aunt, while (*c*) my ears are trying to close themselves to the sounds of my Aunt's singing, Charlie's howling, and the piano, and Doddridge's laudatory ejaculations.

I have heard of a philosophical writer who could compose his most serious and most successful essays while the junior members of his family were blowing trumpets, beating drums, and fighting, the elder branches talking and laughing, and his wife bothering him about what he'd like for dinner. Wonderful. I recollect mentioning this to a Thinker of my acquaintance, who replied, "Concentrate yourself. You'll soon get accustomed to it." I am now trying to concentrate myself. Note result for future psychological analysis.

[*Also, Note by the way.* What a fine profession a *Thinker's* might be. Say two thousand a year to Think, only to Think, not to speak, or write, or to do anything. And then at the end of a term, say three years, see what came of it. Your employers could then decide upon retaining you or not.]

My Thoughts. If I could only get some one to send me a line—*Lines in book that come in here*—"The desolating system of empiricism" . . . (*eyes wander*) . . . "innate à priori perceptions" (*thoughts continued*) — some one might send me a pressing invitation.

My Aunt's voice (*plaintively*)—

> Weary, so weary! so weary!
> Break! break my heart with a sigh.

"Sigh" is a very high note; dog howls; Aunt prolongs note! dog prolongs howl.

Doddridge (*rapturously*). Ain't he wonderful, Mum?

Piano accompaniment—chords. (*Thoughts*) I wish that dog was—I wish that Doddridge—no—let me concentrate myself—let me see—if somebody sends me an invitation to say—(*book again*)—"synthetical judgments . . . as deducible . . . and cognisable . . . entities"—dear me—this will never do—I really must concentrate . . .

My Aunt, in a broken voice, being much touched by her own rendering of the song—

Dreary! so dreary! so dreary!

[Doddridge *shakes her head sympathetically; subdued howl from dog.*

My Aunt (*gulpingly*)—

Dreary! so (*very feelingly*) dreary! so (*most feelingly*) dreary!

I know this will end in tears . . . I wish I could thoroughly concentrate myself now, and pretend to be absorbed.

[*Piano. Forcible chord.*

Waiting! O wai—ting——

Here my Aunt (I can't help attending to her) goes down several steps (so to speak) in a minor key, evidently feeling the sentiment more and more deeply, so that one almost expects her to turn to Doddridge, and exclaim with the last note, "Plunge a Dagger into me; I don't want to live any more after this song: please do it, and oblige yours truly, &c." My Aunt is now joined by Charlie with his nose in the air—

Waiting, O waiting! and weary!
Longing—(*with fervour*)—O longing . . . to . . . (*long note, as if to make the next word, when it* DOES *come at last, an agreeable surprise*) . . .
o . . o . . [*Same note. Dog and Aunt both hold it.*
o . . o . . die!!!

Result. Doddridge weeps, my Aunt catches Charlie in her arms, and sobs convulsively.

What can I say? What can I do? I feel that, to sit still, is almost brutal. I am hot, uncomfortable, feverish. This sort of thing will quite counteract all the good of the Turkish Baths.

I must say something . . I do. I say, in as gentle a tone as possible, "Aunt, shall I get your pocket-handkerchief?" No answer. I rise. Knock at door. Enormous Housemaid (the third new one since we've been here, each one bigger than the former, and all quite Life Guardsmen in petticoats) brings a letter for my Aunt. Perhaps this will assist me, and I shall be able to leave.

Letter to inform my Aunt that my Cousin John, from sea, has got a few days' leave, and is coming to see her. Then I can go. I will just stop to meet him and then go.

Note in Valetudinarian Diary. I think I *am* thinner. Sometimes I fancy I'm not. It seems to me that I vary with the day. Last Monday I seemed to be stouter than usual. On Tuesday I seem to have gone down again. Odd. "Here to-day, and gone to-morrow."

Night. As I am lying awake—(somehow I do a great deal of lying awake now—when I tell Samuel this, and attribute it to the Turkish Baths, he exclaims, with open eyes and hands, "Well, Sar, why not?" and as I have no answer to this form of conundrum, he continues, almost angrily, "You don't want so much sleep—it's not Naytchar"—but I don't think I quite agree with Samuel on this point)—I think why it is I don't get on better with my Aunt? Also wonder how my Cousin John from sea will get on with her. Shall see.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVAL OF COUSIN JOHN—FROM SEA—SUCCESS—BOISTEROSITY—MY REWARD—UNSELFISHNESS—UN-NAVAL CHARACTER—SEA AND SHORE—JOHN'S STORIES—WHAT RESULTS—SUGGESTION FOR JOHN—DRAWING OUT—HE COMPLAINS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN—HIS HUNTING—A SAILOR WHO DRIVES—HOP PROPOSED—JOHN'S LARKS—HIS SONG AND CHORUS—HIS ENORMITIES GENERALLY—HIS LIVELINESS APPRECIATED—THE "OLD GALS"—BEAUTY OF RAMSGATE—THE LIFE-BOAT—MY FRIEND WETHERBY—A RELIEF IN TIME.

MY COUSIN John From Sea has arrived, and we've had a day of him. I retire to my room to meditate, principally on Cousin John From Sea, and make this note.

John is, undoubtedly, I am obliged to own it, a success. I mean as regards my Aunt and Doddridge. Not with *me;* because, though I admit that he is tall, handsome, with a genial manner, yet I do *not* like boisterosity, by which I mean a person's being perpetually boisterous. This is the very last thing *I* should have tried with my Aunt. John doesn't try it: he comes, does it, and conquers. Here have I been with my Aunt for weeks at Ramsgate, during the most

unfashionable and unseasonable time, adapting myself not only to *her* peculiarities, but to those of Doddridge, her maid, her ring-dove and her lap-dog with bells, listening sympathetically to her music, trying to weep, nay, sometimes weeping when she wept, controlling my temper and reducing myself to a fearfully nervous state of repressed irritability, refusing to drive out with Budd (except once), and, in fact, making myself in a general way, as it were, "one of themselves," and at the end of the time I feel that there is a gulf between my Aunt and myself; that we, as it were, form two comparatively hostile camps, one containing my Aunt (generalissimo), Doddridge, Dove and Dog; and the other myself, in anything but full force. I have tried to suit my conversation to my company; I have been mildly cheerful, I have been serious, I have been quakerishly gay, I have suppressed anything like untimely mirth, and am evidently quite unappreciated, perhaps regarded as a nuisance. John arrives. Tremendous knock. Rushes down the passage. Runs into sitting-room, gives my Aunt a slap on the back and a kiss, and says "Hallo, old gal!"

She doesn't jump, scream, kick, nor indeed appear the least surprised. If *I* had done such a thing, she'd have burst into lavish tears and——but there——I *couldn't* have done it.

Query. Shall I begin a new line now and try?

"Hallo, old Doddy!" he cries, on the appearance of that respectable maiden, Doddridge, who quite beams under the salutation and replies, "O, Master John, you're just as bad as ever, I do declare."

My Cousin John From Sea addresses both my Aunt and Doddridge as "old gal," and has a great deal to say about flagships, the Mediterranean, Gibraltar, the fellows at mess, and has apparently endless stories of the fun they had wherever they were stationed.

Getting John quiet, I tried to obtain from him some information as to naval matters, as for instance, watches at sea, keeping look-out, to what rank in the Army a boatswain is equivalent, also questions concerning hammocks, cabooses, and the general domestic economy of a ship, with which as a landsman I confess myself totally unacquainted.

Strange to say that if there is *one* thing about which Cousin John From Sea appears to know nothing, it is about ships, shipping, and naval and marine affairs generally. He has no stories about Saturday night at sea, and how they sit round the galley fire and sing and dance to the music of the black cook's fiddle. He (Cousin John, I mean) has not been all over the world, and lived a roving seafaring life, but, on the contrary, all his stories of the fun he has had might be told by a country squire who has never gone out of his own inland county, or by a Londoner who has invariably kept within hearing of Bow Bells. (*Query.* Can Bow bells be heard in St. James's-street, Bond Street, or Belgravia? If not, what are the exact limits?)

Cousin John's being at sea is, to my mind, a humbug. He's always been, by his own showing, on shore.

He begins a story with, "When we were in the Mediterranean." Then he turns towards me and explains, "We were in the Mediterranean for three years"—and I nod encouragingly, as much as to say, "Proceed; your story interests me much;" for I am expecting to hear some fearful tale of shipwreck, or some gallant adventure with pirates, or large fish, or whatever there may be unusual or startling during a three years' cruise about the Mediterranean. But not a bit of it. His story (addressed to my Aunt, who is much interested, and quite sprightly) generally continues in this style: "I met the Curzons." Not shot an albatross, or engaged with buccaneers, or suppressed a mutiny by craftily securing all the ruffians under hatches, and then steering the ship by himself for nights and days, until she came safely into port, where he had all the crew hung. No, nothing of that sort, but simply, "When he (Cousin John From Sea) was in the Mediterranean . . . he met the Curzons!!" Just as he might have done in Hyde Park or Pall Mall on any one day, that is, provided always that the Curzons were there, and not in the Mediterranean. My Aunt is, however, quite delighted, and immediately asks after various members of the Curzon family.

As I can't believe that this sums up the entire events of three years in the Mediterranean—(*Note*, because, if so, Cousin John had better write *Annals of an Uneventful Life*, in one very small volume, price sixpence at most)—I try to draw him out, when my

Aunt has finished her examination about the Curzons, and remind him that "he was saying 'When he was in the Mediterranean' —well, what then?"

"It became rather slow at last," he replies, "but we had some good fun. Of course we were rather hard up for hunting in the winter, but we got some good shooting, and there were dinners and balls and parties every day in the week, until one was really quite sick of them."

"You hunt much?" I hazard, because I had always thought that a sailor on horseback was an impossibility or an utter absurdity.

"Yes," he replies, in an offhand way, "I had a bad time of it last season, because I'd sold Old Tantrum. You recollect Old Tantrum?" he says, turning to my Aunt. She does, and smiles as if much gratified at being appealed to on such a question.

"I say, old gal," he suddenly exclaims, jumping up, "let's have a drive this afternoon. I'll get a trap and take you out. You want a jolt, it'll do you good. We'll have a dog-cart, and you" (to me) "can hold Doddy on behind."

Whereat Doddy simpers, and says, "Lor! how you *do* go on, Master John!"

The next thing John wants to know is, "If there ain't any nice young women—present company always excepted," he says, winking at me (more simpers from my Aunt this time, and Doddridge chuckling)—"who'd like to have a hop in the evening? I say, old gal," he continues, sitting down on the sofa, and putting his arm round my Aunt, "we must have a hop," and he actually induces my Aunt to enter into a discussion on the subject.

I notice that he uses the word *hop* to my Aunt, who shows no signs of fainting. So that not all words that end in "*op*" affect her, as I had begun to think they did. But really it seems that Cousin John, because he's come from sea, may say anything.

He pretends to run upstairs after Doddridge in order to give her a kiss. He asks my Aunt for a song, and she "obliges" with *Longing to Die*, which Cousin John immediately characterises as "a cheery sort of ditty," and asks her if she doesn't know anything a trifle more dismal. She is not in the least annoyed; on the

contrary, she tries to recollect something lively, but fails. He asks her to accompany him in a nigger song with some such inane chorus as "Flip up in de Skidamajink, jube up in de juben jube," and proposes to teach Doddridge the bones. Charlie, hearing the music, begins howling, whereupon Cousin John's attention being thus attracted to him, he takes him suddenly up by the tail, to see, he says, if he's thoroughbred; as if he is he won't squeal. He is evidently not thoroughbred. All my Aunt says to him is, "O, John, you'll hurt him," whereas if *I'd* touched a hair of his tail, or had refused to give him a tit-bit, my Aunt would have burst into tears, perhaps had a fit, Doddridge would have sobbingly reproached me with unkindness to my Aunt, and I should have been made nervous and wretched for an hour at least, but Cousin John From Sea may smoke, vault over the table (he actually does so), play leapfrog over the chairs (which he also does whenever he says he thinks we're a little dull, and want waking up, generally inviting Doddridge to give him a back), smack my Aunt, punch my Aunt, laugh at her songs, make her pet dog squeak with rage, let the dove out of the cage to walk about (when it flies to the mantel-piece and breaks an ornament), and not only is nothing said to him by way of remonstrance, but he is absolutely encouraged by my Aunt's smiles, and Doddridge's admiring exclamations of "Ain't he lively, Mum?" "O, Master John, how you *do* go on!"

I am certainly in the background. I at once take rank as it were after—or rather some way below—Cousin John, and begin looking up to him. He is bent upon taking the "old gals" out for a drive, and so I accompany him into the town to the Livery Stables, to ask for a trap and two ponies.

Thoughts as I walk along by the side of Cousin John.—Odd. He was so noisy in the house, that I thought he'd be a charming companion here, when he had dropped his nonsensical humour, which I take for granted he has assumed just to enliven my Aunt with a little buffoonery. Now we are alone, he will be sensible. He can inform me what the ships are out at sea. [N.B. That's the beauty of Ramsgate, such a heap of shipping. There's always a steamer or two going out or coming in on its own account, or assisting other vessels to come in or get out; then there's the

Life Boat, gallantly manned, and always ready for action in the direction of the fatal Goodwins: also fishing boats and yachts, and little boats for rowing, or little boats for sailing, and so on. But it greatly adds to the interest if you've got some one to explain all this to you,—like, for instance, my Cousin John, who, being from sea, I may look upon as a professional person with peculiar knowledge.]

He is quite silent. I ask him, "What is that?" pointing to a vessel which has just come in. He doesn't know what she is. He can't make her out, he says, and then relapses into silence, and we walk on. "I suppose," I say presently, "that the Mediterranean is very beautiful?" "Yes," he replies, doubtfully, as if he'd never considered it in this light before, and hadn't made up his mind. [By the way, I can't help remarking that he is dressed in the height of the present fashion, and isn't one bit like any sailor I ever saw.] I tell him I want to go to the library to order a book. "Ah!" he says. "you're always reading, ain't you?" To which I reply, modestly, "No, not always." I suppose this is the character he's heard of me. He continues "I'm not much of a bookist, so I'll just pop into the stables close by, and you come on."

We part. On the steps of the library I suddenly feel a sort of shooting pain from my shoulder to my elbow, and an ache in my knee. By the way, Cousin Jack's visit has brought under my notice something which I have not remarked in myself before. He can run up the steps of our cliff without stopping once, and then walk briskly on. I can't. I have to pause three times (generally on pretence of admiring the view), and rather feel as if I'd swallowed a new loaf whole when I got to the top. And yet I *am* thinner—I must be thinner.

At this moment somebody below me calls me by name. I turn, and meet Wetherby. "Thin!" he exclaims, in answer to my inquiry upon that point. "No, I don't notice it. But you're not looking well."

In ten minutes it is settled that change of air will do me good —that a blow on "the briny" will be the thing for me, in Wetherby's yacht. An opportunity for gracefully taking leave of my Aunt and Ramsgate, and leaving her and Doddridge—the "old gals,"—to My Cousin John From Sea.

CHAPTER XV.

WETHERBY PROPOSES—I ACCEPT—PAINFUL PROSPECT—CHARLIE'S SERIOUS INDISPOSITION — ENTRÉE OF COUSIN JOHN — "TWO TWOS" — THE FAREWELL — ARRANGEMENTS FOR GAIETIES — SPEEDING THE PARTING—AMUSEMENTS IN VIEW—REVELRY—IMAGINATION — COUSIN JOHN'S WRAPS — OUR NAVY — NO SEA PHRASES — THE WAGGONETTE — JOHN'S BRUTALITY — UNSYMPATHETIC AUNT—SNEAK DODDRIDGE—I AM ALONE—THE DOVE'S FAREWELL—LEAVING RAMSGATE—ONCE MORE ON THE LINE—TO WETHERBY'S.

THE time approaches when I must take leave of my Aunt. I regret this, as Samuel informs me that "Now de season come on, sar, it just de very weather for a bath. Never is such a time for Naytchar as de summar, sar. But, dar," he adds, resignedly, "dat's just de way wid you genelmen—eddicated genelmen, as *I'd* ha' thought 'ad known better—they go away just when de bath begin to do 'em good. Don't say," he concludes, with most impressive earnestness, "don't say when you go away and get ill, and have de cold and de cramp and de rheumatjz—don't say that it's Samuel's fault; that's all." This condition is a sort of stipulation which he insists upon, in order to

bring himself, as it were, to even the most unwilling agreement to my departure.

I foresee that saying farewell to my Aunt will be painful. There will be a scene. Perhaps she'll regret me when I'm away. If Cousin John From Sea only stops long enough, and slaps her sufficiently on the back, I'm sure she will. To be slapped on the back may be all very well for a few days, as a novelty, but I think she'll tire of it in a fortnight.

I am particularly kind—making a point of it—to Charlie the lap-dog, during my last hours here. I give him almond-biscuits and cream. He immediately acquires a taste for these luxuries, and in our absence he makes himself master of the contents of the biscuit-tin and cream-jug on the table. The consequence is, that he is seized with a dreadful attack of biliousness; he lies on the sofa (when I enter to say good-bye) gasping, and my Aunt and Doddridge are kneeling by his side.

"O Master George!" exclaims the handmaiden—I swear there never was such a sycophant as Old Doddridge, for I believe she really hates the dog, as her rival in my Aunt's affections, and I dare say she is *now* secretly hoping that she is witnessing the last of Charlie—"How *could* you be so cruel?"

Cousin John coming in by the window—(*Note on Cousin John*—if there *is* any mode of entrance except the door, I observe he will always enter by it—here he's got a choice of three windows, and my Aunt is never startled by *his* unexpected appearance, as she would be by *mine*)—has a remedy for Charlie at once. He'll "set him all right," he says, "in two twos. Come up, you little warmint!" With which he takes up the little "warmint" by the scruff of his neck (which must be most unpleasant, yet neither of the "Old Gals" remonstrate), and carries him out on to the lawn.

I take this opportunity to observe that I am sorry to say my train goes in an hour's time, and that I've sent for a fly.

"O!" says my Aunt, quite cheerfully, smiling (a week ago she would have cried), "we're going out for a drive with John in a quarter of an hour, so perhaps we shan't be here when you start."

This grates upon me; yes, although I don't want a scene (because it would be so trying for my nerves, and make me so feverish for travelling), yet this *does* grate on me.

I tell her I'm going yachting with Wetherby. The word "yachting," besides having an aristocratic smack about it, must bring to the mind of any old lady who lives "at home at ease" (as the song says) the fact that she is accustomed to trouble herself very little about the dangers incurred by those who venture upon the seas, "when the stormy winds do blow." [It occurs to my mind, for one second, to wonder whether Wetherby goes to sea in such a state of things, or not. Not, I should say.]

My Aunt is impassive. She is not a good sailor herself, but hopes that I am. Have I ever been to sea before? No, I've not. Oh! End of *that* topic. Charlie brought in quite lively and frisky, but very damp. The means resorted to appear to have been very simple. John, by his own account "held the little beggar by the tail and dipped him in the sea." Result satisfactory, with a craving for more biscuits apparently. Doddridge embraces him, "O, de poo little Charlywarley, then! did they (meaning *me* —so kind of her, just as I'm going away) give it nasty almond-biscuits and cream, a little mannikin, then!" Doddridge is ordered off to dry him. I look at my watch—so does John.

"I say, Old Gal," this to my Aunt from John, "it's time for you to get on your go-to-meeting bonnet, as the one-horse shay will be round here before you've cleaned yourself," and he finishes off with a wink at me, as if I had suggested this style of address, and was quietly entering into the spirit of the thing.

My Aunt, who has sat herself down at her writing-table, only remarks, "How absurd you are, John," and then asks him "Who's coming here to-morrow?"

"O," he replies, "there are the Tinton girls and Wayde."

"Will they come to the pic-nic on Thursday?" asks my Aunt. (My Aunt going to a pic-nic!!) John isn't quite certain, but he hopes so, and he adds, "I've got Judkin to bring his drag for Saturday, when we can all drive over in it to Canterbury; only he wants to know, if he comes back with us, can you bed him?"

My Aunt pauses for an instant, then quietly answers, "Of course we can, as George will be away then, and he can have his room."

Now I should like—for this has roused me—I *should* like to dash my hat down, jump up, hit the table with my clenched fist, and exclaim, "No, confound it, I'm *not* going." But I don't, I merely

smile, and reply upon the observation with assumed indifference, "Yes, I shall be away then," for I'm not going to flatter my Aunt and John, who is almost a bully in his manner, by showing any sort of desire to stay.

Why should they have put off all their amusements until my departure? True that I have said to my Aunt how much I love quiet, how I prefer Ramsgate, at her un-seasonable time, to Ramsgate in full bloom; but, hang it, I *do* like to be asked. There's something so melancholy, too, in hearing arrangements made in one's presence for gaieties to come off when (it's a sad phrase) one will be no longer here to witness them. It makes one feel as if the future were a blank. It seems to me (for having nothing to do with them while they are still continuing their conversation on the same subject, I can only sit and think) suddenly, a melancholy notion that Ramsgate will wake up to-morrow morning and I shan't be there. That my Aunt and John and their party will be gay, and not so much as a reference made to myself. Will any of them say, will either of these two here say, at the height of their revelry (fancy my Aunt and Doddridge's revelry, bah!), "I wish George were here?" No, they won't, I feel they won't, and that's what touches me, and almost brings tears into my eyes.

At this instant the grenadier in petticoats announces "The carriage, mum!" and Doddridge appears with my Aunt's bonnet and shawl, which she puts on before the glass, while my Cousin John bustles into the hall, and I hear him ordering the grenadier to take heaps of rugs and wraps to the trap.

Another Note.—I thought a sailor was always a rough, hardy sort of chap, ready for all weathers, and rather preferring bad to good. But Cousin John From Sea (if he's a specimen, and not an exception) seldom goes out without a greatcoat, never walks a step farther than he can help, always carries an umbrella, never appears without the latest invented scent on his pocket handkerchief, and the best-fitting gloves; and if there's the slightest sign of rain, or if it's blowing ever so little, catch *him* going out? Not a bit of it. He has wraps on his bed, a wadded dressing-gown, a fire in his bed-room nearly all day, and seldom gets up till past ten, my Aunt allowing him to breakfast at whatever time he

chooses. If our Navy is composed of Cousin Johns, then I don't believe in our Navy. He hasn't got a single sea-phrase—not a word about marling-spikes, bunting, gaffs, belay, and so forth. While I'm away out yachting, I shall be able to compare him, in my mind's eye, with *real* sailors, and shall write to my Aunt about him, and expose him as a naval impostor.

While I am thinking this out, my Aunt is getting herself ready. She is ready. Quite. So "Good-bye!" to me, from her. Nothing more. Not a purse of gold—the tip that I used to receive from her on my going to school multiplied now by as many times as I have increased in years. No—no memento. No hope expressed of ever seeing me again. I venture to throw this in, on my own account, in an off-hand manner, thus: "I'll try and run down during the season." My Aunt to this only replies, "You will no doubt find us here."

Cousin John puts her into the wagonette, and muffles her up with tiger skins, rough rugs, and a big cloak. To all intents and purposes, as far as I am concerned, he has buried my Aunt away out of my sight. That's what I've got to thank him for at present. An impostor sailor! He is going to drive! A sailor going to drive! My Aunt, who clutches at my arm spasmodically, and squeaks and screams, in a fly with *me*, sees him take the reins unmoved. "Good-bye, George, old boy," says he to me from the box; "keep yourself dry, and don't get very sick when you're out on the ocean wave." I do believe my Aunt, under her covers, is laughing at this brutality; and as to Doddridge—upon my word and honour, I'm not a vindictive man, but if I could just put Doddridge into a pantomime scene with the *Clown* and *Pantaloon* to make love to her after their peculiar fashion, ending with knocking her into a flour-tub, or waking her up with a hot poker, I should—I really should—like to see it done, and assist in doing it myself.

So they drive away.

I turn back to the hall. "Coo-coo-grrr; coo-coo-grrr!" says the Gentle Dove, bowing at me ten times to half a minute. I wish my fly would come. I feel moped, wretched, hipped. Why? Such small things oughtn't to affect a good constitution. No.

Then is it the fact that I've got a bad constitution? Is it the . . . . From a dreamy state I am aroused. The fly!

Once more over the uneven roads, once more down Ramsgate's narrow streets (built for sociability's sake, probably, and with the smallest possible amount of pavement, suggesting tight-rope practice for beginners) towards the Station on the sands. Of course, a waggon, large enough to make ten of my fly (fly-horse included), meets us at the narrowest part; of course my flyman wanted to pass it, and failed; of course the waggon-driver is obstinate, and won't back; of course my driver won't be outdone by the waggon-driver; of course other carts are behind the waggon, and other flys and carts behind us, and all trade in this, one of the main streets, is suddenly paralysed. Of course all the drivers of all the carts and flys are excessively polite and civil to one another. Foot-passengers retire into shops on either side, and watch the proceedings, or, rather, as we don't proceed at all, the dead-lock.

I explain that I *must* be at the Station at such and such a time exactly; that it only wants two minutes; that it's most important I should catch the train; that I won't pay him if he doesn't; that . . . . Shouts from behind . . . . Waggoner gives way to the extent of about a quarter of an inch, by nearly emptying his load into a fishmonger's window. The quarter of an inch does it; released, we rush by him—*Mazeppa*, in a fly tied to time, catching the train—imperfect simile, but thought of hurriedly, in connection with "Again he urges on his wild," &c. We round the market-place—the flyman defying the laws of centrifugal force by trying to keep himself straight on the box—down High Street, in sight of the sea,—On! On!—The train starts at three—my watch is just three—The bell! . . . "Now, sir!" I feel it's an affair of shillings. . . . Shilling to Porter. He flies away with trunk—myself after him, giving directions . . . Shilling to Guard, to get my ticket (which will delay *him*, too—Aha!) . . . Shilling to Railway-Book-stall Man—I could give a shilling to anyone now who'd guarantee me in time for train. Any papers? Quick! All papers! . . . Just one second—shilling to refreshment girl . . . What? Quick! Buns?—No. Sponge-cakes—sherry in a flask. . . . "Another sixpence, sir, please." . . . No time to argue

. . . "Take shilling." . . . Away!—Carriage. Another shilling to Porter who opens door . . . Flyman is pursuing me. "Will I . . . Shall he . . ." We are off. Flyman trots along, with hand on carriage-door. No change. Flash of thought, sudden, decisive, and satisfactory for all parties :—

"The lady at the house will pay you. Drive back, and ask her. It's all right."

Ha! ha! The lady of the house is my Aunt. I *shall* be recalled to her memory.

In carriage. After excitement—Reaction.

LIBRARY

CHAPTER XVI.

IN A TRAIN OF THOUGHT—NOTIONS—SLEEPINESS—STATIONS—BIRCHINGTON—WESTGATE—WHITSTABLE—A COMPANION—LITERARY PROJECT—OYSTER QUESTIONS—QUESTIONS OF HEALTH—FACTS—FATALITIES—INSTANCES—WANDERINGS—SLEEP—TICKETS—RESULTS—NOTES—IN LONDON ONCE AGAIN—THROUGH THE METROPOLIS—READY TO START.

THOUGHTS *in the Train.*—How very soon one gets through three newspapers? Having got through them, how curiously interesting the small paragraphs are, which one never notices on ordinary occasions. The same remark applies to the advertisements. I suppose it must be on some opportunity similar to the present (that is, that of being in a train alone on a longish journey), that a next of kin finds he's been advertised for, or somebody or other discovers that he will hear something to his advantage by calling on So-and-So. I wonder, as I look at these advertisements, whether my name will be there to-day. It would be, to say the least of it, such a subject for conversation afterwards, commencing, "I was looking at the front sheet of the *Times*, quite accidentally, for it's a thing I hardly ever do—perhaps not once in a year—when I suddenly hit upon my name," &c., &c.

Mem. for future perusals.—Never omit looking at this column; it only takes a minute, and it might turn out to be worth

thousands. Perhaps an inquiry for next of kin, or an "If this catches the Eye," may have been in, and I've missed it simply by not reading the front sheet of the *Times*. Perhaps some one is now enjoying a fortune that ought to have been mine; and if I found him out, and claimed it, the only answer would be, "Too late now: you were advertised for, for months, in the *Times* and other newspapers, and you didn't turn up. It's your own fault: better luck next time," and so on.

After reading it carefully to-day.—There's nothing in about me.

An Idea.—File the *Times* in future. Buy the back numbers for the last six months. I say six months, because I have some sort of notion that that's the legal time given for heirs, or next of kin, to turn up. And yet how would a next of kin in Central Africa manage! How, also, would he be affected by an advertisement commencing, "Pursuant to an Order from the Court of Chancery," and going on to say that if he didn't do something or other within the next two weeks, he'd never hear of anything more to his advantage as long as he lived? A difficult question.

Still in Train.—Same train of thought. Sleepy. Very sleepy. *Westgate-on-Sea.* New station. New place, too, apparently consisting of a block of houses recently built, and two sets of clothes-lines, on a sort of desolate common, with a fine view of the sea. *Birchington.* Good name for a place full of boys' schools. *Whitstable*, where the people live on oysters, and, when there are no oysters, on other fish, until the oysters appear again. A gentleman who gets into the carriage here, tells me that it is a charming place to stay at, if you want to be perfectly quiet, and are fond of fish.

Mem.—Whitstable for quiet. When I am well enough to resume my *Analytical History of Motion*, will try Whitstable.

In answer to further inquiries, the gentleman says (that is, I understand him to say) that the largest oyster-bed owners are solicitors in London. I half smile, supposing him to be hiding some deep satire under this sentiment. *He* doesn't smile at all. I cease to smile, look surprised (as I am), and say, "Indeed!"

After this, he takes a lot of papers out of a black bag, and begins to be, apparently, deeply interested in them.

Note in Travelling.—Use of little black bags with papers in them. It looks so business-like to take papers out. Peruse them always frowningly, then turn aside to look out of window, as if getting that last sentence quite clear before you go on again. Wish I had my MS., as far as I've gone, of *Analytical History of Motion*. It would puzzle him to know what I'd got. I am not inquisitive, and abominate impertinent curiosity, but I should like to know what he's reading up (or pretending to read up, for I don't believe in him a bit) in those papers. It might furnish matter for pleasant conversation while travelling. Perhaps he is one of the Oyster Solicitors getting up some case. Right of pearls found in bad oysters. The civilised world was at one time nearly being embroiled in a universal war on account of oysters.

Am very sleepy. Sure it's unhealthy to be so sleepy. A sleepy pear, for example, is an unhealthy pear. It's strange, now I think of it, that all my symptoms lately have shown themselves in some connection with my nose. It *is* strange, as showing what force there is in presentiments, or presentimental aversions. Remember stories (facts) of people who dreaded fire, and took every precaution against accidents by fire; result (by fatality) a Fire, and disastrous consequences. Remember similar example about old lady who hated crossing a thoroughfare—always avoided it. One day she was carefully avoiding it, and was run over. Remember a friend telling me that he had a horror of falling over a cliff: he said that he felt that if he *did* fall over a cliff, it would be, (so to speak, and to put it in his words, as lightly as possible) "rather more than he'd bargained for." He meant that he'd be killed. He is alive now; but still *there* is the aversion for cliffs, and he wouldn't come down to Ramsgate, for example, on any account. It's all what Samuel would call "Naytchar." It is the "Naytchar" of some men to have presentiments and aversions. I have both. I hate the idea of a red nose in the future. Yet everything seems to tend towards my nose. This drowsiness shows itself there. (*Note.*—I really think I *must* mention this to my medical man, personally or by letter.) I get sleepy, as it were, in my nose,

somewhere about the bridge. I drop off to sleep without any sort of notice, without knowing it; in fact, it *seems* to me as if I was thinking deeply, pursuing one subject through a confused crowd of ideas, like looking for some important slip of paper (which is indelibly fixed on the retina of your mind's eye) in a bureau full of documents, old MSS., forgotten receipts, bits of red tape, and odds and ends. And then . . . you take up something which has nothing to do with the object you're in search of. . . . It interests you . . . and then . . . something else you've lost sight of for ages . . . then . . . everything. . . .

"Tickets! Tickets, *please!*" I wake up. Oyster Solicitor, bag, and papers vanished, perhaps long ago. To sleep so heavily, and so early in the day, must be bad. I make this note (for my doctor's benefit, and my own) after arousing myself. Being aroused, I feel sticky all over, as if some one had been gumming me together.

Note.—Another curious effect. I go to sleep in a train, clean, neat, and tidy. I awake exactly the reverse—*i.e.*, dirty, slovenly, and untidy—and as if I'd turned a dull yellow colour during sleep. My clothes, too, have a sort of second-hand, ready-made look, and appear to have gone back in their cut to a distant period when the fashion wasn't the same as now. I come out of the train at the London terminus like a *Rip Van Winkle* of three hours' drowsiness. I was quite fresh when I got in at Ramsgate, I am quite stale at Victoria.

Sudden Thought.—How fish must suffer in transmission! Yes, that's my sensation after a sleepy journey—flabbiness. Thank goodness, I am looking forward to a real good blow on the sea in Wetherby's yacht. Shall be aboard to-night or to-morrow morning early, and shall soon be looking as healthy as possible; that is, as sunburnt as possible.

Question, Is to be sunburnt to be healthy? (*Mem.* Consult a physician.) People say of a sunburnt person, "he looks the picture of health." Logically, the picture of a thing is not the thing itself. The boy who is the very picture of his mother is, clearly, not his mother. *Ergo*, a person who appears to be the picture of health is not health itself, but, at best, very like health.

I do believe I am going to sleep, standing up, on the platform of the station. This is serious. A porter rouses me about my luggage and a cab. Where shall he tell the man to drive to? I have actually seated myself in the cab, still dreamily, without saying a word on the subject. These mental phenomena must be noted down. Also that my nose appears to have become rather thicker than usual about the bridge. Every man ought to be brought up to learn something of medicine and anatomy. It should be part of his education. Instead of being nervous now about this nasal development, I should be perfectly happy (perhaps), if I only knew what connection the bridge of my nose had with other portions of the human frame.

Mem. To get up anatomy, with special attention to *my own.* Send for a book; capital opportunity for studying it on board Wetherby's yacht.

Driving through Town to the Other Station. Feeling of loneliness. See nobody I know. My best friends, if in London, are utterly ignorant of my passing through. Wish I was out of it again. Melancholy. Perhaps melancholy is a part of sleepiness. Am struck by the heartlessness of London. The phrase "the heart of London" is an impossibility. Wonder what my Aunt & Co. are doing now?

At Next Terminus. Find that I shan't be at Wetherby's until late at night. His invitation was, "Come down any time this week, ask for my yacht, and they (who?) will put you on board." I have three-quarters of an hour before starting. Better dine.

CHAPTER XVII.

DINNER AT A STATION—ITS DISCOMFORT—THOUGHTS ON EATABLES—ENGLISH—CONTINENTAL—INFERIORITY—SUPERIORITY—HINTS—MESSRS. STEEPLES AND LAKE ADVISED—A BOOKSTALL—OFFERS—OFF AGAIN—TRAVELLING MAXIMS—THROUGH DEVONSHIRE—FORWARD.

CONCERNING *Dinner at Railway Station.* As a rule, a most uncomfortable thing. First, one knows the dinner is only a makeshift.

Secondly—it's not the hour you're accustomed to dine, which is enough to upset you at once.

Thirdly—there's a certain amount of excitement about it, because you are, as it were, dining against time, and excitement is bad for digestion.

Fourthly. The consciousness that you won't be able to lounge after dinner, but must see after your ticket and luggage is very prejudicial to health.

I determine upon dining. I will "commit the enormity" of having a little dinner. Wonder how Budd is. Perhaps committing the enormity of having a Turkish Bath. To avoid objec-

tions number three and four, I find an Official, who says, "0 yes, he'll be about the place," and give him half-a-crown for himself on condition that he gets my ticket for me. So much trouble off my hands.

I find a Porter, who appears to me (and who says he is) to be stationary by the Luggage Label Department. I give him a shilling to guard my "things." A Porter standing by him, but not stationary, I also invest in, to the same amount. His duties (towards me) are to secure me a seat in a carriage, and take thither my great-coat and portable things, including my umbrella.

It suddenly occurs to me that it's rather out of character to take an umbrella on board a yacht. Still, can't leave it behind in charge of Porter, to be left from now till called for.

Go to dinner in Refreshment Room. Brilliant Barmaiden standing out against a background of brilliant and variegated bottles, like what a fancy chemist's shop might be.

Valuable Note "to the Faculty." Why not a Fancy Chemist as well as a Fancy Baker? It might be quite an attractive place, with a sort of bar, where medicines could be on tap. Powders and pills might be done up in a fanciful manner, say as crackers and bonbons, with mottoes. *Healthy Mottoes*, not the nonsense one sees at Christmas time.

Ideas, for instance, for simple and healthy mottoes at Fancy Chemists :—

In a cracker.

He who feels that he is ill.
Will do well to take this pill.

In a Nut scooped out, with Powder and Motto inside.

You've a headache got, my love,
Which this powder will remove.

In a Bonbon, in one end of which is a miniature bottle.—To an over-danced Young Lady who can't sleep.

If your orbs you bright would keep,
Take these chloral drops and sleep.

And so on. Haven't time for further consideration of the subject, as I've only got three-quarters of an hour for dinner.

Railway station vegetables. Steamed. Greens of bright colour,

lukewarm. Potatoes hard at the edges, as if discoloured parts had been cut off, or large potatoes had been pared down to resemble the delicacy of little new potatoes. Ingenious, if so, but failure. Everything served up with as much electroplate as possible, probably (in the proprietor's idea) to give the visitor a reminiscence of the comforts of his own aristocratic home. The vegetables are kept warm (not hot) in a sort of banker's safe. I protest. Waiter replies, that, they can't be any warmer, and seems at my expression of dissatisfaction, as much as to say, "Well, these vegetables have been served up lots of times to-day, and no one's grumbled. If you'd come earlier, you'd have had 'em *hot*."

I feel that if he did say so, there'd be truth in this remark, but not reason. There are forced flies on the table. It's only May, and cold, too. Waiter says, "Yes, sir, they're here pretty well all the year round." They're accustomed to him, and he to them. The flies probably don't touch *him*. He can go into this den of flies uninjured, like Van Amburgh among the lions.

The mutton is chilly. The gravy is of a higher temperature than the mutton. It seems as if my slice had caught cold and was taking a warm bath in the gravy. But this heat is deceptive, as while I am meditating upon it, it becomes suddenly cold. It's a sort of gravy that is evidently injured by exposure to the air. A mountain of cheese with a broken ridge is brought me, and some rocky geological bread. "Pulled" they call it. Who pulls it? I say to the waiter (by way of aiding digestion by any kind of conversation), "The proprietor, I suppose, gets the *pull* of it," alluding to the bread. Waiter smiles, and moves a spoon from my table to next table.

Familiarity with waiter must result in sixpence. Reserve with a waiter may be set down at threepence—the extra money being three-penn'orth of conversation.

Time to finish. The only approach to comfort in railway station dining rooms is in those of Messrs. Steeples and Lake (which is *not* their name, but very like it), who *do* manage very well, and might manage much better if they'd only take the trouble to adopt the Continental system of *buffet*-ing and Restauration. The feeding provided for us poor English is so gross *here*,

while that provided for us by our lively neighbours, or our serious neighbours, is light, wholesome, good, *cheap*, and just exactly enough. May Messrs. Steeples and Lake take the hint. They *can* do the thing well if they will.

Big man enters, and commences a similar dinner to mine, only he's got to do it in ten minutes, and evidently is accustomed to gorging at a great pace, and getting all he can for his money in a short time.

Note.—Head hot—*my* head, I mean. Sleepy. Drowsy. I feel that I *have* committed the enormity of dinner. Hardly ten minutes more. Where's Official who was to save me trouble by getting my ticket? Don't see him. When I employed him he was the only official visible in the Station, which was otherwise empty. Now the train is here, about to start, and there are crowds of people, passengers and officials. Where's my stationary Porter? He *is* here: good. Sixpence. My unstationary Porter? He's taken my things to a carriage. Which carriage? Can't find him. Hurry, bustle, and anxiety directly after this dinner at an unseasonable hour. O, My Health! I wish I hadn't taken that beer, too, with the cheese. It seems to be weighing on my brain. I wish I knew the Official's number whom I charged with getting my ticket. And where's the Porter? What's *his* number?

The five minutes' bell!

The Porter—*my* Porter—has kept me a place. All to myself. Extra shilling to Official to keep it. He knows the Guard, or whatever he was, who was charged with getting my ticket.

Three minutes more. Plenty of time to pick up useful information. *Ergo*, go to the bookstall.

Mem. for the future.—To save time, always want *one* book at least, then you'll know what to ask for at a railway stall when you've only got three minutes to spare. Also, always arrange beforehand *exactly* what refreshments you'll take when you stop for ten minutes *en route*.

I find myself staring at a sort of kaleidoscope of book-covers. Boy offers me *Love's Trials*, in yellow and red, for two shillings; then, on my abrupt refusal, he recommends (as having read it)

Dark Deeds of Detectives, with a picture outside of a saffron-faced man, in a green coat, with blue tie and a red waistcoat, firing a tremendous pistol at a girl in a dress of faded blue, some of which colour has got into her hair. I hesitate. I should like to ask the boy to open the book precisely at the page where the thrilling incident occurs (which evidently must be *the* point of the story), just to let me read that one passage, see how I like it, and then decide upon purchase or not. Probably *not;* but it's not worth giving two shillings on the chance of it's turning out good, and, after all, perhaps, getting so tired of it, after the first ten pages, that I shall never reach *the* situation described in the picture. Besides, to all intents and purposes, I now *know* what is the leading feature of this particular book. For instance, if any one asks me hereafter "Have you read *Dark Deeds*, &c.?" I can answer, "Ah, you mean with that story in it about the fellow shooting at the girl," and then I can add that I don't remember much about it. At all events this will be sufficient to lead to conversation. I believe "well-read men" who *talk*, get up their reputation in this way. If not, good notion.

Time to start. Result of inspection of bookstall is that I buy no books. Altercation between my tipped Guard and a stout Superintendent, who has put three old ladies and two children into my carriage. They are going to Bath. Let them. There's only half a minute. Heavens! my ticket! . . . . Official suddenly appears with it. My tipped Guard has got *one* seat for me in smoking carriage full. Rush from one carriage to the other, with bags, rugs, and coat. People in smoking carriage evidently look upon my coming at the last moment as an intrusion.

The best thing to do (*note*) under these circumstances is to be excessively polite. Thus, Somebody's bag and coat incommode me. Politely find out owner. "Is this yours?" very sweetly, and always smiling, more or less. It is owned. "Permit me to" —then, when he sees you going to stuff it away somewhere, or put it up above insecurely over *his* head, he will take it and bestow it away himself, to the comfort of all parties concerned.

Maxim for travelling.—A soft manner deprecates wrath, and a smile in time saves frowns.

Mem. (*in train*). Might make a series of maxims for travellers on the above model very useful. Dedicate them to *The Travellers.* Call the volume *Passengers' Proverbs.*

Travelling Maxim No. 2.—The Early Passenger catches the train.

Maxim 3rd.—An Unprotected First-class Female is a Crown to her Guard (or half-a-crown at least).

Maxim 4th (*for Guards and Railway Officials generally*).—Look after the First Class, and the rest can take care of themselves.

Maxim 5th.—One Sandwich does not make a luncheon.

Maxim 6th (*for Train Guides, new monthly*).—*Tempora mutantur,* the Times are changed.

Maxim 7th.—The Luggage that is unlabelled is lost.

Maxim 8th.—The Universal Railway Key that locks all carriages a silver one.

Special Remark on the Railway in Devonshire.—These lines are fallen in pleasant places.

LIBRARY

CHAPTER XVIII.

RAILWAY—BATH RACES—SPORTING CONVERSATION—PRUDENT COURSE—DYSPEPSIA—EXETER—THOUGHTS IN THE DARK—TRACTS—THOUSANDS OF POUNDS—PROBABILITIES OF ELECTION—A FRIEND'S CASE—HIS FRIEND—A STORY OF AN ELECTION—REMARKABLE INSTANCE—ARRIVAL—TORQUAY.

STILL *in the Carriage.*—Quite full. We are all settling down, and making ourselves gradually less disagreeable to one another. Every one has brought into the carriage a bag, a great coat, a rug, and an umbrella, each person apparently under the impression that the same original idea would occur to no other passenger except himself. A gentleman in the next seat presently asks me, "How Bath races went off this year?"

He has not led up to this inquiry, and I feel somewhat taken aback. I reply that "I do not know, as I have not been there this year," which, without committing me to anything, leads him to suppose that my absence from this Spring Meeting (if it *is* a Spring Meeting) is a solitary exception to my general practice.

He has evidently made up his mind that I am a sporting character, and have got information on various "events," which I am slyly keeping to myself, as his next question, with an apology for his own ignorance, as he has not been long in England, is, "whether I don't think that *Scavenger*'s safe for the Two Thousand?"

Note. Sporting amusements are part of our national character. Every Englishman is born a Sailor and a Sportsman. Of course, if he doesn't keep it up after being born with these advantages, that's *his* fault. Odd that it should never have struck me till now!

Mem. One really ought to read sporting papers once a week: it wouldn't take more than a quarter of an hour to get up the names of a few leading horses. Some men are equally ready on all subjects: these are men who do not waste their club subscriptions.

Mem. Next to being rich, the best thing is to have the credit for being so. *Ergo,* the next best thing to knowing all about every thing is to *look* as if you knew it. To say, at once, "Sir, I do not know," or, "Sir, I am utterly and totally ignorant of the subject you have started," would (Johnsonianly) put an end to all such casual conversation as might beguile a journey.

I reply, with some hesitation, that "I do not feel quite certain as to what *Scavenger* may do;" which is strictly true, as I've never even heard the animal's name before. I believe my answer will cost this gentleman some anxious consideration, and perhaps bring about an entire change in the betting.

He apologises again for having been absent in India for some time, and I smile, as much as to say, "O, don't mention it!" and then he asks me who are considered the best "boys to put up" now? A searching question. Luckily, I've heard the phrase "boy to put up" before, or might have thought he alluded (having been absent in India for some time) to the obsolete climbing boys. I've an idea that the other passengers are furtively listening. I feel that, as an Englishman, I ought to know the names of the jockeys, and particularly as I have not the excuse to offer of having been out of England for a long time. I cautiously reply, "Well——' and consider. A name suddenly occurs to me, as if by inspiration. I come out with it,—I say, that, "I suppose Grimstone's not a bad one."

I have scarcely uttered this opinion before I feel I've made a false step. *Firstly*, it occurs to me that Grimstone is *not* a jockey, but a prizefighter; *secondly*, that I don't think he's a prizefighter, but a cricketer; *thirdly*, that, if so, he's an amateur cricketer; and, *fourthly*, that he's an eminent Chancery barrister. I wait an instant, expecting my neighbour, or some one in the carriage, to say, "Grimstone! Who's Grimstone? What did he ride? When did he ride?" &c., &c. In which case I should give up Grimstone, and suppose that I am thinking of somebody else.

My sporting inquirer appeared impressed by my reply, and merely observes, "Ah!" then, after looking at nothing in particular out of the left window, and after turning his attention to something of equal importance out of the right window, he evidently determines upon not "asking his witness (myself) any further questions," and gradually subsides into a newspaper.

Dyspeptic Symptoms consequent upon the early dinner enormity.—Indigestion from now to Exeter. Drowsiness. After Exeter darkness. Near the Sea. Rain. Passengers have dropped out one by one. Sense of loneliness.

Thoughts in the Dark.—Note in pocket-book, with the idea of "writing to the Times*" on the subject.*

(*a.*) Why are there no lights in the carriages between Exeter and Torquay?

(*b.*) To find out if there isn't an Act of Parliament compelling Railway Companies to put lights in carriages. *Mem.* Does this Act only apply to ships? If so, suggest to some one (find an M.P. and suggest it to *him*) to bring in a Bill for the purpose.

By the Way. First find your M.P., and then might suggest plenty of Bills and Measures. With a view to My Health, I wonder how a Parliamentary Life would suit me? Think it over If my Doctor says it's just the thing, I might go in for somewhere Where? As what? How much? If much, would My Aunt advance the money? She might for the honour of the family. Might give her an I. O. U., payable on my becoming a Cabinet Minister. One never knows what may eventuate. These are *Thoughts in the Dark.* Good title for a Religious Tract. Might suggest it to Rev. J. C. Ryle. Hear he makes thousands by a

Tract of only four pages. Nothing easier than to write a Tract, or any number of Tracts. Feel I could do it. Why not? If I was a Clergyman, I might. Why not write *as* a Clergyman, say, "*Thoughts in the Dark*, by the Rev. J. A. B. H. L. K." Might add (to puzzle the Public) "& Co." New Tract (Fifty Thousandth, this Day), by the Rev. J. A. B. H. L. K. & Co. Or really start a Tract Company (Limited).

This money (out of the tracts) would defray election expenses. Some one told me once that he was travelling in a train (as I am now), and happened to say to a casual acquaintance (but I am all alone now in the dark) that he intended going in for Parliament. Whereupon the Casual Acquaintance said, "Are you, by Jingo!" or words to that effect; adding, "Then you're the man for me. Will you come back to (I forget where), and stand for the County (or Borough, I don't remember which)?" My friend said, "Yes, certainly," but expressing at the same time a wish to go home and get another pair of trousers (I think it was), as he had not intended being away more than a day when he started. The Casual Acquaintance wouldn't let him do it, but jumped out at the next station, took my friend with him, telegraphed back to somewhere, where he'd come from, to say, "Found a man to stand for the place: will be amongst you (*i.e.*, the Electors) in an hour." And a telegram to agent, "Issue Address at once." By the time that they reached the town the Addresses were out, and my friend told me that he was received by Deputations at the station, cheered all over the place, carried in triumph to his hotel, presided at a public dinner, addressed crowds from the balcony, wore colours, presented colours, was serenaded at night, went to church next day with a band playing, and listened to an election sermon, with an appropriate election hymn afterwards; that, being short of stature, he had consented to stand upon three hassocks in his pew, in order to show himself to the people; that, in order to secure the votes of the Churchmen, he went to service three times that day in three different places, never closed his eyes once through any of the sermons, and stood on four hassocks in the evening because of the gaslight being bad, and never once took his eyes off his book; that henceforth, not only was he the Popular Candidate (as his Casual Aquaintance informed him), but the *only* Candidate, until the very last day but one, when a meeting was held in which he was de-

nounced as an adventurer by all parties, and some one whose name had never been mentioned, suddenly issued an address; and that, upon this, his Casual Acquaintance took him aside, and advised him that the best course he could pursue would be to retire at once, before the Mob became very violent, in which case he (my friend) might be held legally responsible for the damage done to the Hotel, and perhaps for the destruction of half of the public buildings in the town; that, hearing this, my friend went off by the very next train, disguised as a bricklayer, but was recognised by the roughs, hooted at, and pelted before he got to the station, into which he was dragged by the police. That, before he was allowed to go, he was obliged to pay his hotel bill of about five hundred pounds, besides drawing cheques for printing, treating, and a tailor's and haberdasher's bill for several entire new suits (shirts and ties in election colours, and trousers with election stripes down the sides) made in a hurry, in consequence of having come off without his portmanteau, and which were of no sort of use to him afterwards; and that, finally, he read of the new Candidate's unopposed return, but never again fell in with his Casual Acquaintance, nor heard a word about him, except from one man, who told him, confidentially, that the less he saw of him the better. That his family (my friend's family) had him (my friend) watched by a detective, and once his relations clubbed together to pay a mad doctor to visit him. All this occurs to me in the dark, between Exeter and Torquay, and (to trace the stream of ideas back to their source,) it all arose out of the Company having supplied no light to the first-class carriage. Cheer myself up. Directly I arrive at Torquay, will go on board. Perhaps Wetherby's steward or pilot or captain will meet me. If the Station is (as one is at Ramsgate) on the sands, I shall be able to take a boat instead of a fly, and be on deck in a few minutes. It *will* be a change. I feel that early, unseasonable, and hurried dining would, if persisted in, end in unnatural stoutness.

Torquay.—Here I am. The only first-class passenger. No one is waiting to receive me. I feel so lonely that I should like to go back again in the same train.

Note.—Sudden and causeless depression is an unhealthy sign. Rouse myself.

CHAPTER XIX.

TORQUAY STATION—WETHERBY NOWHERE—BILL—INQUIRIES—SATISFACTORY—YACHTING IN VIEW—NAUTICAL DIALECT—NOVELTY—HEALTH—SEA-BREEZES—14, FIRKIN TERRACE—INDECISION—"MY LADY"—WHERE'S MY LORD?—A DIFFICULTY—SIR SOMEBODY—QUERY—I WALK IN—PROPOSAL FOR A SERVANT'S COLLEGE—THE DOMESTIC—MY FIRST APPEARANCE—SENSATION—MUSLIN CONVULSED—BRILLIANT FLASH—PRESENCE OF MIND—CLASPER—BANG—SAVED!

CAUTIOUSLY, I ask the Station-Master, in return for giving him my ticket, if he knows Mr. Wetherby. Briefly, he doesn't. I mention Mr. Wetherby's yacht. No, he doesn't know Mr. Wetherby, or his yacht, but dares say Flyman may be able to inform me. Then he shouts out, "Bill!" to some one in the distance, to which some one in the distance answers, whereupon Station-Master walks to the end of the platform, and I walk out of the Station.

Flyman, waiting for the chance of a fare, knows, or thinks he knows, Mr. Wetherby.

As he may only *say* this from an interested motive, I question him as to his feeling of confidence in his own assertion.

"O, yes, sir," he answers; "Mr. Wetherby, as lives at Firkin Terrace."

"No," I say, impressively, "he has a yacht. He is only in harbour—I mean in port—here."

I am uncertain whether I should say "harbour" or "port," but as he's only a flyman (perhaps the most un-nautical calling in existence), correctness in terms won't be of any consequence. I've not come to see a man living like anybody else could do, in a terrace, but a yachtsman, sleeping on board, merely "putting in" to take provisions—to "ship cargo" is nearer the expression, I fancy, but will ask Wetherby—and then "putting out" or "putting off" again in the morning with a fair wind and the stud-sails set.

Mem. Coming upon yachting suddenly, I seem to know much more about it than I had imagined. Can't think where I got the term "stud-sails" from. It flashed on me suddenly, and I note it down, while I think of it, in the fly, on my way to Firkin Terrace to begin with, where it certainly appears, from the Flyman's description of him, that Wetherby has at some time or other resided.

Anticipations. To have met at the Station a pilot-looking man with a gold band round his cap. That he would salute me, and to my question as to whether he was from Wetherby's yacht, he would have replied, "Aye, aye, your honour!" That then we should have heaved ahead in a fly, with this seaman steering, on the box, directing, as it were, the wheels of the vehicle. That we should have been driven to some gateway leading to a port, or the docks, or the harbour. That, then, a sailor would have met us to carry luggage. That then we should have got into a small boat —"jolly boat," I think—if dark, one sailor in the bows with a torch,—that lights should have been hoisted from the *Elfin Queen* (or whatever Wetherby's yacht's name is), and that he himself should have been standing at the gangway—the gangway being where one goes on board—to welcome me. In fact, novelty: novelty in surroundings, in atmosphere, in everything, in fact, being the very best thing for my Health.

Realisation.—Number 14, Firkin Terrace. Seaside-looking house, apparently. Flyman rings bell. Man-servant answers it. Mr. Wetherby's? Yes, sir. At home? No, sir. On board? O, no, sir. (This decisively, as if such a proceeding was quite out

of the question.) He expects me? Yes, sir, he said a gentleman was coming, (This undecidedly, rather guardedly.) Pause What next? Flyman looks at me, as much as to say, "Well, now then, after all your fuss *I'm* right, and here's Wetherby's; what are you going to do next?" I decide promptly. I say authoritatively, "Take down my luggage." I descend. Flyman paid. Luggage in the passage. Alone with servant. One question with a tinge of uncertainty, and a feeling that I am exactly 350 miles away from my own bed, "I suppose you've got a room for me here, eh?" "Well, sir," the servant, a most respectful and evidently obliging man, in undress, replies, "My lady didn't know whether you'd prefer sleeping at the hotel, or not."

[*Rapid thoughts during the pause between his question and my answer.* My Lady! who's she? I don't ask, as I evidently ought to know. Always thought Wetherby was a bachelor. But if he isn't, how can his wife be "My Lady," unless he's Lord Wetherby, or Sir Something Wetherby? and I've only heard him spoken to and spoken of by his friends as "Wetherby." Very awkward this. It now strikes me, for the first time, that Wetherby is, after all, only an acquaintance; but whenever I've met him he's been one of those hearty men whom one seems, from their manner, to have known for years. Strictly speaking, I have only met him three times, but then on the very first occasion he invited me to come out yachting with him. I fancy, though, that *that* was in December. However, whenever it was, or whatever he is, it's done now. *Last Thought.* If I go to Hotel will Lord, or Sir Something, Wetherby, pay my bill there. If not, and supposing, after all, he doesn't yacht, the whole thing's an imposition. I decide.]

My reply. "O, no; I prefer stopping here, certainly." Very well, then, he'll take my things up. My Lady, he adds, is in the drawing-room. A bell rings. That, says the servant, is for the chamber-candle. He'll show me up. What name shall he say?

I tell him. We commence mounting the stairs. I wish he'd inform me who My Lady is. I should like to see Wetherby first; but if his wife—or whatever relation My Lady may be—is at

home, it won't look well for me to avoid her, and sneak up to bed. Wish I could go back again, even 350 miles, or wish I'd said I'd choose the Hotel. Too late now. The drawing-room door.

The butler, or servant of some sort, not in livery, but, on second thoughts, not old enough for a butler . . .

[*Note.*—Why isn't there a Servants' College, with "Butler" for a degree? B.A., Aged Butler. M.D., Major Domo. The Undergraduates in buttons: additional buttons being, somewhat after the manner of Mandarins, a sign of superior rank or reward of merit. Culminating point of buttons in a Bachelor. Bachelor's Buttons. Bachelor to be Footman in livery. There's evidently a sort of idea in this, which I jot down on retiring for the night at Wetherby's. Might obtain a Government subsidy to provide lecturers. Think it out, and suggest it to somebody interested in the Educational movement. The idea to include female education for cooks, housemaids, ladies'-maids, scullery-maids, dairy-maids, &c., &c., and nurses and nursemaids. Lectures to the latter given, practically, with dummy babies in perambulators cradles, and so forth. Think it out.]

The domestic . . . when in doubt speak of a servant as a "domestic" . . . opens the drawing-room door, first-floor. He, on his side of the door, takes it for granted, evidently, that I am intimate with Lady Wetherby (that is, if it *is* Lady Wetherby), and Lady Wetherby, on *her* side of the door, as evidently takes it for granted that I am the chamber-candlestick for which she has rung. The domestic announces my name wrongly, and I am there to explain at once who I am, and also who I am *not*, which is awkward to begin with.

There are two ladies; one dark, undeniably handsome, and, so to speak, massively dressed; the other, very tall, golden-haired, and, also so to speak, atmospherically dressed. The first all velvet, real lace, and splendid jewellery: the second all gauzes, suggestive of either being wafted away in a cloud, or requiring an attendant to be always on the watch with a hearthrug, in case of her getting too near a fire. The former the substance, the latter, taking into account height and general flimsiness, the shadow.

Substance is so clearly Lady Wetherby, that I have no doubt on the subject. As clearly, too, it flashes upon me that Wetherby is only *Mr.* Wetherby, but has married a Lady Somebody in her own right.

Another Flash. It occurs to me suddenly and momentarily, that the picture at present is something like what I've seen on the first page of a story in the *London Journal*, with description underneath to this effect: "Lady Wetherby and her companion receive the Mysterious Stranger."

"Lady Wetherby," I say, with a feeling that it will be all right presently, and that in a few minutes we shall be sitting down and chatting together as if we'd known one another for years; "I must apologise for disturbing you at this late hour." So far 'the Court is with me,' and I continue; "but the fact is," [if I'd thought twice I shouldn't have used this phrase, it seems always to mean so exactly the opposite, and to create antagonism and doubt, but not being able to revise the sentence, I go on]—"that when I last met your husband"—she seems interested in my "fact"—great point to interest your audience at the outset—"about three weeks or so ago"—the ladies look at one another with a sort of glance which seems to ask each other, "Shall we scream or ring?"—being accustomed to nervous people, (my Aunt, for example, would have shrieked, or been in tears before this—I suppose that they have both been reading closely, or been fast asleep, and my unexpected appearance has discomposed them,) I continue quietly—"he told me to come down, and he'd be sure to be here, and so"——

Heavens! What's the matter?

Lady Wetherby literally staggers back against the mantelpiece —she hasn't far to stagger having been standing on the hearth-rug—and the Muslin Shadow dashes at her, convulsively.

Brilliant Flash (to evince presence of mind), I say "Perhaps it's the heat," and I run to open the middle window, with the air of a medical man whose superior knowledge, on being called in at a crisis, suggests an immediate and certain remedy.

"No! No!" cries the Muslin Shadow, "it's some mistake. Please open the door, and call Clasper." This is addressed to me. Attempt opening the door from within at the same instant as the

domestic with chamber candles opens it from without. Anything more painful than——

Another Flash. To show my chivalry, by ignoring the agony from the bridge of my nose across my forehead upwards to the roots of my hair, and addressing the man as Clasper.

"Clasper," I say, anxiously, "Lady Wetherby wants——"

In a second he puts down the candlesticks, and goes to the head of the staircase. He calls out "Clasper!" Unless they are all mad, and I've come to the wrong house (which can't be), he, at all events, is *not* Clasper.

A voice (soprano) from above replies, "Yes," and a light footstep brings Clasper, the Lady's-maid, a very pretty, elegant girl—(sort of person my Aunt ought to have instead of Doddridge)—into the room.

The street-door bangs.

A voice—Wetherby's—Heaven be thanked!—shouts out, "Here, Robert!"—then bustle, bustle below—"Tell *Bill* to—" bustle, bustle below, and sound of steps on stairs. I don't think I ever was more glad to see any one than I am now to welcome Wetherby.

CHAPTER XX.

WETHERBY AT HOME—MISTAKE EXPLAINED—MISS STRAITHMERE—JANE—GOLDEN HAIR—LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—OR NOT?—BETTY—CARELESSNESS—WETHERBY ASTONISHES ME—MY BED-ROOM—THE SUN'S MISTAKE—EARLY BIRD—RE-SLEEPING—RE-AWAKING—ROBERT—WHAT ART THOU?—PROSPECTIVE CRUISE—THE CAPTAIN MENTIONED—TORPOR—THE KNIGHTS OF OLD—COSTUME FOR YACHTING?—BREAKFAST ON TABLE—FINE DAY—HEALTH GENERALLY BETTER.

WETHERBY is in his full yachting costume, which is the first sign of the fulfilment of what I've come down here for that I've as yet seen. Up to this moment there's not been a nautical symptom about the place.

Wetherby is about one-eighth (taking him to scale roughly) bigger than myself every way, and immensely hearty.

"Hallo!" he shouts, bursting upon the scene "Here you are! Capital. Only got a bedroom top of the house to give you, because

Miss "—here it occurs to him that we are not alone and he turns brusquely—"let me introduce you to Miss Straithmere, Miss Janie Straithmere,"—Here it strikes him that something is the matter somewhere, but Lady Wetherby is now again erect, and Clasper is holding her candle for her. My friend is puzzled. "Eh?" he says, "Not well, Betty?" This to Lady Wetherby, who smiles and observes that it was nothing of any consequence, and fears (to me) that I must have been very, &c., &c., to which I reply that I beg she won't, &c., &c., and Wetherby then introduces me to his *Sister-in-Law*, Lady Wetherby, wherewith she gives me her hand gracefully, begs me to excuse her, as she is rather, &c., &c., whereupon I murmur something about being myself also rather, mumble mumble to the end of some sentence (not complete in my mind) which she doesn't stop for, but ascends the stairs followed by Clasper and candle, and then (at a summons from my Lady) by Miss Janie, who bows to me with her head well forward, as if going full butt at the door, and shooting at me such a telling glance from under her eyelashes as I feel is equal to an hour's conversation with her *tête-à-tête*.

"Good night, Miss Straithmere," I say with polished courtesy, inclining my head slowly at an acute angle to the top of my spine disguising the sudden impulse brought about by her name being Janie, her golden hair, and that Parthian shot from under her eyelids, which would lead me, but for the usages of Society, to put my arm round her, and say "Janie, be mine!"

[*Note at Night, on consideration.* Is this love at first sight, or is it merely the effect of the sudden contrast between what *is*, at Wetherby's, and what *was*; viz., My Aunt, Doddridge & Co., united ages amounting to a hundred and twenty, including Charley, the lap-dog and the Dove? Perhaps so. Sleep on it.]

"Janie," says Wetherby to me (and somehow I don't like his calling her Janie; in fact, I feel inclined to take him to task for it as a liberty, only that it occurs to me that I am not yet in a position to do so,—still, if there is one thing that I at this moment object to in Wetherby, it is the familiar terms he is evidently on with Miss Straithmere)—"Janie," Wetherby tells me, "has explained the mistake you made. Betty—Lady Wetherby—and her two boys, always live with me now, as I'm the children's guardian, and she keeps house, and so forth.'

I express my regret at the *contretemps*, occasioned, I put it modestly, by my stupidity, whatever it was, but Wetherby takes the greater part of the blame to himself, as he says he ought to have told me, and the smaller part of it he puts on the shoulders of the ladies, who, he says, had been reading some horrible stories of ghosts and spirits just before my arrival; and so when I came in with my announcement it startled Lady Wetherby considerably.

It appears that Lady Wetherby is the widow of Sir James Wetherby, my friend's stepbrother, who was knighted in India for doing something, or not doing something, with the Government stores and the Rajah of somewhere.

Mem for the Future. When in doubt as to relationships merely, if absolutely necessary to speak at all, mention surnames. For instance if I had spoken to Lady Wetherby only of her brother-in-law as Wetherby no harm would have been done, but to tell her that I had *lately seen her husband* and had come down by his invitation. . . . It was very careless. I am glad, on thinking over it, that at all events I said that I had *come down* at the late Sir Something Wetherby's request. Take care in *futuro.*

Up to this moment Wetherby hasn't said a word about yachting. Odd. He suddenly takes up a candlestick, shouts "Robert!" then adds, "he'll show you your room. Good night," and disappears.

At Night. The nearest approach to yachting, at present, is my room at the top of the house, which is uncommonly like a cabin in point of size and inconvenience; but fitted up with a bedstead much too large and high for the place, Into this I climb and then creep. If called suddenly, and startled into a sitting position, I shall knock my head against the ceiling. Must impress this well on my memory before dropping off to sleep. Wonder if I shall hear anything of the yacht to-morrow. Wetherby can't have given it up. . . . Miss Janie Straithmere . . . Good eyes . . . . . knock my head . . . . ceiling . . . . pretty name—Janie . . . elections . . . Sir James Wetherby . . . candlesticks . . . think I'm . . . then if . . . Sleep.

Awoke early by the sun, which streams in through the attic window, evidently mistaking it for a cucumber frame, and me perhaps for the vegetable itself, curled up on its bed. There is no

blind. I foresee biliousness and headache for the day if the sun goes on like this. Time 6.30.

Three flies, suddenly warmed into life, commence a spasmodic buzzing. One of them makes pertinacious darts, buzzing viciously (what is more irritating than a fly's buzz?) at my forehead and my ear.

Flash of Thought. Fly caught in my hair, sure of it . . . slap . . . no . . . he is gone. I don't want to get up till called.

Flash of Genius. Put my head under the sheet. Do so, and puzzle the flies. Snooze.

7.30. Entrance of Robert. Robert the domestic, with clothes. Robert's costume strikes me. Boating or yachting costume, with cricketing shoes. This looks like the sea! the sea! "Mr. Wetherby," he says, "breakfasts at eight exactly."

I ask, with some little doubt as to even the existence of the yacht, "If we are going out yachting to-day?"

"Yes, sir," answers Robert; "I've just been on board to tell the Captain to be ready for eleven."

Ha! Good. Now, then, for a cruise. Just what I want. Whether it's the sun this morning, or the journey yesterday, and the Railway-station dinner in the middle of the day, I don't know, but I feel drowsy, heavy, and I've got a sort of tightness about the bridge of the nose which I had before the Turkish Baths. Also (which is what I've been struggling with for months) I feel fat. I *feel* it: I don't know whether it is outwardly observable, but there is more in me, so to speak, than meets the eye, and I have a sense of fatness about me which is depressing. I experience (and note it in My Health's diary) torpor while dressing. "To spring from the couch and don his suit of mail," instead of being with me, as with the Knights of old, the work of a few minutes, occupies more than half an hour. Also I remark in myself signs of indecision as to costume, which are consequent upon this feeling of languor, tightness of nose (above bridge), and general fatness. It seems to me that for yachting one ought to observe an easy and *négligé* costume. My idea of this, after much thought, during which I nearly fell asleep again on a chair is No Waistcoat. But Miss Janie and Lady Wetherby . . . . . *Query.* Won't The No Waistcoat Costume be disrespectful?

Decision. Dress as in ordinary life for breakfast, see how other people are got up, then, if necessary, return to attic and omit waistcoat. Carried. Go down.

Dining-Room. Only Wetherby breakfasting alone, apparently in a great hurry. Windows open. Full view of sea, ships, boats, pier, harbour. Very pretty place, apparently, Torquay. Fine day, too. Wetherby (in full yachting costume with brass buttons) answers, "Yes. Help yourself." The Ladies, he informs me, will be ready to go on board about Eleven.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHERE TO?—WETHERBY'S MERRY MEN—BILL THE BOATMAN—ROBERT THE STEWARD-BUTLER—ARABIAN NIGHTS' LUXURY—BUNTER—BUNTER'S EYE—THE BOY—JERKINESS—THE CAPTAIN—THE WIND S.E.—OR HOW?—TOP-BOOTS—THE TRAP—PUZZLED—DUCKS AND GREEN-PEAS—PROVISIONS—ROBERT AND RANGER—THE ATALANTA-MAN—SOU'-EAST—FAIRISH LOPS—UNPLEASANT WORD—CHOP—LOP—'OP' AGAIN—THOUGHT ON THIS—BRILLIANT FLASH—DETERMINATION—ANTICIPATION—HOPE—PREPARATION.

WONDER to myself where we are going to for a cruise? Wetherby rings a bell hurriedly. Robert appears. Wetherby asks Robert where Bill is. [*Bill.* This sounds nautically rough. Perhaps the Pilot. If a Pilot, this promises well for a lengthened cruise. Icebergs, North Pole in view Also Esquimaux. Wonder how my Aunt would like to be among the Esquimaux. How an Esquimaux seen for the first time, would make her jump.] Bill, it appears, is in the passage, and being told to come in,

does so. He too is in nautical dress of a roughish character [Just what I expected, but looking too young for a Pilot.] Wetherby is brisk and sharp in his questions. "Has Bill seen to the boat? Was she painted?" He has seen to her, and yes she was. Whereupon Robert is summoned suddenly. Being only outside the door, [*Note.* I find that Wetherby's servants, as a rule, never go much farther than outside the door, being liable to be summoned at any moment, sharply, and it being as much as their place is worth to be out of the way when called. On the whole, quite right; reminding one, however, of the *Arabian Nights*, where somebody Eastern claps his hands and a hundred ebon slaves instantly appear. By the way, how large the doors must have been] he reappears instantly. "Send for the Boy," is the order he receives. Bill remains silent, and evidently waiting orders. Wetherby looks out of window "Wind, S. by S.E.," says Wetherby, after a while, to which Bill wisely assents. Is the boat ready? Yes, it is. "Hey, what?" says Wetherby, and Bill repeats his information. "I shall want both the boats," says Wetherby.

[*Mental Observation. Both* boats. Then putting this and that together, and considering that Robert has told the Captain, and that we shall want *two* boats, it does look like a cruise. Perhaps to the Coast of France or Spain. So glad. To either for nothing.]

"Is Bunter there?" asks Wetherby, quickly. Yes, Bunter had just come in. "Tell Bunter, then, I want him." Bill is going, but stopped by Wetherby continuing, "And don't you go"—hurriedly again to him—"don't you go," as if he's still got something of the last importance to say to Bill, which he must not come out with before Bunter or perhaps before *me*. Weatherby walks up the room—I'm breakfasting quietly—and then walks down the room. Then he looks out of window; then he pulls his head in, and asks, always sharply and brusquely, if I'm a good sailor.

Thut's just what I asked myself when I first thought of accepting his invitation. If I say I am, it may turn out I'm not (for I haven't been to sea in a sailing-vessel for years, and forget the

effect), and if I say I'm not, it mayn't be true, and perhaps he won't take me.

Safe to reply, "Well, I'm not quite certain. It depends."

Wetherby looks at me, and says, inquiringly, "Hey? What?" and I repeat, smilingly, "Well, it depends." Upon which he repeats, "Hey? What?" again, as if my answer had slightly irritated him; and at this juncture enters Bunter. Bunter is a biggish, broadish man, also in nautical costume, but of a rougher description than Bill's, who has returned, and is now standing behind him. Bunter has a shy way of looking at you as if he was intensely enjoying some private joke of his own which he won't tell, and is apparently always restraining himself by a great effort from winking at you, to intimate that he knows all about it whatever it is, and sees through it with half an eye. At first sight I like Bunter, and wouldn't mind going with him to the North Pole. Bunter, I feel sure, wouldn't speak, but he'd bring you safely out somewhere. If ever a first lord of the admiralty is wanted as a practical man, my lords have only got to come down to the *Sylphide*, and select Bunter.

Note of Observation.—Wetherby must have a quantity of retainers. I've seen Robert, Bill, Bunter, and heard of "The Boy" and "The Captain" up to the present moment.

"O Bunter—ah—yes," says Wetherby, disjointedly, as if he hadn't expected his arrival, and was, on the whole, rather taken aback by it. Bunter's right eye is on me, as much as to say, "Ain't this fun? Ain't this here a good lark?" but not a wink, not a sign from this admirable sailor. "Yes—let me see"—Wetherby considers for half a minute or so, and then asks, "Wind S. by S.E., eh?" Bunter replies humorously, at least one can't help feeling that everything he says is humorous, "Yes, he should think there was some east in it." Whereupon Wetherby returns "Hey, what?" and Bunter, after repeating his observation, looks at me, as much as to say, always with a strong sense of the humour of the situation, "Have I committed myself, eh? Ain't this a real good joke?" but he doesn't go into convulsions of laughter over it, in fact, he scarcely smiles, except with his eye, and I notice that it's the right eye he generally uses for the

purpose. On considering this by myself, I find that the right eye is easier to wink, and therefore there's more credit to Bunter in keeping it so well under control. Give Bunter a holiday and he'd wink for six weeks. Some men have the habit of talking to themselves without knowing it. Bunter's habit must be winking to himself, knowingly, and thoroughly enjoying it. Up to this moment I am unable to see what particular object has been gained by this review of nautical strength, and I can't make out to what departments they each severally belong. Bunter has something of a man-at-the-wheel or a stokerish look about him. If it's a steam yacht I'm finished off at once. Robert returns. With the boy. The boy is about eighteen (I should say), and each comes in looking very serious, as if he expected to receive his instant dismissal. The boy is *not* in nautical dress, being in top-boots. Bunter's left eye takes in the top-boots, and his right is simply in ecstacies of laughter (directed towards me) as if Bunter was shouting out, "Ha! ha! ha! Top-boots at sea! Ha! ha! O, ain't this a real prime joke!" but not a word, not a movement from Bunter.

The introduction of this new element, *i.e.* the top-boots, seems to change the current of Wetherby's thoughts. "Bring the trap round," says Wetherby. Exit boy, respited. This almost looks as if we are going out driving, not yachting? I haven't come three hundred miles to take a drive in a trap, with a boy! He is called back sharply by Wetherby. He returns.

"In half an hour," says Wetherby to the Boy. "Yes, sir," says the Boy, going. "Hey, what?" shouts Wetherby. Boy returns and replies that he understands perfectly, and will have the trap round in half an hour. Pause after the departure of the Boy. Wetherby impulsively hails a sailorly-looking man from the window. "Jim!" Jim, in reply to questions rapidly put, informs him that he has got the mutton and the ducks, and that altogether he has enough to last. Bunter's right eye catches mine (for I can't help looking at him with an implied confidence in his opinion) at the mention of Ducks, and says as plainly as an eye can say anything, "Capital! good cook on board! Ducks and green peas! Ain't this a game! Hooray for Wetherby! For myself, I now see before me exactly what my Health requires

—a good sea-voyage. Wetherby suddenly asks Robert, "Where's Ranger?" And being informed that he is up-stairs, orders Robert to order Ranger to bring his (Wetherby's) cigar-case.

Bunter now requests to know if he's wanted any more. No, not *now*, but will be. "What time, sir?" asks Bunter respectfully (but always humorously). Wetherby doesn't know—will send. Bill is to have the boat ready, and to tell Robert something which Robert is to tell Ranger. So the retainers leave us. Wetherby lights a cigar. A fresh-coloured person, with light hair and a straw hat the same colour as his hair, looks in at the open window. The new-comer observes that *he* is going out in the *Atalanta*, and wants to know what *we* are going to do. Wetherby replies, briefly, "Trawl" and introduces me. (It sounds like, "You see, my dear sir, *he* (myself) is here, and *that's* why I'm going to trawl.")

Mental Note.—Trawl? Something in the fishing line, I think. But if so, then we are *not* going for a cruise. If not, why all these preparations? why this summoning of retainers? why the boats? why the mutton and the ducks?

Conversation continued at window, "You'll have a little breeze for that," light-haired man opines. He has the word *Atalanta* on his hat-riband, and is evidently an authority.

"Not much," says Wetherby, shortly; then adds, "south by sou'-east."

"Yes," replies the *Atalanta* man, promptly but vaguely, and evidently intending to give the subject his consideration, "there is some east in it."

Note.—This appears to be quite a regular nautical phrase. It's safe, as an opinion, committing you to very little, and quite consistent with an entire change of weather.

The *Atalanta* man looks out to sea, looks in at the window, then observes, "There's a fairish lop outside."

Flash of Thought. A lop. By this expression I am, as it were, brought for the first time really face to face with the sea practically. I almost feel inclined to say, "If there's a lop, Wetherby, we'd better not go." But I remember that I have come down

for my Health, and a "Fairish Lop outside" may be exactly the remedy I want. The word "outside" reminds me that there are *two sides* to every question. If there's a "Fairish Lop" outside, what will be the effect? . . . No, I must remember I am here for my Health.

Wetherby replies that he supposes there *is* a fairish lop, but doesn't seem to have any great opinion of it, either on its own account, *as* a lop, or on anybody else's. Pause.

Wetherby observes to *Atalanta* man, "I hear you were all ill the other day. Hey? What?" and then shakes with laughter. Laughter not loud but deep, and shaking upwards.

Second Flash of Thought on this subject. These are regular yachting men, with hats and ribands, and belonging to yachts, and yachts to them; *yet* "they were all ill," Wetherby has heard. I listen to this with interest. Wonder if I've eaten enough breakfast? or too much? Another chop? Ahem! "Lop outside." Lop rhymes with chop. Lop outside, chop . . . but . . . no; I'll leave it to chance. Odd though that the word *lop* should have struck me so much, because it was a word terminating in "*op*" that upset my Aunt. It is possible that this antipathy runs in the family after a certain age. Think it out.

Conversation continued. *Atalanta* looks sheepish, and then explains that only one of his party had been ill, and as for himself, *he* (*Atalanta's* owner probably) had been unwell *before he went on board:*

Third Flash. Excellent notion. To complain of *being unwell before I go on board.* Then if I turn out to be a good sailor why the sea will have cured me. If the discovery is forced upon me that I am a bad sailor, then I can refer every one to the fact of my having complained of being unwell *before I came on board.*

LIBRARY OF THE

CHAPTER XXII.

MISS JANIE—COSTUME RAVISSANTE—SULPHIDE AND SYREN—NIGHTINGALE—NOTE—A CREATURE OF IMPULSE—HEXAMETER—EYES AND MY EYES—FLASHES—SYMPATHIES—ANALYSIS—RESOLUTION—EMPHASIS—A WALK—THOUGHTFULNESS—SILENCE—SPEECH—THE SEA—SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION—COMMENCEMENT OF FLIRTATION—THE BROTHER—RELATIONS—DIPLOMACY.

ENTER Miss Janie Straithmere. Yachting dress, blue serge, sailor's collar, sailor's knot, nautically-coloured shirt, very much *en évidence* at the wristbands. Fair hair stacked on the top of her head, relieved, artistically, as to colour, by the occasional appearance of a black hair-pin, and on the top of the hair-stack, a small thatching of straw in the shape of an inverted cheese-plate, with a wide blue riband round it, with two silver-trimmed ends flying, the whole being labelled, in front of the hat, *Sylphide*. I am so taken aback by this vision of light that I have nothing to say. Thinking of it afterwards, I perceive that I missed an opportunity of making a complimentary allusion to *Sylphide* and *Syren*, all in one. On second thoughts glad I didn't say it, as it

might have sounded like comparing her to the Double-headed Nightingale.*

She is enthusiastic on the subject of the weather, and has some twenty inquiries to make about all sorts of things of Wetherby. She is most impulsively playful, and, when in a room (unless engaged deeply in a novel or a letter), is either rushing to the window to look at something, patting refractory hair-pins which won't stay in the stack, or regarding herself in the glass to see if something or other (Heaven knows what or where) is all right, rushing out and up-stairs to get something, or preparing, having just come in, to go out again immediately *for* something else which is apparently of the utmost importance.

"O!" she exclaims, suddenly. "I *must* get a pair of gloves." Here she opens her eyes archly, and looks at me. "I've got *no* gloves. *Isn't* it dreadful?" She has a way of saying "Isn't it," which arrests my attention. It is a pretty way. [*Note.* Considering this afterwards coolly, I repeat that it *is* a pretty way *at first*, but a trifle irritating after a week of it.] She seems to take a low note to commence with, then ascends in the scale in a sort of triple time, intensifying the question. To put it as a versifier, I should say that her "Isn't it dreadful," forms the last two feet of a hexameter, dactyl and spondee, thus—

Isn"t ĭt dreadfŭl?

And then she throws her eyes gradually up and then lets them fall on mine, as if she was adding each time, Am I not an an Arch Thing? Don't I look you through and through? Ain't I fascinating? Ain't I all your fancy painted me? Can you resist my Archness?

It occurs to me that if Bunter's eye were here, wouldn't it enjoy this? Wouldn't it say to me, "Isn't this a game, eh? Ain't this here no end of a lark?"

Mem. I recollect a mysterious story of Lord Lytton's (I think), where a man is pursued by Eyes, which eventually wither him up. Bunter's eye wouldn't, but Miss Janie's—ah! . . .

* At that time exhibiting in London. As the "Nightingale" was a young lady "of colour," the simile would have been, on the whole, the reverse of complimentary. Sometimes Second Thoughts *are* best.

Flash (*quite a lightning Flash.*) Am I the fascinator? Or are we both fascinators. Sympathetic Fascinators meeting for the first time. This is a sort of experience one would not meet with while staying merely with my Old Aunt and Doddridge.

Flashes leading to sudden impulsive resolution. Been too much of a Hermit lately. Cultivate female society more. Thinking of Notes for my *History of Motion* and *Theory of Precognisances*, has made me too much of a thinker. By comparison with Miss Janie, I find how very grave I must have become. She appears to me to be a trifle too volatile. Perhaps frivolous people have spoilt her with compliments and vapid conversation. To make an impression on her . . . (Ah! do I already detect myself wanting to make an impression? No, I don't like this) . . . I *mean* to try and give more weight to her character, which I am sure is all she needs; I will converse with her as with a sensible man. She is as flighty and jerky as a kite; to steady her she only requires a tail. I will be, as it were, the tail.

To myself, while getting my hat in the hall. Why all this interest? Do I . . .

Miss Straithmere wishes to know if there is time for her to go and buy some gloves? Wetherby says there *is*. "*Is* there?" asks Miss Janie, "*really?*" "Is there *really* time?" She puts this question so touchingly, as implying that *her* experience of men has taught her to repose no confidence in them, even in the most ordinary dealings. Wetherby replies, "plenty," and asks me, "Will I go with Miss Janie to the glove shop, and then see her safely on board."

She turns at once to me, and throws the full light of her eyes on me as she says, "*Will* you be so good? Are you *quite* sure it doesn't *bore* you?" with a great emphasis on '*quite*,' and increased emphasis on '*bore*.' I reply, restraining my feelings, that to be her escort will give me the greatest possible pleasure. And we go out together. I and this fair-haired enthusiast. *Note.*—It comes to me that her conversation consists chiefly of interrogatories pathetically emphasized, or to put it in a more intelligible form, it consists of sentimental conundrums.

Note.—Is she like this (I mean all eyes and emphasis) with

everyone, or is it only with *me*, and this for the first time. The eyes of passers-by are upon us. On her and me. And *her* eyes. . . . *Un regard incendiaire*. . . . The passers-by, *having* passed by, seem to turn, and say, "What a fine girl! . . . A well-matched pair! . . . What a happy fellow! . . . She is going on board *his* (*my*) yacht . . . Who is she? . . . Who is he?" . . . I feel that I could stop to punch all heads with eye-glasses. I feel that to start a subject of conversation which shall at once lift me above the level of all her former admirers, is not easy, but ought to be done. If I remain silent, she'll think me stupid, and if I don't interest her, she'll become interested in the young yachtsmen (puppies!) who are lounging about in all sorts of fancy costumes. I feel that not only she, but everyone else, is listening to me. Odd: I *can't* fish up an abstruse subject; and to plunge abruptly into politics, by asking her, suddenly, "What's your opinion on the Corn Laws?" or, "Do you think the Ballot Bill will be passed this Session?" might lead her to imagine that I was laughing at her. And then she might cry. And in the street, too! My Aunt would, I know. While I am thinking, as we walk along, I'm almost sure I saw her catch some young man's admiring gaze (I *never* saw such staring, impudent, conceited . . . I believe it's the yachting dress does it), and then half-glance at me—then look down at the pavement; the glance at me implying, "If you don't talk, I must find some one who will!" I must speak! About what? No matter. I plunge in.

Flash of Thought suggesting a Subject.—The Sea.

I observe, "How beautiful the sea looks this morning, doesn't it?"

She returns, "Yes. *Isn't* it Bēāūtĭfŭl?"

I reply, "Yes, it is." Then, with a slight reflection of her enthusiasm, and having nearly exhausted the subject, that is, without bringing poetry in, I add, "It *is* Lovely?"

(*Evident Continuation of Dialogue*).—"You're fond of yachting, Miss Straithmere?"

"O, I think it too charming! quite *too* charming! Don't you?" I reply, with enthusiasm slightly toned down in consequence of not yet clearly knowing what sort of a sailor I may

turn out to be, that "I do; yes, it *is*—delightful," and I hope I shall find it so. She then goes on, "My brother has a boat at Cowes."

Note.—Her brother. This, as it were, chills my ardour. I notice that, if you are anything of a lover, the mention of a Brother *does* chill your ardour. He immediately becomes something to be got rid of. I feel inclined to reply, "I really don't care what your Brother has. "Don't bring in your Brother to me, as a threat, as much as to say, 'If you go too far, Sir, there's my Brother!'" Not being tall myself (tall enough though, and some people I have known have said that they preferred—far preferred—my height to any other)—not being tall myself, for Miss Straithmere to mention her Brother at the outset, sounds as if she wished to twit me with my stature. I don't exactly know why, except that intuitively I feel that if he *is* mentioned as a warning, he must be (to have a deterrent effect) six feet high, and strong in proportion.

I disguise my feelings, and reply, carelessly, "Indeed! Do you often go out with him?"

"O no. Though I should like to, very much. He's such a nice fellow. He's in the Fusileers. I'm sure you'd like him very much."

She divines my instinctive enmity to all her race who might come between her and me.

I can only say that "I'm sure I shall;" feeling that I should hate the very sight of him, and rather hoping to hear of some accident to him out at sea, or that he'd been ordered off (he and his confounded Fusileers) to the Cape of Good Hope.

Keeping up this interesting topic, I remark that it's a pity, as her brother's got a boat, that she can't go out oftener. She can't, she answers, because of Grandmamma, who always wants her to be with her. The mention of Grandmamma softens me. I feel more kindly towards her relations; because, if she has to attend to Grandmamma, like little *Red Riding Hood*, only without the wolf, of course, she must be more or less an orphan. [*Note.* Odd, too, I never can think of orphans without fitting them (in imagination) with white caps and blue dresses, and mittens, and

connecting them with singing loud in church and an asylum. What the association of ideas is I don't know, but it seems to me, on analysis, to be a notion between Hanwell and the Foundling.] I don't like to put this question at once, "Are you an orphan?" nor do I like to say, "There—tell me all about your family at once, and have done with it. Only don't keep on bringing 'em out one by one, and surprising me."

Mental Mem.—To get Lady Wetherby alone, and ask *her*. Diplomatic and delicate. This I decide while she is within, purchasing her gloves.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONVERSATION CONTINUED—DANGEROUS—ON THE BRINK—THE FIRST "WHY?"—ROBERT—PREPARATIONS FOR VOYAGE—UMBRELLA AND "THINGS"—FAREWELL—A JEU DE MOT—THE MAN AT THE HELM—FLASH—THE RECLUSE—NOTION FOR MY AUNT—ALSO FOR BARNUM—THE CREW—CONUNDRUM—PUT IT DOWN TO SOMEBODY—THE SYLPHIDE—APPROACHING—STRANGERS—ON BOARD—ANCHOR WEIGHED—RULE BRITANNIA.

THERE is Wetherby on the quay, beckoning to us. As we return, I venture a deeper subject—something that will lead up to—Well, I don't exactly know what.

I say, with just a *soupçon* of bitterness in my tone, as of one who had tested the emptiness of all earthly enjoyment and was giving it up gradually, "I suppose, Miss Straithmere, you are very fond of gaiety?"

Half turning her head towards me under her parasol, looking at me archly (always archly), and with an inquiring sort of glance out of one eye that reminds me of the knowing, sideways look of a parrot when he's puzzled by a new tune you're whistling to him, she replies, "Why?"

I am posed. I admit to myself that my question was too general, but I had expected it to serve the purpose by leading her on to say where she'd been lately, what she'd been doing, with whom she'd danced, what sort of things and people she liked, and so forth. I did not expect "Why?"

"Why?" I return, and can't help being a little annoyed, because to ask "Why?" in this manner *does* seem to me such frivolity, as if *she* didn't want the trouble of talking, but wanted *me* to go on, and amuse *her*. Her "Why" is the abbreviated form of the sentimental conundrum.

"Why?" I return—"Well——" Then I decide upon framing my reply thus, and do so: "Do you mean, '*Why* do I suppose that you are fond of gaiety?'"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well——" I consider. I don't like to say, "Well, because your hair, your manner of using your eyes, because your walk; because, in fact, I feel that——"

At this moment Robert runs up to us. "Mr. Wetherby says, Sir, he can't wait any longer. The boat's alongside."

But for the voyage! . . . Good gracious! I am not prepared. I say to Robert, hurriedly, "Are my things——"

"All on board, Sir. I've taken them."

It flashes across me suddenly to ask, "Is my umbrella there?" but I don't, because he might laugh, or being too well trained for that (first-rate servant in everything is Robert, except that he will fold my dress things inside out, and so make me late for dinner), he might tell the other sailors quietly, and they'd invent some nickname for me among themselves—"Mr. Umbrella," perhaps. Bunter's eye would enjoy the joke.

We get into the boat, and are on our way to the *Sylphide*, "Farewell, England!" I say, merrily: whereat Wetherby frowns. I look round, to catch Bunter's eye: he is not there. The men are paying no attention to anything except their stroke; and Robert is in the bows with some rugs, also looking serious.

I have a mind to whisper to Miss Straithmere, "He is in the *bows*, looking *stern*;" but if she doesn't understand the nautical terms, it will be thrown away. Better keep it, and put it down to Sydney Smith or Sheridan, or why not to my Aunt?

Flash of Real Genius.—Put everything down to my Aunt. Make her out the wittiest, funniest, cleverest woman ever met with by anyone anywhere. I can be constantly regretting that she *won't* publish her witticisms, and her cynicisms. People will say, "What a clever person she must be," and how they'd like to meet her. Then I'll make her out to be quite a Recluse, The Recluse of Ramsgate. At this point, perhaps, I'd better stop, or else everyone would be going to Ramsgate to get a look at her. All the same if done quietly at so much a head it might be a fortune. Flys, omnibuses, and cabs from the station up to the Crescent where she lodges. People standing on the roofs of the vehicles to get a look at her, others hanging on by the railings in front of the garden on the chance of hearing something funny or witty from her as she walks round. A sharp man like Barnum would have done this and realised thousands. I can't. But still I'll stick to the idea of talking of her as the wittiest, cleverest, &c., because it will, I see, reflect favourably on myself.

In the Boat, Wetherby *steering*. The men seem to place infinite confidence in Wetherby, as they never look a-head to see where they're going. I notice that they are evidently remarkably fond of Wetherby, and when they "give way," as he tells them to do, they "give way with a will."

[*Conundrum to put by and keep for future use, perhaps to cheer them on a Saturday night at sea during the voyage, or if we're becalmed.* "When is a" (on second thoughts I'll put it, "*Why is a*")—Why is a Sailor a most self-sacrificing person? Because he's always *giving way*. On further consideration alter "*always*" to "*so often.*" Turning it over once more in my mind, I ask myself

is it good? Because a sailor, except when rowing in a small boat, does *not* "give way." The point of the conundrum being, after all, a matter of fact, personal observation during our cruise will settle this. If I think there's any risk about it, I can always put it down to the Bishop of Oxford, or give it out as "one of my Aunt's latest witticisms."]

In view of the *Sylphide*. Very pretty vessel. Awkward word "vessel." Sounds like cant. Before I express my opinion aloud, decide whether to use vessel or ship. Neither. Yacht, of course. Will make a quotation later on, "She walks the waters like a thing of life." Anything more unlike walking than the movement of a ship I can't imagine. Skims is better, and would be perfect, if it didn't suggest milk. She (the ship) skims the water. But milk is skimmed, not water. On the whole, keep the quotation to myself, and object to it if said by anyone else.

Near the Yacht.—Somebody in a puggaree on board waving his handkerchief. Miss Straithmere returns it with her hand, and looks sprightly and pleased. Hate the puggaree man on the spot. Wish I had one on, as it strikes me that the puggaree has a great deal to do with his effect on Miss Straithmere. She exclaims joyfully, "O! there's Captain Dawson! I'm so glad he's coming. He is *so* nice. Do you know him?" No, I don't. I reply with what I may term studied carelessness, implying that whether I ever do know him or not is a matter of the most perfect indifference to me. I class him there and then with Miss Straithmere's brothers, &c., and hate the lot, instinctively. She asks Wetherby, in a tone of much interest, if Major Felton is with him? No, he's not, Wetherby answers. This is a relief: I don't know exactly why; but I feel that Major Felton would have been in the way.

Alongside.—Sailors and Captain in waiting. Puggaree there in readiness to assist Miss Straithmere. Pretty fluttering agitation on her part. "Will somebody"—a sailor in the boat tenders his shoulder as a support, and she accepts it. The man is stolid, apparently, but thrilled. Too well drilled (under his Captain's eye too) to show emotion.

Rhyming Inspiration:—

He's too well drilled
To show that he's thrilled.

She has not yet finished her preparation for getting out. "Will somebody——?" Yes, I am there. I will—whatever it is. Take her cloak and sunshade. I do so gloomily, while Puggaree above gives his, and takes her, hand. Is there a pressure? Is there a—— "Now then!" says Wetherby, "look alive!" I hand Miss Straithmere's *impedimenta* to the Captain, and step up the ladder, refusing proffered assistance.

On Board.—Lady Wetherby, another lady, and a tall gentleman, the Captain, the Crew, and Bunter, with his eye wide open, and saying expressively, "Ain't this a Life on the Ocean Wave, eh? Rule Britannia, and Hooray for Wetherby!" Beautifully-appointed yacht. Everything white, bright, and shining. The spirit of Hornpipes seems to be upon me as I stand on the deck. For a moment I forget myhates and likings, give up Miss Janie to Puggaree, or anybody, and enjoy the novelty, not as a novelty, but as if it were a return to a previous state of enjoyable existence. Yes! here is health at last. No doubt of it. And really—not the slightest motion. But then, on second thoughts, I suppose we are still at anchor. I feel that I could do all the steps without a master. It seems, at the first moment, that a sailor's life is the life for me; that I have wasted my life hitherto, and ought always to have been on board something or other. I now call to mind, how, in my childhood, I was fond of pirates and buccaneers [we played at being these, somehow, with hoops, which, I rather fancy, were intended to represent our ships], a calling which, at nine years old, I should have liked (I recollect) to have followed professionally, but I think my Aunt was against it. As no one seems exhilarated except myself, I retire to the side ("bulwarks," I think), lay hold of a rope, and hum, in an under-tone, as much of the *Sailor's Hornpipe* as I can remember. "*Rule, Britannia!*" to follow. We are starting.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMMENCEMENT OF CRUISE—A NOTE—ON THE STORMY SEA—BELOW—ON DECK—FURNITURE—HARDY NORSEMAN NOWHERE—ANOTHER NOTE—SUGGESTION TO IMPECUNIOUS YACHTSMEN—OFF TORQUAY—SOME LITTLE WAY OFF—EPIGRAM—THE BULWARKS—COSTUME DES MARINS—RED CAPS—MOTTO FOR A FLAG—TO STEEPLES AND LAKE—BARGE-SHEES—MY EYE—THE CAPTAIN—PUGGAREE—CONVERSATION—ALONE.

WE ARE *on Board the Gallant Sylphide.*—We have everything that can possibly be desired. Still I do not see, and remark this instantly to myself, such preparations for a sort of Hardy Norseman's cruise as I had expected.

Note.—The instance of the Hardy Norseman occurs to me because, as the song says, "his House of yore was *on* the rolling sea," with every kind, therefore, of residential accommodation in a roughish way. There are on deck the most comfortable chairs, the thickest rugs, the softest cushions, and everyone can be provided with a footstool and a sunshade if they want it.

My umbrella *is* on board. Thoughtful Robert has brought it as a sunshade. Bah! no shades for me: let me be browned—done on both sides, from the shirt-collar line upwards. There are

wraps, coats, and waterproofs. Nothing has been forgotten. We are, apparently, ready for the Tropics, or the North Pole.

Down-stairs—I mean "below"—there are a ladies' cabin, a gentleman's cabin, a dining saloon, a piano, a fire-place, and the brightest possible fire-irons, all complete; a luxurious hearth-rug, book-cases, highly polished lamps on swivels, sofas, lounges, and chairs of all shapes and sizes. The floor is beautifully carpeted, and, on the whole, it is the nearest approach to being in your own drawing-room on shore that any arrangement can be, out of it. The Hardy Norseman would be evidently quite out of his element here: his element being the stormy deep, and no carpets.

Note.—After a little experience (this note being interpolated later on) it occurs to me that the chief aim and object in going out yachting is to remain as much like being on shore as possible, with the advantage of having it in your power, when you are tired of the imitation, to return to the genuine article at a minute's notice. Except for the look of the thing, and, occasionally, the *feel* of the thing, I could, without any great effort of imagination, fancy myself in Number Something Firkin Terrace, Torquay. To a person who was fond of yachting luxuriantly but unable to afford the amusement, I should recommend sitting at the end of some pier in an arm-chair, and dressed of course (this is absolutely indispensable) in a nautical costume. If the arm-chair is impracticable, a bath-chair can be obtained, and he would enjoy all the pleasure with the minimum of internal discomfort; though, if of a very delicate make, he can experience even this.

On Board, off Torquay.—A lovely day, bright blue sky, Prussian blue sea, red cliffs, white houses of the very plainest possible design, as if a lot of semi-detached Cockney villas and "Eligible Residences" had, with a view to getting a breath of fresh air, broken loose from the builder's hands, got down somehow to the coast of Devon, and, having started for a race up the heights, had stopped, in a white heat, to rest themselves on various points of the ascent, and, not having felt inclined to move up any higher, had allowed the highest of the party to win the race, and perch itself on the top.

Flash across my mind of adaptable and opportune quotation.—

"Heaven made the South Coast, Man made Torquay." Think this out, and arrange it epigrammatically. Something in it, like lead in an uncut pencil, but the point, as yet, not clear. All this, as I stand alone by the bulwarks, and begin to feel that if there is no more motion than this (and Torquay is fast receding from sight), I shall be all right, and shall be able to get on without calculating every step on the deck, and stand by the bulwarks, without laying hold of a rope.

Another large yacht is alongside. The crew are all in blue, with red woollen caps (or red something caps), like draymen.

Perhaps one of Barclay and Perkins's yachts going out with beer.

Flash of Invention.—Why not start such a company? A Floating Brewery!! Bass's Barque! Lots of people must get thirsty at sea. Say that ships' stores run short, then imagine their delight, when, with a loud cry, they hail the well-known flag of Barclay and Perkins's ship—a two-hundred casker—and coming alongside, broach kegs of single, double, and treble X, pay four times the amount for it, as a luxury, to what the charge would have been on shore, and then away to the Southern Seas, or wherever they're going, refreshed and happy, and blessing the good stout craft of Barclay and Perkins's Entire!

Motto for B. & P.'s *Flag:* "The Sailor's Necessity is B. & P.'s Opportunity."

More Flashes.—The idea doesn't stop here. Why not suggest it to those enterprising caterers, Steeples and Lake, and let them start a navy. A Fleet of Refreshment Ships.

With Barmaids on board, and the colours flying. Instead of Barmaids, they might be known by some new nautical name: say, *e.g.* the feminine of Bargee, Bargeshe. Steeples & Co. could then announce their fine sea-going first-class Refreshment Ship, *The Sponge-Cake*, manned, or rather womaned, by able Bargeshees.

Also Refreshment Vessels like Lightships, at moorings, and marked in the Admiralty charts.

The idea of the Honourable East India Company's constitution

was not grander in its original conception than this. I turn to tell Wetherby what I've hit on.

He is talking to his Captain and the sailors. Bunter is sitting loungingly against the side. Bunter would see this idea of Barclay and Perkins, I'm sure, and be first mate. His Eye is taking everything in. Perhaps for some future Book of Nautical Observations, to be entitled, "My Eye."

Note.—Good title, "My Eye, and what I saw with it."

Wetherby is talking to his Captain. I see Captain Puggaree talking and laughing with Miss Straithmere. She is sitting in a low easy-chair flirting with her parasol and with Puggaree, who is stretched on a rug at her feet. I dare say he thinks he looks picturesque. I feel that they are, so to speak, beneath my notice, and that being at sea I shall enlarge my ideas by thoroughly going in for nautical matters. Effeminacy on the one hand is represented to me by Puggarree and Miss Straithmere in the stern; Rough and Ready Seamanship by the Captain, Bunter, and Wetherby, in the bows. As to Lady Wetherby and the other lady, they are on the opposite side of the stern ("starboard side," I think, but won't venture to say so except as a joke), and are talking quietly on some evidently interesting topic. The choice is between effeminacy at the stern and the Hardy Norseman at the prow.

I notice that the Captain and sailors appear decidedly attached to Wetherby. Perhaps they have seen hardships together. He is brusque and quick with them, but I can't help observing that they seem to like it. Bunter's Eye is taking in the entire conversation between Wetherby and the Captain, and enjoying it.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOR THE VOYAGE—THE CHART—WETHERBY'S KINDNESS—A PRESENT—MORE EYE—CRIPP—LITTLE BILLEE—DELIBERATION—THE WIND—S. BY S.E.—BUNTER'S ENJOYMENT—HIS DUTIES—CRIPP'S LITTLE STORY—MY HEALTH—HUNGER—FAT DAY—THIN DAY—FLASHES—MISS STRAITHMERE—PUGGAREE—GAIETY—SHE SUMMONS ME—"WON'T I" AND "WHY?"—ANOTHER CONUNDRUM—WHY?—ENCORE WHY?—COQUETRY ABOARD.

IN ORDER to catch some details about our projected voyage (for I suppose it *will* be a "voyage," and *has* been "projected"), I go forward and overhear a part of their conversation. Wetherby (who has a large chart rolled up in his hand) is saying, "Hey, what?" to the Captain, who, having probably made the same answer once before, replies, "Yes, Sir, Tom's still very bad, in hospital;" then he adds, in a sort of bashful way, "He told me to say as he's very thankful for your kindness, Sir, and ——." Here Wetherby puts his glass in his eye, and interrupts him almost roughly. "Ah—um—well." Then, very quickly, "Tell him

he's to have whatever he wants; I've ordered 'em to send the bill in to me . . . and—and"—as if with an air of thought —"give his wife *that.*"—What? The Captain touches his cap, and Bunter's Eye seems to be aware of a haziness coming over it, which it tries to wink away, while Wetherby continues—"that'll buy something for the children—and—Lady Wetherby says she can come up and do some work for her—and tell her that the doctor says he'll be all right very soon . . ." Here he breaks off and asks sharply enough, "Where's Cripp?" The Captain replies by looking down into the men's cabin below, and calling "Cripp!" whereupon a small boy in sailor's dress and a round rough cap tumbles up and stands before Wetherby, looking about as startled as if his master and the Captain were "going to kill and eat him," being short of provisions. Bunter's Eye, being once more clear, is regarding the boy severely, but always humorously, so as to convey the meaning that Wetherby and the Captain were "only purtendin'," and that he (Bunter) knew it, and could quite enter into the spirit of the thing.

"Well," says Wetherby, frowning, "what are you doing, hey?" The boy fumbles with his cap, and looks up at the Captain, then down at his boots, then (he is a bright little fellow) up again, and replies, "Helping, Sir," with a touch of his forelock.

"Hey? What?" asks Wetherby, who never seems to catch a reply the first time.

"He's lending a hand," says the Captain, good-naturedly; "and if he only keeps out o' mischief, we'll make something of him."

"D'ye hear that, hey?" asks Wetherby, of the boy.

The boy replies that his present intention *is* to avoid mischief and to allow himself to be made something of.

Wetherby surveys the lad for a minute with such a severe frown as suggests to a looker-on that he is debating whether he shall flog him and try him once more, or throw him overboard and have done with him for ever. I conclude that the boy has been (as Budd would say) guilty of some enormity, and am anxiously awaiting his sentence, when Wetherby turns away from him abruptly, looks out to sea, and asks the Captain, "Wind East by

South-East, eh?" The Captain returns that "he should say there *is* a little East in it," and goes to the helm. The boy disappears. Bunter's Eye is lighted up with real enjoyment, and seems to say to me, "Ain't Wetherby a good chap? Eh? Ain't it real fun seeing him purtendin' to be severe? Ain't it all right! Ducks and green peas below! Hooray for Wetherby!" but he does not say a word, and has apparently nothing whatever to do with the working of the ship. I have two things to find out—What has the boy done? What are Bunter's duties?

"Boy?" exclaims Wetherby in answer to the former of these inquiries, "O! Ah! Yes; sharp chap, ain't he? Found him wandering about the quay, idle, so gave him some work to do." And, dismissing the case, as if the boy were a sore subject with him, he goes to the Captain, at the helm, probably to get a further opinion from him as to the amount of East in the wind at that moment.

Note.—I subsequently ascertain from Lady Wetherby that the boy Cripp was found by Wetherby, crying, having lost his way, and whatever money he had had in his pocket: that Wetherby, understanding from him that he was an orphan, without friends in the world, or a soul to speak to (except a casual acquaintance, a travelling tinker, I think, who had robbed him of his few pence first, and beaten him afterwards), had furnished him with clothes, and delivered him over to his Captain, to be educated for a sailor, and that Cripp was, up to this moment, giving great promise of repaying his benefactor, by turning out quite a nautical Whittington, without the Cat; the Cat, by the way, having been abolished in the Navy.

Good Sign for my Health.—I am getting hungry—very hungry. I notice that, with me, hunger seems to show itself in my chest; perhaps where the chest notes and the *ut de poitrine* come from. Note this in my Health Diary, because odd.

While noting, it occurs to me that this is *not* one of my Fat Days. I should call it with me a Thin Day. On a Fat Day I feel as if I'd been dining for years on dumplings, and occasional cannon-balls. At these times I love solitude, and such an easy freedom in dress as we see in the pictures of South American

planters. *Then* Buttons are tyranny. That there should be this difference between one day and another, is clearly not a good condition of existence.

A Flash of Memory.—I met a man in some train, somewhere, who told me that it had been ascertained scientifically or prophesied problematically, I forget which, but hope the latter, that there would be "an entirely new illness in the autumn." I fancy I heard this from some one in the carriage when I was going to sleep, or just awaking, during my journey from London to Torquay. Mustn't think of it again, because nervousness might . . . . No . . . . Miss Straithmere is turning towards me; she seems to say, "Why so unsociable! why so mute? I've had enough of Puggaree. Come. Yours truly, Janie."

I respond to her tacit invitation with a slight smile. If I was asked now what I meant by that smile, I shouldn't know. It seems to mean (this occurs to me as I approach her) that I am pleased at being summoned. If so, it is simply equivalent to a dog wagging its tail when it catches its master's benevolent eye.

Am I at her beck and call? No. Yet—Bah! I am too serious, too much *en philosophe*. Puggaree would not be angry with himself for smiling feebly, for, as it were, wagging his tail with pleasure at being noticed. *He* would not writhe mentally, as I do, to find myself (with aspirations) on an equality with a toy terrier.

All this is unhealthy. I will be gay. I approach her.

"Why don't you come and talk?" she says lightly, lowering her sunshade for a second, so as just to fire at me one glance from under it, unseen by the Puggaree.

Talk!! If I could talk as I like at this moment, I would be an energetic ascetic, and deliver a crushing sermon against flirting, frivolity, and fools. Ah!

"You must come and amuse us," she continues, in the same arch way, and adds with her usual inflexion of tone, "*Won't* you?"

I am bitter; for a moment, I am bitter. I feel that I don't want to be trifled with. That Puggaree should look at me and smile, seems to me to be a confounded liberty. I shouldn't

smile at a man (at least so I think at this moment) unless I knew him.

Subsequent Note on considering Symptoms.—Perhaps incipient or progressive biliousness. So intimate is the connection between mind and matter that a word, out of season, like fruit, also when out of season, produces biliousness.

[*Flash in Pocket-book.*—Fix this flash of ideas about Words and Fruit. Good simile or parallel *in future*. Words drop; Fruit drops—question of ripeness. A man of "ripe learning." Conundrum in prospect—When ought a student to be *plucked?* When he's a ripe scholar. Keep this, and ask it when the opportunity arrives. As conversation, now-a-days, turns so much on education, I can, by joining in it, diplomatically, lead it round to my conundrum.]

In answer to Miss Straithmere I can't say "I *won't* amuse you," brusquely, but should like to, adding, "*he* (Puggaree) will do it well enough;" but I smile, sarcastically,—[which, on analysis, I find I do with the right corner of my mouth only . . . *Invaluable Note.*—It's a capital plan to look in the glass and study your own different expressions of countenance. You may, perhaps, discover that what you've intended, for years, as a sarcastic smile, only results in a sort of grimace which makes you appear as if afflicted, suddenly, with one-sided mumps; while a look, which up to the time of your consulting the looking-glass, you'd always supposed to be delicately expressive of sincere admiration, is merely the leer of an over-fed Satyr, and has probably disgusted several people. In consequence of my mirror-inspection I change on Thursday my sarcastic smile of Wednesday, having discovered, that, to be effectively understood *as* sarcastic, the nostrils should be slightly dilated, at the risk of a sneeze, and the corners of the mouth a trifle depressed.]—I smile sarcastically (old style), and observe, "I didn't think you could want amusement," and could add but don't, "while that ass Puggaree is here."

Miss Straithmere looks down at the tips of her coquettish little boots peeping from beneath her dress, then looks up, then puts her head on one side, brings her eyes to bear on me with a depth of unfathomable meaning, and asks, "Why?"

Simply, most irritating. I should like to retort, "Why *what?* What do you mean by why?" but I resume my former method with her as quietly as I can, and re-state my own question, as if it had been put by her to me, thus, "Do you mean '*Why* didn't I think that you couldn't want amusement?'"

"Yes," she replies, always archly, "*Why?*" Then she changes the position of her parasol by lowering it over her right shoulder, and looks straight before her out to sea, at nothing in particular, with the air either of being careless as to whether I continue the conversation or not, or of having entirely forgotten her own question.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MY HEALTH — AND HAPPINESS — YACHT AHOY! — THE OSPREY — SPEAKING TRUMPET WANTED — JOKES — THE BURGEE — LIKE *WINKING* — *DAWSON* — *MEMORIES OF MY NURSE* — THEORY — *PIXLEY'S* — *MENTAL WINKS* — *BROWN BOY* — DAWSON'S BETTER *HALF* — *PORTLY* — *HEALTH SUBJECT UP AGAIN* — BUDD AND *SAMUEL* — *CRAMVILLE* — *TURKISH BATH* — OLD CLOTHES — FISHING COMMENCES — HUNGER — NETS — TRAWLING — BREEZES BLOW — VALETUDINARIAN RULE — TIME OF DAY.

YACHT sailing swiftly. I will not waste words. I stand by Miss Straithmere and look out over the sea, in the same direction. ["In the same direction" put nautically would be, I take it, "port side of the offing."] So does Puggaree. Presently Puggaree observes something, between us and the offing, and asks Wetherby, "Isn't that the *Iris?*" This causes Lady Wetherby and her friend to turn; the Captain at the wheel to shade his eyes with his right hand, and regard the object earnestly, as if our existence depended upon her, and she was bringing us water, biscuits, and news of home; home being Torquay indistinguishable now in detail. Wetherby comes up a step higher on the companion, to reconnoitre with opera-glasses.

The Captain decides that it isn't the *Iris*, but doesn't know what it is. Incident in the voyage. Presently we meet her; she is a small sailing-boat making for shore, and going at a good pace.

The Captain says it's the *Osprey.**

* This name subsequently became very celebrated in 1871, during the "Tichborne Trial." This note is here added in order to assure the reader

Wetherby suddenly remembers something that he wants to say to the owner of the *Osprey*, so he shouts out, "How did you manage about that burgee, eh?" All of us interested deeply, wondering what the *Osprey* will say to *that*. It seems as if the *Osprey* had got a home-thrust on this question.

Voice from Osprey (*coming from a man waving his hat*).—Aw—awly—aw—(or any sounds equally intelligible).

Wetherby and Puggaree (who thinks he must help him, and really only confuses the voices), shout out between their hands, "How about that Bur-GEE?" The voice from the *Osprey* (very much fainter, in fact the *Osprey* herself is fast disappearing) replies—"*Aw—ly—aw—aw—aw* . . . . . ."

We have been all much excited by this interchange of ideas, and now calm down again. Wetherby laughs, and says to the Captain that he supposes that he (the owner of the *Osprey*) didn't like it.

Whereupon the Captain, keeping a look-out well over Wetherby's head, but smiling as if he didn't mind slightly attending to a passing joke replies, that he, too, "thinks he" (the *Osprey* man) "didn't much like it, after what was said o' Monday."

At this Wetherby laughs heartily, and we all smile good-humouredly and sympathetically, though I am convinced that none of us know what the story of the Burgee is.

Puggaree is looking knowing. Miss Straithmere inquires what Mr. Wetherby was talking about?

"O," says Puggaree, as if he was fencing her question, "it was only something about the other day," and looks more knowing than ever, insomuch that I find myself looking also knowingly at him, and smiling, as much as to say, "This is a subject for us men, ha! ha! I understand." We don't wink at one another, but we mean winking. I am under the impression, until Puggaree removes it, that there is some queer story about a Bargee, called at sea a Burgee. Subsequent explanation shows me that "Burgee" is a flag.

that the vessel mentioned here had no sort of connection with the other Osprey, and that this chapter of "My Health" will not be brought in as evidence on either side during the next stage of the Tichborne Case.

"I don't think you remember me," says Puggaree, evidently inclined to be quite friendly. "My name's Dawson."

"Dawson?" I think to myself, and look at him in bits, as if he was a puzzle, put together wrongly, perhaps, to see if there's any portion of him that calls to mind Dawson. No. I don't recognise him in parts, or as a whole. Oddly enough it flashes across me, in the thousandth part of a second, that my father's washerwoman's second husband was named Dawson (so my nurse, or the Cook, had told me), and he'd gone away to sea, and returned very much tanned, with a velvet waistcoat and glass buttons. [I note this flash, *as* a flash, showing how a name brings back old memories of things long forgotten. Of course Captain Dawson has nothing to do with this revived fact.]

No; I don't remember anywhere a Dawson. Except a small brown boy, with black eyes (generally natural, but sometimes artificial) and a bad hat. Beginning from boots upwards, nothing about him recalls a Dawson. If he'd relied upon me as a witness to his identity, I should have entirely upset his case, or should have fixed him as something to do with the washerwoman. Take him for all in all, I've never looked——

Quotation adapted. Flash mental.—Take him for all in all, I've never looked upon his like before.

He tells me my own name in a rather injured tone, as much as to convey, "Hang it! I remember *your* name. I think you might remember something of *me*." *Flash.* The Dawsonian Theory.

I soften down my utter ignorance of anything Dawsonian by admitting that "I have some sort of recollection . . ."

"Why," says he, reproachfully, "I was at Pixley's with you." Pixley, a private tutor's. O, of course. We shake hands heartily, as if we'd made it up. Our shake of the hands seems to mean, "My dear fellow (*mentally*), I won't interfere between you and Miss . . . . Don't mind me (*mentally*), old boy—No jealousy—Old schoolfellows—All right—Larks." (*Mental winks.*)

I really like him: on the spot I could embrace him. I don't know why. I suppose it is that when I left him at Pixley's I said good-bye to him as a lad for ever, and he passed out of my mind; so there's a sort of pleasant surprise in finding that, after a lapse

of years, he's managed to come safely out of Pixley's, and appear on board the *Sylphide*. In answer to my inquiry, he says he was not the brown boy with a bad hat. Wonder if I shall ever meet *him?*

He is a bright, tall, good-looking fellow.

"I must introduce you to my wife," says he, motioning towards the lady with Lady Wetherby.

Married! With the greatest pleasure will I be introduced to Mrs. Dawson.

"It's years since we met," says he; "and I should hardly have known him now," he adds, turning to Miss Straithmere, "he's got so round and portly."

I *could* have liked this man immensely, and now—— I *hate* a fellow that hasn't got more tact.

I reply that I don't think I am *portly*—a word hitherto only associated in my mind with Deans, Bishops, Farmers, and Gaiters —"and that," I add, seeing him disposed to smile ironically, "when I tried on my——"

(I substitute "waistcoats" for what I was going to say.)

——"Waistcoats of last summer, I found that they would fit me perfectly." He is still ironical; but I am on my defence, as it were, before Miss Straithmere, and I continue: "I admit," I say, "that I am very much increased in size *round the chest.*" (Here I hold myself *en militaire*, to show him how easily he has been deceived by appearances.)

Do I deceive *myself?* Where are those . . . . waistcoats? and those . . . waistbands? Did I find *one* pair I could wear? I'm sure I *have* got them somewhere, and I'm *almost* sure that I tried them on with the result just mentioned. Or was it Budd who told me, at Ramsgate, that, after a series of the Cramville's Turkish Baths and Samuel's rubbings, I should be so considerably taken in at the waist as to be of no value to my tailor for the next two years, if sufficiently stocked with old clothes? The subject is suddenly changed by

A Noise on Board.—They are getting out a long pole, irons and nets.

Discussion as to suitable place. The spot settled by the discussionists—that is, Wetherby and Captain—to *be* suitable. Great

interest. I begin to be more hungry. Mentioning this, casually, to Dawson, I hear that we don't lunch until half-past one. It is now twelve. I ask Wetherby, "Could I have a biscuit?" "Certainly. Robert! Biscuits aft!" Biscuits come aft, in a can, and Lady Wetherby thinks it a good idea. She is very pleasant, stately, rather more than usual, and does not move from her chair unnecessarily; from which I conclude that her stately bearing has something to do with her not being a very good sailor. Everyone eats biscuits.

With a good deal of struggling and belaying, the weights and the pole and the nets are sent, over the side, into the sea. Miss Straithmere says to me, "Aren't you *very* fond of fishing?" I should like to answer, "Yes, very—anything with *you*." I do answer, "Yes," and our eyes meet, mine from below, hers from above, and both shaded from the others by the parasol.

"Will you," she says, "Will you ask for a line for me?"

I will. Whom shall I ask?

Before I can comply with her request she has impulsively lowered her parasol, and is enthusiastically addressing Lady Wetherby.

"O, Lady Wetherby, *do* let me have a line here! I *do* so want to fish!'

Lady Wetherby, smiling, sees no objection, if it won't interfere with the trawling on the other side. What we're doing now, then, is "trawling." It seems to have checked our pace, and there's a slight breeze blowing *at* us. I fancy, too, that the motion has increased. Perhaps I am a little hungry, and the void . . .

There's one thing my medical man, and every medical man I ever consulted, has always told me—"*Never go too long without eating.*" If it was my yacht, I'd order up my dinner now, at once, immediately. It is only 12·15. It seems an hour instead of only fifteen minutes since Dawson said it was mid-day. I feel, too, a sleepiness. Nobody is watching the trawling nets, which, being once overboard, apparently take care of themselves.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MISS JANIE AND THE FISH—SMILES AND WILES—LINE, HOOK, AND BAIT—SAUVÉ—DO I MIND?—WON'T I?—REYNOLDS—BUNTER'S EYE—HIS IN-SPOKEN OPINION—THOUGHTS—FLIRTS AND FISHES—HAULING UP—PAYING OUT—INTERNAL PAIN—MOMENTUM UNDE PENDET—FEEBLENESS—SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE—UNSOCIABILITY OF QUALMISHNESS—QUOTATION—MELANCHOLY—LUNCHEON ANNOUNCED—GOING BELOW—LOP BEGINNING—LOP-SIDED AND LOP-INSIDED—THIS COMES LOPPING—NOT HOMEOPATHY—THE TEETH OF THE WIND—NOT A GOOD DAY—WHY?—NOTE—TRAWL—AWFUL SENSATION—WHEN THE WIND BLOWS, THEN THE SHIP GOES—WHEN THE WIND STOPS, THEN THE SHIP LOPS—TABLE-TURNING—ROAST AND BOILED—CHAMPAGNE—QUALMISH—"POOR LITTLE ME"—LOPPETY—THE FINISHER—RETIREMENT.

DO LET me have a line—just a little one," says Miss Straithmere to Wetherby, putting on an infantine way, as if a refusal would send her into tears. "I'll drop it on this side, and be *so* quiet." To me, "You'll fish, too, won't you? O, *do* ask! Mr. Wetherby won't refuse *you*." This *at* Wetherby.

Wetherby says he doesn't think there *are* lines ready. The other two ladies continue their conversation.

"O, yes!" returns the fair-haired enthusiast, perseveringly, "I'm sure, Robert" (hitting him with a shot from her eyes, as he comes aft, bringing a stool for Captain Dawson), "I'm sure *Robert* will get me one."

Wetherby objects that it will interfere with the trawling. Robert irresolute.

"O no, it won't," she cries, impulsively; then, appealingly, to the Captain at the helm, "Will it, Reynolds?" Reynolds smiles, and looking out to sea, so as to avoid the eyes of the syren, is understood to answer that it won't make any difference; whereupon she is off, ecstatically, "There! you hear Reynolds says so. I *may* have one," coaxingly to Wetherby, "mayn't I?" Dawson smiles, Wetherby smiles, I smile. Then she continues, "Robert will fetch it." Robert smiles.

Robert *does* fetch it. A long line with hook and bait.

"O it's gone!" she exclaims, with a little scream, as it passes rapidly through her hand and I stop it, triumphantly. I feel as if I'd been overboard and saved *her*.

"*Will* you hold it?" she asks in her italicised manner.

"*Will* you?" Of course I will, it needs no answer: I do. I am holding it, and it is rather cutting my fingers. As I do not reply, she goes on, poutingly, "Don't do it if it *bores* you? *Does* it bore you? *Do* you mind holding it—only a minute—for *me?*"

For *her!* Doesn't she see that I *am* holding it? Doesn't she see from my way of grasping it and concealing the pain which the sharp cord gives me, that I would hold it against twenty whales at the other end if necessary? I merely reply "I will."

"And *do* catch a fish," she continues. "*You will, won't you?* Reynolds and I caught a fish the other day, didn't we?" This *at*, more than *to* Reynolds, who clings to his helm and smiles in a visionary way. He seems to say, "I'm at my duty, Miss, I am: do not, *do* not speak to the man at the wheel: it's not fair, it ain't really."

For one moment I turn, and catch Bunter's eye. It says, with contemptuous humour, "Well, I never see such a gal as that. If she was Mrs. Bunter, I'd let her know . . ." But here he is told off to his department in the trawling business.

Bunter's is a rough nature. He has not lived in drawing-rooms.

Thoughts while Fishing.—Would she flirt with anyone, even a man at the wheel? Why does she talk *at* servants. Can't she get on without admiration from some one, from everyone, from anyone? [I think there is a bite. I haul up. A wet process. Nothing. I let it go again. A wetter process. The sea seems to have

sharpened the line as it runs through my hand. It hurts.] If Miss Janie . . . I mean if such a person as Miss Janie was my wife should I like to see her eyes going up at the butler, or seeking for admiration, or approbation, from the buttons? * * * * Perhaps if sobered down she wouldn't do it . . perhaps . . . I *am* getting *very* hungry . . . and, it seems to me, a trifle faint. . . . Don't like to ask for more biscuits. I think standing in one position with my eye on the line is not good. To compare "hunger" to "a sharp thorn" is not a happy simile. You feel hunger all over you. This is not the case with thorns. . . . A bite . . . No . . . I am painfully hungry. . . . Miss Straithmere is talking to Lady Wetherby on the other side. Why couldn't she stay *here?* After she's made use of me to hold her fishing-line she leaves me. I will fasten it to the side and sit down. Captain Dawson offers me a cigar. No, thank you. Somehow I don't fancy a cigar. Hunger detests smoking. I say to him sadly, "I shall be so glad when luncheon's ready." He laughs. A smell of cooking is wafted towards us. It seems out of place at sea I wish we could have the luncheon without the cooking. Only half an hour more, he says. I feel that, somehow, on that half hour hangs my fate * * * * Miss Straithmere crosses to us. "O!" she exclaims, "There *is* a fish! I'm *sure* there's a fish! *Do* pull it up! *Won't* you?"

I can't rise from my chair to do it. Hunger seems to have suddenly enfeebled me. Captain Dawson will lug the bothering thing up. I don't say this, only "No, there isn't," rather shortly (really, hungrily), while the Captain operates. Miss Janie goes on, to me, "O! you *promised* you'd get me a fish!" Then turning round to Lady Wetherby, "O isn't it unkind of him, Lady Wetherby? He" (meaning *me*) "*won't* get me a fish." The two ladies smile, and I can't help replying petulantly, "I didn't promise." How could I have *promised* such a thing? It's too bad of her. I should like to add, "O don't bother,"—even to *her*—"I am *so* hungry * * and I feel so * * queer." But no, she doesn't see that I am really unwell, but goes on, archly prattling . . . I begin to hate prattling. "You don't *talk?*" she says. "*Why?*" then seating herself, as Captain Dawson turns to Wetherby, and getting, as it were, under her parasol, but not in the least lowering

her voice, so that any one may hear, "Why don't you talk to me? Why not to poor little *me?* Why?"

I can't stand it any longer. "Because," I blurt out, "I'm so . . ."—no, it's rude. I am going to say, "confoundedly hungry," but restrain myself. I substitute, wearily, "I didn't know you wanted me to talk."

She returns simply, "*Why?*" Pause. "*Why? Do* tell me *why?*"

I feel that I am being soured. "Why?" I demand, bitterly. "Why? Because—don't you *see, why?*" I ask, meaning that my face ought to express hunger, misery, emptiness, and * * * all uncomfortableness.

Strange Symptom.—I am gradually ceasing to be positively hungry, and am becoming negatively empty. "Being hungry" means that one can actively eat. "Being empty," means, I fear, that one is collapsing, and must be passively filled.

"See why?" she repeats, but not in a soft, gentle tone, inaudible to others, as *I* should like to hear, and to reply in. "No, *do* tell *me why?* Why ought I to see?" I can only express, by a sort of impatient wag of my head, and a roll of my eyes, that it is impossible to explain. I *am* so hungry, and so empty, and so . . . but if I could only be fed, *at once*, I should be all right. She continues, just as loud as before, "If you don't want me to sit here, I'll go. Say *do* you want me to sit here?" Wetherby is looking at us. I remark this to her in an undertone. She replies quite loudly, "It doesn't matter." I say, still in an undertone (and I really do wish she'd go away and leave me quite alone—*I don't want anyone*), "It looks so odd for us to be together so much." She returns, "*Why?*" Why!! Good heavens! "Now," she says, "you're angry. O look!" suddenly. "I'm sure there's a fish. Why don't you pull it up? *Why?*"

Mental Flash of Quotation adapted—

> "O woman! in our hour of ease,
> Capricious, coy, and hard to please,
> When pain and anguish rack our brow—
> I wish you wouldn't bother *now*."

But I keep this to myself. In fact, I have no words. My

mouth is too dry for words. Robert announces luncheon. Lady Wetherby will not go below, she observes, smiling, being afraid of the cabin. The fact is, there *is* a sort of motion. Isn't there? I ask Reynolds. Reynolds replies that there is a slightish lop.

"*Lop!*" That was the word the *Atalanta* man used this morning on shore. I never experienced a lop before. It's not a roll, and it's not a pitch; it's concentrated essence of every unpleasant motion on board ship. "If I could only have lunched an hour ago," I say to Lady Wetherby as I commence descending. She smiles. Accustomed to the sea, and perpetually yachting, as she is, I am sure she is affected by this infernal lop.

In the Cabin.—Still lopping. Lopping peculiarly noticeable here.

Flash of Miserable Jest.—Suffering from Lop—al*lop*athy.

They are at luncheon in the saloon. Wetherby is saying, as I enter, that when in the teeth of the wind, and there's a little East in it, there's always a lop out trawling. In fact, it's not a good day for trawling. Ah! thought so. Miss Straithmere is not at table, she is in the ladies' cabin, re-stacking her hair, probably. I feel that her absence, and the absence of the ladies (Mrs. Dawson has not come in yet), is a relief. I shall get helped at once, and not have to wait. I remember suddenly the expression "lack-lustre eyes." Mine, *now.*

Note.—Trawling is the test of good sailorship. Dawson asks me, "What will I have?" Now I see it, I don't want anything. "If I could only have lunched an hour ago!" I recommence plaintively. The table, being scientifically poised, does not move, but *we do* on either side of it. We are, as it were, arranged on a sea-saw with our dinner between us in the centre of gravity. Sometimes Captain Dawson rises gently a little way above his plate, then he is lowered gradually, and it's my turn to go up.

I give it six turns more for both of us, alternately, to settle my doubts—and unsettle . . . . . No: one great point is *not to think of it.*

Roast mutton, boiled chicken (I feel my nose instinctively turning up at the white sauce), *Bacon . . .* and Peas. The bright green look of the peas is revolting. It recalls fresh paint on

country pailings. And the smell. I remark that all the windows are not open. It turns out that they *are*. My head! "Mutton!" I gasp, shortly, meaning that I'll take some.

I think I am wrong.

"Have some champagne," says Wetherby, heartily.

I press my lips together. I don't want to be talked to for a minute. *I am going gently up*, on my side. "Champagne"—says Captain Dawson, enjoying himself, and *going gently down*, on his side—"is a first-rate thing if you feel qualmish."

Is it? Give me—*only give me quickly*—champagne. I should like a draught. I can only sip it. Now *I am going down*. I try a bit of mutton. My jaws seem to have become suddenly stiff. My throat closes at the top. At least that's the sensation. The Captain is floating upwards. I feel just the slightest bit better—just the slightest bit (as it were) of mutton, better.

The Ladies! Miss Straithmere dives at my sofa. *I am going up again slowly. This* is part of the Lop. I can't rise to make room for anyone. "Will I give her some,"—*I can't, whatever it is.* And I can't explain. Please don't talk to me . . . . Better soon. "O *do* take some champagne? *Won't* you?" she goes on archly, and firing glances at this poor enfeebled wreck (myself). [*Flash, mental. Idea for Cartoon.* Dying Mariner tickled by Mermaids.] I reply in a voice intended to touch her heart, "I don't feel well."

She returns briskly "*No?* No more do I! I am *so* ill. O you don't pity *me*—poor little *me*." Ill! She's well—very well—and heartless, selfish; she's helping herself to peas. "May I have your bread?" she asks. Again to me (why on earth can't she bother somebody else?) "You won't mind my taking it?"

I shake my head—I mind nothing. No one, now. I am past hope. I am going down, with the Lop, for the last time, *I think.* Still if I can hold out . . . . I might. Enter Robert from kitchen . . . with

A sweet Omelette! ! Bright yellow, and *red jam, all hot! !* I'll go . . . I'll . . . Don't move—any . . . body . . . for . . .

To the Captain's cabin . . . Alas! poor Captain! . . .

Alone. Lopped effectually. Lopped. *Lopped.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER A TIME — STAGGERS — HELPLESSNESS — FLASH — FLASHES — RHYTHMICAL — HISTORICAL — SMILES — SPARKLERS — DARKLERS — FISHING — CATCHING — THE PHANTOM — BUNTER'S CRAFTINESS — EPICUREANISM — ROBINSON CRUSOE — JOY — HOME.

EANWHILE *in Captain's Cabin.* Uncertainty. Am I well enough to go up-stairs, I mean on deck, now? . . .

Yes; I *think* so. I hear the ladies laughing and talking, above. I hear the sailors hauling up the infernal Trawl. Wetherby above sings out to me—I suppose it's to *me*—"Come up and see the fish we've caught." I can't answer, and I don't care about fish,—but I am better.

It will be my best plan to go on deck, and make the best of it. I ascend. Very staggery and weak in the knees, resulting in a desire to catch at anything handy for support.

My Manœuvres in the Bows.—Hidden from general gaze by the mainsail. Under cover of this, and protected by their all being engaged in examining the fish, I advance cautiously.

Flash of Thought.—"Comes up groggy, but smiling,"—quotation from sporting accounts of prize-fights, now out of date. No one notices me. Lady Wetherby and Mrs. Dawson are quite at the stern, well wrapped up, and their feet on stools, to be out of the way of the mess. Deck sloppy on account of the fish. *Rhythmical Flash.*—Deck sloppy, I'm loppy. Wetherby and Captain Dawson deeply interested in the mess on deck. Miss Straithmere

trying to stand on a chair near Captain Dawson, and holding on by rope.

"O," she is saying, as I approach; "I must hold on by you (*i.e.* Dawson), or I shall fall." Then turning round towards Mrs. Dawson, as much as to say, "Don't be jealous, I'm but a childish skittish thing, it's only my way," she laughs playfully, and cries out, "O *do* come and stand here, Mrs. Dawson; *won't* you, O *do*. *Won't* you, Lady Wetherby? It's quite safe."

"No, thank you," returns Lady Wetherby, quietly smiling; "I prefer being here," and the two ladies, sitting together, exchange *one* glance only, and then they both smile at Miss Straithmere. I think to myself, what do they mean by that smile?

Flash.—Note it down. A work on "Smiles." A Series. Next volume, "Frowns," to be followed by Winks, Nods. But stay . . . isn't this the History of the World? Wonder how a man feels who's going to write a History of the World? When the first idea strikes him, say on waking in the morning, how it must make him jump out of bed. He'd rush at his pens and his paper under boiling inspiration, and commence . . . Title, "The History . . . "—then, perhaps, it would occur to him whether it *should* be a History of the World . . . or not? If he didn't do much of it before breakfast, he might decide in the negative.

Another Flash—Apropos of "Smiles," I remember a work called *Self-Help*, by Smiles. Mr. Samuel Smiles. There might be a *Life of Smiles*, by Thiers, *i.e.* if pronounced *Tears*. This to be said as a "sparkler." Arrange it when I feel better.

No more sparklers. I am mooning, and holding on by a rope. Feeble, but observant. Live things are sprawling about and making a mess on deck with sand and mud, and sea-water. Star-fish by hundreds. Dogfish. Fish without names, unknown even to Bunter, who has an eye for everything that looks at all like a savoury morsel. A large sort of oyster, a mild pantomimic oyster, *with* a name that Bunter knows and mentions.

"Is it good to eat?" asks Captain Dawson.

"Well, Sir," replies Bunter, with a twinkle in his eye expressive of his own enjoyment of the humour in his answer, "*you* wouldn't care about it. But there's worse things than them kind of oysters," with which he puts it aside, furtively, for his own private meal.

"O!" cries Miss Straithmere, in view of a flat fish, with a mouth capable of putting an end to his own existence by swallowing himself at one gulp, "O! what a *horrid* thing! O *do* look, Lady Wetherby! O! clutching at Captain Dawson's shoulder, "will it bite me? O, how *dreadful!*"

I smile, sarcastically; that is, I mean it to convey sarcasm. I feel that I am pale, that I am, as it were, a shadow, a mournful ghost, revisiting the deck, and taking a passive pleasure where I was once so actively happy.

Bunter takes the fish by the tail and holds it up.

"O!" cries Miss Straithmere, and Dawson doesn't move away, but let's her clutch him when she's frightened (or pretending to be frightened—bah! she's no more frightened than I am . . . I look on, still as the Ghost, but in the character of an ironical Phantom, who sees the hollowness of everything that once took him in). Wonder how Mrs. Dawson likes it? and whether Captain Dawson will be called upon for an explanation when he gets home? If so, will ready wit supply him with a "sparkler"?

"O!" she cries, "it will bite me. *Do* throw it away, Bunter." Bunter's eye smiles craftily. "Bunter doesn't throw away this fish" (says Bunter's Eye) "if he knows it." Bunter (his Eye further explains) being up to one or two tricks worth at least half-a-dozen of throwing it away. No, he holds it up, fondly, by the tail, perhaps to judge of its breeding, as he would of a terrier's, by its not squeaking when in this position, and is evidently satisfied with the catch, so far. Then Miss Straithmere appeals to me, "*Do* tell him to throw it away! *Won't* you?" A pause. *Then* her eyes come down at me from high up above (she's still on a chair), intending, as it were, to scoop my tenderest feelings up and out of me, like the inside of a pomegranate. No, no! I am the shadow of my former self. She is a dream of the past. The Fascination has gone. I am clear-headed, clear-hearted, and sad; which, on consideration, means that I have suffered severely from the Lop, in the Captain's Cabin.

Bunter puts the fish on one side as another delicate morsel. Bunter is regarding a small heap of sandy, dirty, ugly-looking marine creatures with the eye of an epicurean ogre. There are some of peculiarly hard and unwholesome appearance, which

Bunter gives me to understand are "anemminies," and which, for eating purposes, might be put down as sea marrowbones,—without the marrow. Anything hideously ugly in the fish line Bunter knows all about, knows exactly how to cook him, where to cut him, what to eat and avoid, and evidently favours the idea in conversation, and in theory, of these things being totally unfit for ordinary human food.

I should *not* like to join Bunter at dinner. Specially after a Lop.

Flash.—And yet of this stuff (Bunter's stuff, not the fish) Robinson Crusoes are made.

If *he* were on a desert island, he would never be at a loss for food. I imagine Bunter's diary as I watch the clearance of the net. I suppose Bunter on a desert island.

First Day of Robinson Bunter's Diary.—Boiled some seaweed. My eye! ain't sea-weed good. Better nor greens, no end. Cook some more. Caught for breakfast a large sort of a kind of a crab, something between a crab and an oyster. Cracked him, and cooked him in his own shell. O, my! Bootiful! Hope there are lots more on 'em. Saw a dog-fish. It being dinner-time, I said grace afore meals, and then stuffed the dog-fish with sea-weed, and cooked him in the crab-shell, and ate him hot. *Fust-rate!* Thought I'd like some sweets after dinner, regular swell style. Found a jellyfish. Ate him. Any Pastrycook might be proud on him.

Supper.—More sea-weed. Made pancakes of starfish. Ate five or six sea anemminies. Little too much sand in 'em. Ate also the last of the large oyster I caught three days ago. While bathing, met a large conger-eel. Conger-eel tried to eat me. Conger got the worst o' that game. Ate him. Werry good. Pickled his head in sea-water. Take him with meals, as a relish.

Note, next morning, by Bunter (still as Robinson Crusoe).—Didn't sleep well. Nightmare. Dreamt as I was being roasted by them sea anemminies, and dogfish barking at me. 'Orrid!

Flash of Joy.—Thank Goodness! Nets up. No more trawling. We are making rapidly for shore. Torquay is reappearing. Land in sight.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PLEASURES OF YACHTING—NELSON—HIS NOBILITY OF MIND—BOLD YACHTSMAN — GEOGRAPHICAL RESEARCH—NOMENCLATURE — ON LAND—AMERICANISMS—ICES—WHY? OH, WHY? RESIGNATION—DETERMINATION—ABSTRACTION—LA MITRAILLEUSE DES YEUX—WHY?—SERIOUS INTENTIONS.

MOORED.—*Musical Flash* (*Adapted quotation*)—

"When I beheld the anchor weighed,
Sweet was the rattling chain,
To stay on board I was afraid,
But why—I won't explain."

Strange, with all my yearnings for the sea, I feel, now, a certain sort of insecurity until I am once more on shore.

The sea's very well to look at, and the sea *side* is charming, but once get off the side and on to the sea, the only pleasure is in the Minimum of Discomfort.

[*Flash of Discovery.*—Now I know *exactly* what *Lop-sided* means.]

The best appointed yacht can but attain to this, *i.e.* the Minimum of Discomfort. It can give you a bed so scientifically poised as to be motionless, like Mahomet's coffin, in mid-air. But then everything around you is moving. You're as likely as not to see the floor of your cabin at your right elbow, then down again, and

up at your left elbow. What's the comfort (I don't say *use*) . . . what's the *comfort* of having a table immoveable, if you are sometimes hovering over your plate like a nervous hawk, and the next instant sucked, as it were, right underneath it, legs first, as if you were being suddenly dragged away to the lower regions, like *Don Giovanni*, after supper? What's the comfort of having a fixed lamp, which no motion of the ship can alter, if you yourself, book in hand, are at one minute over it, at another by its side, at another two feet under it?

Standing on deck, and seeing the Dawsons, Miss Straithmere and Lady Wetherby go off in a little boat, I put these (as they appear to *me*) posers to Wetherby.

He replies, "Eh? What?" I repeat my posers.

Wetherby observes that after two or three trips I shall be all right: that Nelson was always ill at sea. And then he goes aft.

Thoughtful Flash.—I certainly have read Nelson's history, and never noticed this. It must have been suppressed. Idea for new nautical book, *History of the Suppressed Illness of Nelson.* How this doubles the nobility of his conduct! England expected him to do his duty. His duty was on board ship, where, as Wetherby says, he was *always* ill. Yet he did all that England expected, and more, for England didn't expect him to be unwell at sea. I imagine to myself, for one minute, a nautical hero *Lopped!* He is in the cabin; first mate, second mate, &c. &c., waiting without to receive his orders as to how they are to deal with the enemy's fleet. From within issue the orders, at intervals.

Sudden Flash.—But did Nelson ever go out *Trawling?*

The boat comes back for me. We take a circuitous course, in and out amongst the yachts, in order to enable Wetherby to make a few calls on some friends in various crafts, who have come in since the morning.

Most of them have come from Dartmouth, which is, so to speak, just round the corner. "Roughish round the Point," says Wetherby, "Eh?"

"Ah!" says the brave yachtsman, "I came by train, and got on board here." Wetherby takes this as quite a matter of course.

One owner says he's going to "The Island."

Well, *that* sounds like a voyage.

I make this remark. "Yes," he returns, "it's nice enough if you have a fair wind. I shall take the train to Portsmouth, and then cross to 'The Island' in the boat. I shall meet the yacht there."

It strikes me that this sort of amusement is like swimming in shallow water, where you can feel your feet at any moment. There's nothing of "the Bay of Biscay, O!" in it.

How ill I should be in the Bay of Biscay! Double-lopped. The Island he alludes to is that of Wight.

Query.—Who was *Wight?*

Recollect the word in old poetry, "Unhappy wight." Same person, perhaps. Must look into this. Really, too, must get to work again.

On the first Landing Step.—After all, there is nothing like land.

I feel I must get restored. I am not exactly hungry, and I am not exactly thirsty. Lady Wetherby and Miss Straithmere are on the quay talking to a tall gentleman, of a rather foreign military appearance, a short gentleman, of a decidedly foreign, but unmilitary, appearance, and a very fresh-looking, bright, pretty girl.

Though I should prefer solitude, I can't avoid the party. Might bow, and go to Firkin Terrace, where I propose the first two of nature's restoratives, cold water and hair-brushes. Lady Wetherby sees me, and smiles in a sort of cheerful way, as one does vaguely on any perfectly uninteresting person, of whom you are uncertain as to whether you had met him the day before yesterday somewhere, or had thought (in a general way) that he'd been dead for years. I respond to the smile, as much as to say, "No, not dead yet," and approach as if prepared to interest myself in their conversation, and solve a difficulty if necessary.

I am introduced. Colonel Blancourt and daughter. American. At least the Colonel is, but his daughter has nothing of what the English consider peculiarly American, except the most sparkling eyes, the most beautiful complexion, and the pearliest teeth. I except these as being (I fancy) *peculiarly* American.

I seem to throw a damper—perhaps it's my jaundiced appear

ance does it—over the party. I feel yellow and sticky, and still a shadow of myself.

Flash of Idea.—A Gummy Ghost.

I do not, I am aware, shine. I mentally compare (it is all I can do) Miss Blancourt (if she *is* Miss Blancourt) with Miss Straithmere, who is two shades lighter than usual, owing to the salt water. I think, in colour, at this moment, she is the reflection of myself, only fainter.

There is, I imagine, a sort of green haze about us both, as if we were neither of us, as yet, quite fit for shore life. I notice, however, that the little Frenchman (Count de Something—couldn't catch the name) is struck, *chancelé*, by Miss Straithmere. I can see it at once. I know, and recognise the symptoms.

Colonel remarks, with a touch of nasality, or nationality, not unpleasant, rather the contrary, considered as a change, "I've suffered myself. You" (to me) "want something to pick you up and set you on end again." I admit it. What shall I take?

"Well," he says, "I speak from experience, and know the whole thing down to dots. You'd better soup. And if you feel like brandy cold with a lump of ice in it—that's," turning to Lady Wetherby, "the best thing for your friend, *ma'am*."

I don't "feel like soup," nor "like brandy iced." I observe that if I feel like anything, I "feel like" ice.

"Well," says the Colonel, "you can't do much better than ice. Only don't wait. There's the bar—the Confectioner's—round the corner."

I bow, and am going. Advice and ice.

"*O, I'll* take an ice!" cries Miss Straithmere. "You won't mind my going with you, *will* you? I may go, mayn't I, Lady Wetherby?" Then to me, archly, and sending an eye-shot right into the Count's heart [*his* eyes return imploringly, "Ask *me*. *Si tu savais que je t'aime!*"]—"You won't mind me coming with you, will you?" Of course not, I say. I can't help catching Miss Blancourt's look of infinite amusement. What does she think? Does it strike her, from this irrepressible style, that we are . . . . that we—I mean Miss Straithmere and I—are more to one another than . . . .

No; I hope not.

"Ha ha," to myself, bitterly, "does not Miss Blancourt see that *I* am only being played off against the Frenchman." And I . . . On my honour, if Miss Straithmere will only take me into her confidence, I would help her to secure this distinguished foreigner. *I could give her away with pleasure.* I feel that the Frenchman must have no time allowed him for *thought.* He sees her . . . is knocked over by her . . . and does not recover his senses until he's married to her. That's my plan. *Suivez nous, M. le Comte, chez* Confectioner. He does not follow.

We go off together, to "ice,"—I and Miss Janie.

Thoughts as we walk.—There are several feet between us.

This morning we were close together.

Since then, though . . . .

Flash of Thought (*leading to suggestion to her*).—"Wouldn't you like to go to the house first?"

She looks at me, using one of her piercing, fascinating glances (but with point blunted, and the glitter dulled now), and she replies, "No, *why?*"

Why? Always *why.* Why on earth (this all to myself) will she always say "why?" *Why!* Doesn't she understand that I want to be alone?

Second Flash (*leading to rather a sulky tone*).—"Ah! . . . then . . . I think I'll go to the house first." . . . I turn and pause. *She* turns, and pauses. I add, politely, "I'm sure you must be tired."

"No. Why?"

Why again. I can't conceal my impatience.

"We will go in first," I say; and add, "I'll go up to my room."

"Very well," she returns, "I'll wait: down here"—that is, on the promenade before the door. I wish it were not rude or brutal to say, "Miss Straithmere, you waste your time with *me.* Go to the Frenchman. I want to be alone." Would she cry, or faint, or what?

Flash.—Is there a back-door? Can't I perform the swindler's

Burlington Arcade trick of being set down at the Piccadilly end, and then bolting out at the other? No. There is no back-door, I recollect. I resign myself.

Determination.—I leave this to-morrow. *Decidedly.* Sorry not to be able to try more yachting. But this sort of thing on shore would worry me to death. To pine mentally, and grow stout physically, would be the worst state of existence possible (to me) to conceive.

I say, "Very well, then," cheerfully. "I won't go in. We'll ice."

More Thoughts as we walk.—Let me abstract myself. (I will to-morrow, bodily.) Abstract myself as I used to when my Aunt was playing and singing, and I wanted to read. I must take to my work again. I've done nothing for my *Analytical History of Motion* for weeks. . . . Good idea that of Americans making substantives do the duty of verbs. So expressive. . . . What a pretty girl she was . . . I wish she'd said that *she* "felt like soup." *I* should then, and we might have souped together.

"You don't speak to me," observes my companion, using as much of the eye-*mitrailleuse* as she can manage under the circumstances. "*Why?*"

No . . I could have begun talking . . . but the "*Why?*" prevents me. I shrug my shoulders. I tell her that one cannot really be always talking, and that one ought to think, and think deeply, sometimes.

She looks inquiringly at me for an instant, and then says, "*Why?*"

I swear I could dance with vexation. If it wouldn't have an absurd effect, and be utterly out of keeping with the gravity of the occasion, I would dance, and relieve my feelings. I "feel like dancing." I "feel like stamps."

I remonstrate with myself. This is childish. There is only one way of repressing this *enfantillage*, by over-weighting it with the (as it were) Johnsonian.

We enter the Confectioner's; I am preparing a weighty and severe speech for her. All for her benefit. *The Ices.* I shall now address her seriously.

CHAPTER XXX.

JOHNSONIAN—CONVERSATION—ICE—MORE "WHY'S"—A STARTLING COMMUNICATION—LAW—GLADNESS—BEFORE DINNER—MEDITATION—ECCLESIASTICAL—INSPIRATION—THE LOP BALLAD—THE LETTER — EXCITEMENT — THE HARNESS CASE — MORNING — FURTHER PREPARATIONS—READY FOR SOMETHING—WHAT?

"MY DEAR Miss Straithmere," I commence, quietly and solemnly, "When you ask *why* is it necessary to think deeply sometimes, I can only reply,"—the slightest pause merely to collect a pailful of the heaviest three syllables, and crush her, like Tarpeia, under the golden words of Wisdom. She takes advantage of it, and says, "O, you're angry with me . . . with poor little *me!*" Poor little me!—she really is half a head taller,—a whole head, taking in the appendage,—than I am. It *does* irritate me. I make a false step, and allow myself to deny the charge. I say, "Angry! No! I'm not *angry*," which only means that I am not ragingly furious. She continues, "I'm sure you're angry with me. *Why?*"

Why? *Why!* Why!!!!——

The Confectioner's. I change the subject. I say gaily, quoting our American friend, "Now, let's feel like ice." Then I artfully lead up to the idea which struck me a short time since. I say, "You've made a conquest of the French Count."

"Why?" A pause. "*Please*, tell me, why? *Won't* you?"

I attempt a parable, as a mode of explanation new to me, and not altogether unpoetical. I say, "You know how the snake charms the bird."

"No," she replies ingenuously. "*Why* does it?"

I can't descend from parable into mere natural history. I like a person to seize on a simile at once, and to see what you mean, if anything, rather better than you do yourself. Enter the ices. She persists, "Why do you call me a snake?"

I beg her pardon, I *didn't*.

Enter Robert, hurriedly. "Lady Wetherby thought it might be important, sir," he says, and hands me a telegram.

I open it—from Doddridge. For Doddridge to telegraph means something serious.

"*Your Aunt wishes to see you. Some law business.* Captain Budd *has promised to write.*"

Law business? "I didn't know you were a barrister!" observes Miss Straithmere. "No?" I reply carelessly, as much as to intimate that *that* is *her* fault.

"You are glad to go?" says Miss Straithmere, looking up from her ice, and then looking down again immediately. Then she adds, "*Why* are you glad to go?"

[*Real Answer.* Because you go on saying, "*why?*"]

Sham answer, for external application.—"No, I'm sorry to leave Torquay; I'm only glad because Law business means actual work to do—perhaps; and though My Health wouldn't stand being cooped up in Courts for long, yet an occasional case with a brief marked with a fifty, or a hundred, guineas, would be," (I put it pleasantly,) "a very nice thing."

We rise, and return quickly to Firkin Terrace.

Dress for Dinner—Thoughts while Dressing.—Perhaps a real chance at the Bar. After all, the question is whether hard work at the Bar wouldn't be better for My Health, with an occasional

holiday, than any other course. "May it please your Lordship, Gentlemen of the Jury," I commence while washing my hands, and somehow having no case to continue upon, I seem to quote as following naturally, "the Scripture moveth us in sundry places" when it suddenly occurs to me that this is *not* what I meant.

Idea suggested by the lapsus linguæ, though.—Why not be a clergyman? *There's* health! Beautiful country. Happy Pastor with his simple flock. Goes about patting children's heads, and smiling on everybody. Everybody smiling in return, and touching hats, and curtseying. General serenity. Sits in his chair in the garden on a summer's evening, his wife (the beloved and good angel of the village) beside him. . . . Why not a young American wife? . . . or why not . . .

All loppiness gone off now. Sudden Inspiration! To write a Nautical Ballad. The Lop, or Gaily goes the ship. What rhymes to Lop? Shop, not ship. When the wind drops—then the—I have it.

"THE LOP:" A NAUTICAL BALLAD.

(*To the air of the first chorus of "Le Meunier et ses Hommes."*)

1st Verse. WHEN the wind blows,
Then the ship goes,
Our hearts are all blithe and merry;
When the wind drops,
Then the ship "lops,"—
Can we laugh and sing hey down derry?

2nd Verse. When a breeze blows,
Then the yacht goes
As easily as a wherry;
When the breeze drops,
Then the yacht lops,
And we call for a brandy-cherry.*

* Brandy-cherry, an excellent remedy against the *mal-de-mer*. Try it. If not found efficacious, the dose need not be repeated.

3rd Verse. When the tide flows,
Then the yacht goes
As easily as a wherry ;
When the sea chops,
Then the yacht lops,
And we feel ill and queer—oh, very !

4th Verse. When the wind blows,
Then the ship goes
If it likes to the Head of Berry ; *
But fearing "lops,"
I know who stops
At home † and is happy very.

Excitement of probable legal career and proposed sudden departure has done me good. Dinner.

Last Post.—Letter from Budd. He says :—

"I met your Aunt. She explained to me that your Cousin, I think, she said, had bought some harness for a basket-chaise for her when he was in the Mediterranean, and that this has somehow been partly detained at Florence, and partly at Paris, from which place it seems (or from Milan), it was originally stolen. Hence, there are several claimants. The French Government, besides having committed the enormity of purchasing a whole heap of something of the sort, says that this is part of it. That's one claim. The Emperor of Russia is somehow mixed up in it on account of the Imperial Arms being on the breast-plates. But it had been twice sold in England previously, and, I believe, pawned in Florence, though the man who did this has been traced to Norway. I don't quite understand it. But your Aunt said she'd paid for you, years ago, to be a barrister, and she didn't see why you shouldn't undertake the work. The Solicitor says it'll be worth ten guineas a day and all expenses paid, with refreshers of fifty. It *entails* going to Paris and Florence, and all sorts of places, examining the Frenchies and the t'others. So get up your 'parleyvoo,' and go in for the enormity of ten guineas a day, and send it to me to keep for you.

"HENRY CADUGGIN BUDD.

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* Berry-head, a celebrated promontory visible to the naked eye from the shores of Torquay.

† The author of the ballad here probably alludes to himself. *Nosce te-ipsum.*

"P.S.—You'll have to start to-morrow if the Solicitor decides upon giving you the brief; and, from what your Aunt says, I'm almost sure he will. You see it doesn't depend solely upon her, as she is only one of five claimants in England alone. Your cousin seems to have made a nice mess of it. Samuel from the Baths sends his love, and photograph. Adoo!

"PP.S.—I was just sealing this up when your Aunt's maid came in. You are to wait a day."

It is arranged that I stop to-morrow. Lady Wetherby says, cheerfully, that she's made out a little plan for our to-morrow.

Night.—In my room. Early. Think I am very much better. Decidedly tired, but comparatively well. Hope it will last. If this case of my Aunt's comes off, it would open a new career to me. Read Budd's letter again. He doesn't put it quite clearly.

How shall I manage if I have to go abroad and examine witnesses in France, Spain, and Italy; *i.e.* in French, Spanish, and Italian? Suppose I shall travel with an Interpreter. Good thing for My Health. Must get up the Law on Harness. . . . After all, yachting is a lazy life, and tends to stoutness. . . . I should only be unhealthy, and, perhaps, unwieldy, if I continued yachting. . . . To bed . . .

Morning.—Robert arranges my things for my getting up. That is, he turns everything inside out. Can't understand why. ["*Why*" reminds me of Miss Straithmere. "If she wasn't so" . . . (*here I pull on my boots*) . . . "I think I might" . . . (*braces*) . . . "but she is really so" . . . (*buttoning collar, head well up*). . . . What a lot of force it requires to button a collar. Painful too. Agonising expression; spasmodic twist of the mouth.

The Tortures of Dressing.—I know a man who, so to speak, is spikes and mechanism all over. Buckles with sharp points to his waistcoat and trousers. Buckles with sharper points on his shoes. His tie an ingenious mechanical contrivance made of silk, iron, and a strong hand pulley. When hoisted, as it were, it forms a sailor's knot. His studs cut his fingers and his shirt front, and make him positively dance with pain when dressing in a hurry for

dinner. The great invention of the age would be a buttonless costume entire.

Flash.—Remember a weird German story called *The Shadowless Man.* Adapt and adopt title, *The Buttonless Man.* Companion to the former volume that occurred to me about the *Dinnerless Man.*

Down to Breakfast.—Fine day. Wetherby says, capital day for Trawling. I do not reply. "Silence," as some advertisements say, "to be considered a respectful negative." No one takes to the notion of trawling. The Retainers are sent for as usual. Bunter is told to be in readiness with the Launch. Has said, 'Yes, sir," and disappeared. The Boy in Tops has been ordered to bring round the ponies immediately. Robert has been ordered, in a general way, to be ready for anything that may happen. Ranger, the butler, has been sent to get everything that Wetherby may have forgotten. The Captain is under command to be within hail at a moment's notice, and if we don't go out by twelve, he is to spend the rest of his day in superintending somebody who has to do something, with putty, to the deck. Jim is told off to assist in packing some boxes, and bringing 'em down-stairs; and little Cripp is sent to fetch a fly with a good horse, and Bill and Harry (from yacht) are summoned.

"Got the tackle?" asks Wetherby.

Bill looks at Harry, and Harry at him back again. Then Bill replies that he has.

"Hey? what?" asks Wetherby.

Bill, assisted by Harry, repeats that the tackle is ready.

"Then," after some consideration, Wetherby says, quickly, "Put it on the Launch." *Exeunt* Bill and Harry.

Thoughts.—*What* are we going to do? Sail in the yacht? drive in a fly? fish in the Launch? go about in the pony-carriage?

It is evident we are ready for anything.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TO DARTMOUTH—THE STEAM LAUNCH—THE BUOY—BUNTER—SCREWS — ENGINES — WORKS — MECHANIQUE — POLYTECHNIC REMINISCENCES—TAPS—COALS—FIRES—SEAS ON—MACHINES—NUTS—SENSATIONS — FLASHES — PROBABILITIES — HERE TO-DAY, AND WHERE TO-MORROW?— KNOBS — PIPES — VALVES — DONKEY—ROCKS—COMPASS-BOX—NOUS VERRONS—SUSPENSE.

THE result of all Wetherby's arrangements is, that the ladies go by train to Dartmouth.

Wetherby asks me, if I'll accompany him in the Steam Launch.

Never having been in a Steam Launch, I say, "Yes." I don't know why, but up to this minute I had supposed that a Launch was something like a magnificent pleasure barge, only sea going, instead of for river.

The yacht-boat is in waiting at the stairs.

We are rowed away from the large vessels, and towards an enormous buoy. A pantomimic buoy. We pass the buoy, and I see nothing like a Launch before us. There's a small boat in the distance. Coming nearer I perceive Bunter in it. He is apparently sitting in the boat, with a steam-engine, all to himself. I remember having seen, somewhere, the title of a play which struck me very much; it was "The Lonely Man of the Ocean." At this minute, evidently Bunter.

Alongside the Launch.—This *is* the Launch. The steam-engine works a screw, and the screw works the boat, underneath, anyhow.

The Launch is like nothing that I had imagined.

It is a sort of steam-gondola. On the whole, an adaptation, for sea purposes, of the covered cart, the washing-tub, the lifeboat, and a floating coal-cellar. The neatness, brightness, and diminutive size of the machinery, remind me of the show-models at the Polytechnic.

Now I know Bunter's department. Of this vessel he is Captain and Crew.

We go along at a great pace. "We" means Wetherby, steering, and myself in the stern, and Bunter astride the centre seat, raking up the fire, and doing something with a tap, or a screw, every other minute.

The action of the machinery makes me feel a sort of sharp, short, thudding motion internally, as if one's heart was working by steam. The Launch grunts and groans, like an old gentleman troubled with an asthmatic cold, when in anything like "rough water," or what Bunter calls a "bit of a sea on."

Bunter has *his* way of managing the Launch. Wetherby has *his*, which is not, it appears, though it ought to be, Bunter's; or Bunter's ought to be his. At all events, I wish they'd agree.

Flash.—Afraid I've chosen wrongly in not going by train. I don't feel that there'll be any repetition of the lop, but *nervousness* might upset me to-day.

Going in, as it were, an open boat alone, with a fierce model steam engine, and at the mercy of two men, differing essentially as to how the infernal machine is to be worked, is certainly calculated to make one uncommonly nervous.

Wetherby suddenly exclaims, "Unscrew the nut!" or some mechanical term.

Bunter returns, with a sulky humour in his Eye, that "The nut is all right."

Wetherby insists that it is nothing of the sort. Turning to me, he informs me, that, if the nut is not unscrewed, we might be all blown up in a second.

[*Flash.*—Situation sensational—Dramatic. Suppose myself a prisoner-of-war being taken off by two guards to a fortress. The two guards disagree as to the management of the Launch. One says, "Turn the nut!" the other insists upon doing something to the screw. Consequence: Explosion. Two guards blown to bits. Prisoner saved—picked up by a slaver—sold—falls in love with his master's daughter. Romance. Quite Victor-Hugoish.

Brilliant Flash.—Write it.]

To this Bunter replies, that "There's no danger." Still I *do* wish that he'd mind what Wetherby says, and unscrew the nut. At last he does so. A whistle of steam escapes. Wetherby says, "There!" and then adds, *sotto voce*, to me, as Bunter goes for'ard for coal, "He *won't* do what he's told at once—it's deuced annoying." I admit that it is confoundedly annoying. Because, considering that the result of his not doing what he's told *at once*, would be simply fatal, his disobedience is, I feel, rather more than merely "*annoying.*" It's wicked. It's like going about with a Nautical Guy Fawkes, ready to blow the Government and himself up at any minute.

Wetherby, immediately after this, exclaims, in a sharp, commanding tone that startles any qualmishness out of me, "Bunter, put the valve up!" No, Bunter *won't*. I feel inclined to say, "*Do*, Bunter, there's a good soul, *do* put the valve up." Bunter replies, that "If it's put up, we shan't go half speed." Wetherby says, "Yes, we shall, if he keeps the [something or other] unscrewed." Bunter's Eye smiles, as if saying, "Well, have it your own way," and complies. Great relief. At least, as a respite: not blown up yet.

"Bunter!" exclaims Wetherby (his style of starting a question is really frightening, and you can't help listening to it with intense interest; because here you are out at sea, floating about with a steam-engine, which, "if not managed properly," he says, "may explode any moment—*there*, he adds, is the danger"), "Bunter!" he exclaims, hurriedly, and as if he himself was frightened to death, "you've not got any water in." Another second, and if the water is not in, we shall—Heavens! why doesn't Bunter do it at once?

Bunter makes no reply. Most irritating. There he sits, with a sort of leer on his countenance, blinking at the engine.

"Hey! what?" asks Wetherby, quickly, while I observe every movement anxiously; for our lives (as far as I see) depend upon Bunter's having water in.

Bunter growls that "It doesn't want it yet."

Wetherby says, "Yes, it does." Well, why can't Bunter look to see if Wetherby or he is right?

Slowly Bunter *does* open the boiler (or some secret recess) and looks in. Water *is* wanted. Bunter admits it *now*, but sticks to it that it wasn't when Wetherby first spoke. Respited again. Not blown up yet. Where is the land?

Now one sees exactly how accidents happen. But why should *I* suffer because they have a difference of opinion on the management of the steamer?

"Don't do that!" almost screams out Wetherby.

On my word, I feel inclined to throw myself on Bunter, and pitch him overboard, if possible. He is simply playing with our lives.

Bunter looks up in the act of putting some little brass regulator (Heaven knows what!) two pegs lower than it was.

"Must do that," he replies, sulkily, but always with a strong sense of the humour of the situation in his right Eye. He must possess a very fine appreciation of grim humour.

"Not a bit of it," returns Wetherby, hurriedly, and in evident trepidation. "It will blow the chimney off, if you lower it. Keep it up, and fix the knob."

(Do, Bunter, do! Don't be an idiot, and play with steam!)

He obeys orders slowly. Third respite. We go on right enough for five minutes more.

Suddenly something occurs to Wetherby. "Bunter!" he almost screams, "you haven't got the safety-pipe eased!"

"It's all right, Sir," says Bunter.

"Hey! All right? No, it isn't," returns Wetherby, excitedly. "If we get it a bit rough round the point, it'll burst, and blow the bottom of the Launch right out."

Really, it occurs to me what a fool Bunter is to come out without having seen to the safety-pipe. And what a name, "the Safety-

pipe?" The Unsafety-pipe. He does something to it, which I suppose saves us, as Wetherby nods at me with the air of a man who feels that he has just given the right order at the right time, but doesn't wish to boast of it. I return Wetherby's nod. My nod implies a vote of entire confidence in Wetherby, and none whatever in Bunter and all his works—I mean his steam-mechanism. However, we are going on quietly now. Respited once more. Where *is* the land? We proceed, suspiciously. That is, Bunter is watching the engine, Wetherby is watching Bunter and the engine, and I'm watching Wetherby, Bunter, *and* the engine, with an intensity of interest almost painful.

I ask how long we shall be before getting to Dartmouth. Answer, "Not long." This question of mine seems to arouse Wetherby to a sense of (apparently) some new danger.

"Have you got the donkey working?" he asks, frowning.

Bunter replies, doggedly, that "The donkey ain't not much use."

"Not much use!" exclaims Wetherby, "why that's what we want. That's what I got it for."

This, he explains to me, is a donkey-engine. I don't exactly catch, from what he says, whether we shall blow up *with*, or *without* it; but what I *do* ascertain is, that, on board the Launch, we are in a state of perpetual and uncommon danger, owing to an, apparently, complicated arrangement of screws, nuts, valves, donkey-engine, and Bunter into the bargain. The only variety is in the *sort* of danger. In one case we may be blown *up*, in the other (namely, the bottom of the Launch coming out) we shall be blown *down*.

Rocks Ahead.—"Must go *outside* these," says Wetherby.

"Go *inside*, Sir," replies Bunter, pointing out a narrow strait between two of the largest rocks. Crisis.

"You haven't got any water in the boiler!" says Wetherby, with his eye fixed on the course right ahead.

Bunter wags his head, as much as to convey that "He knows better than that," implying thereby that he *has* got water in the boiler. I wish he'd look. He can't *know*. Wetherby continues, quickly, "Ease her a ,bit!" Then, seeing him touching some

brass knob, he exclaims, "*Don't do that!!*" Bunter looks up, as if he was hurt at this tone. Better that he should be hurt in his feelings, than that we should be blown up, or blown down.

We are approaching the strait. I don't think the sea does agree with me. When once on shore, I shan't try it again. We are nearing the rocks. It looks rough. The Launch is plunging and groaning. Wetherby is, I think, agitated. He says, he can't see clearly whether that's a rock sticking up just out of the water right before us, or not.

We shall soon know.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CLEAR—BUT NEAR—BUNTER'S EYE—NO REPLY—THE TOILER—THE BOILER—NO LOPPING—BUT POPPING—SENTIMENTAL—CONTINENTAL—YES, I SEE—WHO'S ON THE QUAY?—LITTLE TUBBY—NOT A HUBBY—IN THE THRONG—COMTE MELLONG—MENTAL WRENCH—GET UP FRENCH—QUITE AU FAIT—AT S'IL VOUS PLAÎT—SO SHALL SAY—QUE JE SUIS DÉSOLÉ—ANOTHER TRY—WITH "WHY?"—AWAY WE HIE—ALL IN A FLY—THINK BY STEALTH—ONLY OF HEALTH—I AM ILL—NOW UP HILL.

N—no; off the rocks. Clear.

I feel now that it has been a "near thing."

Dartmouth in view. Lovely. Most picturesque. "Quite," I say to Wetherby, "like the entrance to some foreign town!" Pause. No reply from Wetherby, who has one eye for what Bunter's doing (which is to me apparently nothing), and another for the steering. I ask Wetherby if he does'nt think this like the entrance to a foreign——

Before I can finish my question he is down on Bunter in an excited and hurried tone. "You haven't got any water in the boiler!"

[The result of this negligence on the part of Bunter is, Wetherby has already said, explosion. And in sight of land, too!]

Bunter returns, quietly, "Ain't there, Sir?" His air of repose inspires me with no sort of confidence. He is dozing, with a humorous smile in his half-open eyes, on a volcano.

Presence of mind on my part. To say calmly, "Hadn't you better look and *see* if there's any water, Bunter?"

He lifts up the top of something, and peeps in, as he would do into a saucepan when an egg was being boiled. He makes no remark, but quits his seat phlegmatically, and puts water into the boiler.

Wetherby looks at me and winks, as much as to say, "You see what an obstinate fellow he is. I knew I was right; and, if I hadn't spoken in time, 'pop,' to speak lightly, 'would have gone our weasel,' or, rather, our wessel."

Wetherby being now able to attend, it occurs to me that I will observe, for the third time, that the approach to Darmouth by sea is quite Continental.

Wetherby replies shortly, that he doesn't see anything Continental about it.

On reconsidering my remark, I am inclined to agree with him. I've approached several places abroad from the sea: viz., Antwerp, Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, Calais, Ostend, and Dartmouth isn't a bit like any of these. "Yet there's a touch of Rhine scenery in it," I say. Wetherby replies, "Eh! What?" and is keeping a sharp look-out. On reconsideration there is *not* a touch of Rhine scenery about it.

The Houses of Dartmouth on either side of the river seem to me as if they had all been coming down the slopes to bathe, but had stopped short, at various distances from the brink, to deliberate on the next step.

Safe at the landing-place at last.

We get out. Bunter retires to some moorings where he may put coal on, or leave water out, or unscrew a nut, or play with the donkey-engine, or do, in fact, just what he pleases, as he is alone.

Lady Wetherby and Miss Straithmere are on the quay.

Two gentlemen are talking to them. One is tall and thin, with

a blonde moustache and cavalry whiskers. He is dressed in a sort of shooting costume. I set him down at once as Captain Somebody, of the Something Hussars.

The other is a little round tubby man, with a small head.

Flash of simile.—Like a turtle standing upright.

Wetherby had expected them, it appears, but had been uncertain, or perhaps the excitement of the Launch had put them out of his head. There are also two lads with the party, of about ten and twelve years of age. Behind them is the pony-carriage, and a dog-cart and small groom, new to me. It is comparatively early in the morning, and we have the whole day before us for our excursion. On the whole, glad it's inland, and not yachting.

Wetherby says, "Ah! there's Vicomte Mellong" (or some French name, something like that).

I wonder who is the Vicomte. Little Tubby or the Hussar.

The Hussar is so decidedly English, that it must be Tubby, who is in a sort of yachting costume.

Sudden Flash (while walking up towards them.)—Get up some French for the Vicomte. Take care to have something ready to say to him. Excellent thing to practise a foreign language on every opportunity. Capital thing, too, to have a Vicomte to talk to, because it makes you *au fait* at how to put a title gracefully in French. Wonder if Wetherby is also preparing sentences.

Useful Flash of Thought (more presence of mind).—One great rule of conversation with a foreigner, when you're not quite easy (to put it pleasantly) in the language, is to take the initiative yourself. In a street fight, the First Blow decides the battle. The question, *Who's to give it?* is the one you must always decide in your own favour, and, evidently, before it occurs to the other fellow, your opponent. The rule is simply this: you tread on some one's toes, or insult him accidentally; he turns upon you threateningly. *Knock him down.* No indecision: knock him down. Don't say, "If you do that again, I'll, &c." A cabman growls, "Why, I'd punch your 'ed for fourpence!" *Knock him down*, out of hand. And so on. Same in conversation in a foreign language—say, as in this case, in French. Don't wait for the distinguished alien to open upon you with the hitherto masked battery of a

long rattling sentence, which will probably blow you into syllables, but fire upon him, with a sentence to which the answer, if it requires one, can be anticipated. Then you work easily.

Flash. We are just upon them, and I haven't arranged a single phrase. Stop for one second to tie my shoe. Gain time. What shall I say? How shall I put it? Let me see. "*Est-ce que Monsieur le Vicomte aime yachting?*" On this might follow, "*M. le Vicomte, je suis enchanté de faire votre connaissance,*" and then come out with the question about yachting.

If the worst comes to the worst, I can adapt commonplaces thus: "*Il fait beau temps pour yachting, n'est-ce pas?*"

Also, "*Est-ce que vous êtes long-temps en Angleterre?*"

Mem. (*while tying my shoe.*) Must take care not to make *long-temps* sound exactly like "Long Tom." Also mind my "u"s and "r"s.

Also, "*Est-ce que*" (always begin with "*Est-ce que*" whenever you possibly can) "*M. le Vicomte aim la campagne plus que la vie en ville?*"

Once more. "*Je suis enchanté d'apprendre que M. le Vicomte viendra avec nous pour faire une pic-nic.*"

And, if he can't come "*Ah, M. le Vicomte, que je suis désolé que vous ne pouvez pas aller avec nous pour faire un pic-nic.*"

Shoe-tie settled. I am prepared. Wetherby calls. They are ready to start. I am introduced to the little man first. I am prepared with "*Je suis enchanté,*" &c. He is merely Mr. Durley, Lieutenant Durley, of some ship, somewhere. The other is the Vicomte. His name *does* sound like Mellong. Wonder how it is spelt. I bow politely, most politely. Always like to impress on foreigners that we are neither bears, nor shopkeepers. [On second thought, shopkeepers *do* bow most politely. In fact, shopkeepers are always bowing.] Now to commence, "*Je suis enchanté.*" . . .

Whether the Vicomte hears this, or not, I don't know; but while just returning my salute, he says to Wetherby, in the plainest possible English, "We're all here, now; how shall we divide the party?"

Not a bit of a Frenchman about him: not in dress, manner, speech, or anything.

The two boys (they are Lady Wetherby's, who Wetherby mentioned to me when I first arrived) beg to go on the Vicomte's dog-cart (it's *his* dog-cart, too, and *his* groom; all as English as possible), when he makes himself responsible for their safety.

"Oh, I *should* like to go on the dog-cart," exclaims Miss Straithmere, and gives the Vicomte "one" in *his* eyes with hers.

The Vicomte offers to take her. "I *may* go, mayn't I?" she asks, in a playfully entreating manner, of Lady Wetherby: then she adds, "I won't fall off." Then, turning to me, "You will come, and hold me on, won't you?"

I reply, that this arrangement is impossible, as the dog-cart won't hold the Vicomte, her, me, two boys, and a groom. Whereupon she pouts, and says to *me* (of course always to *me*, and before the tubby Lieutenant and the Vicomte), "You don't want to come. *Why?*"

Why? Upon my ———

Lady Wetherby, smiling good-humouredly, thinks that Janie had better go with her, one of her boys with M. Mellong, the other with Wetherby, and the tubby Lieutenant and myself in the two-horse fly with Bunter on the box beside the coachman.

Bunter, Wetherby says, had better come, in case of accidents. Why Bunter is chosen as being mixed up with accidents (except on account of his conduct on board the Launch), I don't know.

"You see," explains Lady Wetherby, "M. Mellong is taking our hampers, so that it would not be fair to overload his trap. And it's a long day for the ponies; so I thought that" (with a pleasant smile) "as the fly had two strong horses, the heaviest load had better go in it."

Meditations after this, while in the Fly.—The heaviest load means Tubby, Bunter, and *me*. This remark saddens me.

Notes for a Letter to my Doctor—I begin to foresee my fate. Coming events forecast their shadows. The coming event for *me*, is stoutness—stoutness of a peculiar kind. I used to have fat days, now I have fat hours and fat minutes. I have had change of air, quiet, rest, walks, Turkish Baths, sea-breezes, sea-sickness, yachting, driving. Still I don't see any *permanent* change for the better.

Sometimes in the morning I observe with satisfaction that I can buckle my waistband tight, and like it. I am light, airy, can walk along with an elastic step. I have an excellent appetite. I partake of a moderate lunch. Immediately, I feel myself overburdened. I can no more move without puffing, than a steam-engine. A dulness comes over me. Whatever I have taken, I seem to have *soused myself in* (so to express myself, my dear Doctor), and absorbed it, like a sponge, specially if it has gravy. After that meal I am all gravy.

Do you know, my dear Doctor, what it is to tumble into ten feet of sea-water, and come up again with it in your nose, ears, and mouth? Imagine the same, only in gravy. Whatever I take seems to cling to me. My dear Doctor, what does all this mean? Sneezing is a relief to me, and my sneezes are painful to beholders and agonising to myself. Sometimes they almost strangle me, and my nose goes off, after a desperate struggle, like the report of a pistol. After a sneeze I detect myself wheezing; *wheezing*, dear Doctor, absolutely *that*. Do send me your advice. My own idea is exercise, but now? . . . We are going up a hill.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NOTES—SILENCE—DACTYLLIC EXCLAMATION—A CHEYILD OF NATURE—THE LIEUTENANT—PULPINESS—ACTIVE SERVICE—VALUABLE CONSIDERATIONS—SKITTISHNESS—PLAYFUL—GLUMMY—SHOOTING GLANCES—"WHY, WHY?"—COQUETTE—BUNTER FLOWER-GATHERING—A COMPACT—DANDELION—RASH PROMISE—A DASHING CHARGE—BAFFLED—KRANTON CASTLE.

EAR Miss Straithmere, sitting near, asks, "Why don't you talk?" Then, seeing me writing my notes, "Are you writing something nice about me? *Do* let me see it—won't you?" I tell her that it's nothing for her to see. She replies, "*Why?* Why mayn't I see it?" Then suddenly. "O, Lady Wetherby, do look what *beau*tiful" ("*beau*" is a low note, "ti" is one note higher, and "full" is raised a little, but dropped immediately) "flowers. Aren't they *too lovely?* O!" ecstatically, "I should like to have some of those!" with a look at me.

Flash of Intelligence.—She wants me to get out, rush up the bank, five feet at least, almost perpendicular, a wall of brambles and prickles, and make a dash at these idiotic flowers. I won't take the hint. Tubby may. I won't. The Fly is now walking up a hill. She cries out suddenly, "O! what lovely flowers! O!

I *must* have some." I can only see a few daisies running to seed a cluster of bright yellow, coarse-looking flowers, and some few very common ferns. A farthing for the lot would be dear.

Lieutenant Durley smiles. She has impressed him. He is young, and fat.

Note.—There is some consolation to me in seeing him. He's a Lieutenant: a sailor. Therefore, he must have to get up ropes, and be engaged on "*active* service." How *can* he, being so fat? Yet if *he* can, I can. On inspection, I should describe him as—as—ha! *A Flash* (*of description*). Pulpy. Yes, I should certainly call him more "pulpy" than fat. The latter implies weight and a certain amount of solidity: the other doesn't.

Miss Straithmere begs the coachman to stop. She will jump out, climb the banks, and get them herself. The Lieutenant in evident admiration. Lady Wetherby thinks that perhaps it would be as well if we walked going up the hill. Bunter is already down. So is the driver. We all descend except Lady Wetherby, who regards us placidly, as much as to say, "I hope you're enjoying yourselves; *I* am."

Note for Doctor.—Now I notice my wheeziness. Up a hill. Miss Straithmere flops down by the roadside, and begins tearing up handfuls of flowers; then she see some up above, and addresses me appealingly, "Won't you get those for *me?* Only just a little flower? Why won't you?"

(*Real Answer.*—Because I'm wheezy, and can't scramble.) Answer for all practical purposes, "I don't think they're worth getting."

"But," she says, appealingly, "If *I* want them. *Won't* you?" Pause. "Why won't you?"

Lieutenant Durley has craftily stopped behind. He comes up now radiant with a whole handful of flowers for her. "Oh, how b*u*tiful. Oh, thank you *so* much! Oh, I must wear this in my hair!" Then she runs after the carriage, and cries out to Lady Wetherby, with an arch look over her shoulder at *me*, "Isn't it kind of Lieutenant Durley? Look—aren't these beautiful? Aren't they *too* lovely! Do have some, Lady Wetherby, won't you? Oh, do!"

Lady Wetherby, who has seen daisies, ferns, and buttercups before in her life (I am bitter, I feel it, over this egregious folly; and then for Mr. Durley, a Lieutenant in the Navy, to be taken in . . . bah!), selects two, smiling cheerfully, as if taking them is part of some game.

"You'll have one?" she says to me. The Lieutenant looks glum. I decline to receive it.

"Not if *I* give you one?" shot at me from under her eye-lashes. Almost at the same time, she, somehow, manages to fire another barrel at the Lieutenant, who receives his wound gratefully.

Flash of Idea.—Her eyes are Straithmere revolvers. Always loaded—eye-lashes, hair triggers.

No answer. "Why—*why* won't you?"

"Because," pettishly—I feel it's pettish, but I can't help it, specially going up hill—"I can't put it in my button-hole. Give it," I suggest, somewhat maliciously, "to Lieutenant Durley."

I mean by this, "Farewell for ever, Coquette. Go to your Durley, or to whomsoever you like to victimise."

Bunter comes up, and offers her flowers, shyly. His Eye says, "Here's a lark! I see through it, you know! Fancy me a hofferin' flowers to a gal. Luncheon's comin'! Hooray for Wetherby!"

She thanks him enthusiastically. Then we re-seat ourselves in our vehicle. We are the last of the party on the road. More flowers. More ejaculations of delight. Lieutenant Durley gets down, and scales a hedge to procure a thing like a convolvulus, "O, thank you!" she cries, thanking *him*, but shooting a glance at *me*, as much as to say, "See what some people will do for me." Then looking up at the other bank, she cries to me, "O, *do* get me that, won't you? Or help me up, and I'll get it? May I, Lady Wetherby?" Lady Wetherby replies, that if the flower *is* necessary to her existence, that she had better let *me* get it for her. *Let* me! I'd never offered.

"If you'll only get that one," says Miss Straithmere, leaning well forward *at* me, "I'll promise I'll never ask you again."

Lady Wetherby smiles. I fancy, from her hint just now, she is beginning to think me disagreeable. Perhaps she is comparing

me with Durley, who jumps down and jumps up, and picks flowers for anybody. She doesn't know how I am being soured by the state of my health and Miss Janie's *enfantillage*. But I see an opportunity now to show how obliging my real nature is.

"Never!"

"Never!" she answers.

A bargain. I'll do it. It's only a dandelion, I know, and the bank is, perhaps, not so difficult as it looks. It *looks* a wall of blackberry bushes, brambles, and wild somethings which catch hold of your clothes and stop you while other wild somethings scratch you.

I have a great mind to seize the opportunity, and say, "Look here, promise me you'll never say 'Why' again, and I'll get anything you want for you."

I get down. The middle of the hill. Durley is on the other side of the carriage. Bunter is on a-head. I am alone.

I make a dash at the bank. I stop short of it, and consider. Hope no one saw me make this abortive dash.

I look at the bank, to see where's the best place to begin climbing. Confound her, what nonsense this is. If it hadn't been for Lady Wetherby, I wouldn't have got down. No, I'd have said, "If you want 'em, get 'em yourself."

I do *not* see how to get up this bank. Five feet high—it's ten feet, if an inch. And not meant to be climbed up. Wish I'd got gloves with me. I have. In my pocket. Just the pair. Old.

I try to beat down some brambles with my feet, then by laying hold of others with my hands I shall gradually arrive at the stupid idiot of a wild flower.

Flash.—Can't do it in cold blood. Do it in hot. I mean, take a run from the other side of the road, and crash into it. The carriage has reached the top of the hill, and they are waiting for me. Everybody is looking. A country boy with a pudding face, and a mouth large enough to swallow his own head stands to gawk at me. One minute. I make my run, and jump at the bank: *on* it, exactly where I was before, without the slightest impetus.

Some prickly things [exactly as I had expected] catch hold of

my coat affectionately. I try to pull away from them. I see something just beyond me, a little higher up, which apparently has no thorns. That might assist me. I grasp it. Ah!!

It startles me so (being studded with strong thorns, like hard nails, point outwards) that I lose my balance. Staggering downwards, somehow I am slightly stopped by a family of brambles, which are so unwilling to part with me (as if they hadn't seen me for years), that jumping violently on to my feet into the road (an inspiration which saves me from falling on my head), I bring most of the members of the bramble family with me. The idiot ploughboy grins, and says something which sounds like "Yer garnt gurr-gurr." I ask him "What?" sharply, and he replies, "Yer garnt gurr-gurr," much the same as before. I fancy he is giving me advice.

Flash of Ingenuity.—To return to the carriage and say I would have got the flower, but the boy told me I was trespassing. Perhaps he *is* saying that.

My coat is quite *roughed* by thorns. Threads out, all over it. I stop to pick sharp points out of my trousers, and find that my gloves have not been much protection.

Bunter comes down the hill from the carriage, and says, "Lady Wetherby's compliments, Sir, and would you mind coming on as quickly as possible, as they can't stop any longer."

No, I don't try any more wild-flower hunting again for Miss Straithmere. To-day's Pic-nic is the last of *her*, for me, and then—— Ah! Kranton Castle in view, where we're going to pic-nic.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A RUIN AND LAKE—A WALK WE TAKE—ARRANGEMENTS—ESTRANGEMENTS—WE WAIT—AND BAIT—WHEN SHE LOOKED—TUBBY WAS HOOKED—WETHERBY'S CRY—HI, HI, HI!—WHO'D LIKE—CATCHING PIKE—DUCK—MUCK—DURLEY STUCK—RUSH AND REED—WHERE WILD DUCKS FEED—THERE'S A LILY—OH, THE SILLY—UP BY THE ROOTS—DON'T WET YOUR BOOTS—WHERE'S A RAKE—TO DRAG THE LAKE—DID SHE EVER—OH! HOW CLEVER—NOW I MAKE—A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

KRANTON Castle.—A magnificent ruin. About ten minutes' walk from this is the celebrated Fishing Lake. Bunter now appears with three sorts of rods and several kinds of lines. The boy, too, with nets. Wetherby says, eagerly, "We'll go down to the Lake first, and then come back to the Castle."

We are to catch something tremendous in the way of fish, and to return triumphant. Is Bunter sure that he's got the reel all right? and the line No. 2? and the double-bait?

Bunter's Eye winks in reply, as much as to say, "*Do* you think this 'ere's the fust time as I've been out fresh-water fishin'? I've got 'em all right. *We'll* catch 'em, and eat 'em. Hooray for Wetherby!"

A melancholy looking place, the Lake. The greater part being taken up by reeds and rushes.

Lady Wetherby and Miss Straithmere walk down with us. That

is, Lady Wetherby *walks*, and Miss Straithmere alternates between a slide, a skip, and a pounce. The slide takes her along with a sort of skating action. As she does this, she seems to be looking round archly at Lieutenant Durley and myself, and saying, "Am I not swan-like? am I not a sylph? Isn't it what you naughty, naughty boys call 'fetching,' to see me sail before you like this? Don't you feel like following me Anywhere? Can you *just* catch a twinkle of a provoking pair of boots? *Can* you? O! fie! Don't I know how to manage a parasol, so that from under its shelter I can fire my eye-revolvers with killing effect? I'm aware that you're observing my glove too, my right hand one, that's nipping the parasol-handle . . . doesn't it look as if it fitted the plumpest, softest, firmest hand in the world, not too small, not too large? . . . O, of course I'm not thinking this. O, no, I'm only a gay, thoughtless, skittish young thing (I've been so some time, perhaps) frisking about by the side of my chaperon, Lady Wetherby."

I don't think these are my friend Tubby's ideas. By "Tubby" I mean Lieutenant Durley. He seems to be lost in genuine admiration of Miss Janie. She has insisted upon coming out fishing with us, and she has caught the largest and the fattest here. Tubby's hooked. No snake, charmed by the charmer's song, ever looked half so stupid as Tubby does now. He is walking about, mesmerised.

Flash of Thought as we Walk by the Lake.—When I first saw the charmer, was I like this? Did I suddenly appear, to observant folks, as if my faculties had been suddenly dulled? In short, did I wear the same stupid, heavy look as now distinguishes (or extinguishes) Tubby the Fascinated? If so . . . if I looked like this . . . *I'll never be caught again.* This I swear to myself, mentally, in the presence of two pigs foraging, an old hen excited about her adopted ducklings, and a small dog, by the side of the Lake, standing meditatively alone, our party being several yards ahead of me.

Wetherby "Hi! hi!'s" to me. I come up with the party. The rods and nets are all ready. There is no boat, and no one of whom to inquire about one.

The Boy spies a man in the distance. Boy sent on to fetch him. Wetherby and Bunter commence arranging tackle. They've got enough, apparently, to catch all the fish in several lakes, with hooks nearly as big as those used in butchers' shops, where they look as if they'd been baited, fresh that morning, to take any strong sharks that might be about the streets.

"What are they going to catch?" I ask.

"Hey! what?" asks Wetherby. When, in reply to a repetition of my question, he says, "Pike."

I ask of anybody who likes to answer me, "Are pike good to eat?"

I receive no answer except from Bunter's Eye, which, being towards me in profile, says, with the air of a gourmet, "O, ain't they, just! Wetherby won't eat 'em! I *will*. Baked and stuffed! Hooray for Wetherby!"

It is a lovely mid-day, autumnally hot. There are no other signs of inhabiting life about the Lake than a few poor cottages, to which, probably, the old hen, ducklings, dog, and foraging pigs belong. They are, none of them, frightened of us; but, on the contrary, seem inclined towards friendliness. The old hen runs along the edge of the shelving bank, and vainly endeavours to recall the venturesome ducklings, who, in their native element, won't listen to her querulous scoldings for a moment.

Miss Straithmere, having been silent—a rare thing with her—for at least ten minutes, now gives vent to her pent-up enthusiasm. Durley watching. I watching Tubby, with malicious satisfaction.

"O, look!" she exclaims, "did you *ever* see such beautiful ducks! O, Mr. Durley, arn't they *lovely?*"

She flops down, as if to catch one (the playful child of nature!) but *they* are not to be taken in, and the hen puts herself, instinctively, on the defensive. Durley in admiration.

A Study of Durley.—Is he thinking of giving up the sea, retiring on half-pay, and living in a little cottage by a lake, with a fair-haired, child-like wife, who loves the quiet of the country, and its simple pleasures! Does he see, in his mind's eye, (if at this moment Tubby has an eye open *in* his mind), a rustic porch, early morning, a Janie coming home with a fresh-killed duckling

for breakfast, while he puts his nose over the top of the snow-white window-blind up-stairs, and says, "I'll be down directly, dear; I'm just finishing my shaving." Does he see this in a Flash? Or does he see nothing—in the present or in the future—except *her?*

"They *won't* come!" she cries out, plaintively, poutingly, and still on the ground, like *Queen Constance* in *King John*, or a fancy pen-wiper in bright colours. "*Why* won't they come?" she asks me.

I reply that I really don't know why they won't come.

"Don't you?" she returns, looking up at me with intensity from under her parasol, the fringe of which cuts off Durley's legs by the knees, and makes a vignette of them. "*Don't* you know?" she continues, with a tinge of sadness in her voice, and then a slight pause, as if for a hushed sigh, before she asks me, "*Why* don't you know?" I shrug my shoulders. Her tone is softer, more touching, more beseechingly tender, as she continues, "*Why* won't you tell me? *Why?* . . . *Won't you!*" I am beginning to pity Durley, when, without a quarter of a bar's rest she has taken up, as it were a tune in another key, jumping from *rallentando* to *adagio* with the skill of Neruda, the female fiddle-player.

Flash.—Happy simile. She is mistress of her instrument. But Durley may dance to her tunes, not I. "My dancing days. Miss Straithmere" (I say to myself all in the flash), "as far as *you're* concerned, are over."

"Oh!" she bursts out, "did you *ever* see such beautiful scenery?"

Durley looks about him, and murmurs something vaguely. The picturesque is evidently not his strong point.

"O, Lady Wetherby!" she exclaims. "How delightful! I could live here for *ever!!*" Lady Wetherby smiles—I smile. A cherub-like smile illuminates Tubby's face.

Flash.—If he only had wings instead of shirt-collars, he'd make his fortune by sitting to sculptors for "any ornaments for your tombstones." . . . He looks out towards the distant hills beyond the far side of the Lake, and says, "Yes, it's a niceish sort of place."

"*Isn't* it?" Miss Straithmere goes on. "O look at the reeds! and the rushes! and, O, I'm sure, I saw a fish jump. O, Mr. Durley, *was* it a fish?—a large fish! O, I should be *so* frightened if it was a *very* large fish!" and she starts up, on to her feet.

I have no doubt that Durley is feeling in his heart that he would dare all the fish in the Lake for her, but she doesn't give him time (Tubby is a little slow) to formulate his ideas on the subject, as she sees something yellow about a foot or so from shore. "O, a lily!" she cries. "I'm sure it's a lily! O, Mr. Durley, *will* you get it for me?"

"My dear Janie," says Lady Wetherby, laughingly, "Mr. Durley can't go in there without getting wet."

"O, you wouldn't get wet? *Would* you?" she says, inquiringly, turning to the Lieutenant, who, I am sure, is debating whether it's delicate to take off his boots and stockings before ladies or not.

"*Would* you? *Why* would you get wet? *Why?* tell me?"

"I'll fetch it for you," says the Lieutenant, sturdily, defying his boots.

She restrains him. "No," she murmurs, "don't get wet for *me*. I can reach it with my parasol, if you'll hold my hand."

Wetherby, who has been seated for the last quarter of an hour with a rod in his hand, and the line in the water, fishing for anything, so as not to lose time, here requests Miss Janie, rather grumpily, not to disturb the water.

"Why?" she asks.

"Can't fish, if you do," returns Wetherby.

"*Why* can't you fish?" she asks. No answer.

At this moment—I have also seated myself, and have commenced doing nothing with a line in the Lake—the hen perches quietly on my rod.

"O, *isn't* that clever?" exclaims Miss Janie. Did you ever see *anything* so clever?"

Durley is evidently turning the matter over in his mind, to find out if for the sake of conversation, he can produce an instance of parallel talent on the part of a hen. He strokes his chin and meditates. Bunter offers him a rod.

"O *do* fish!" cries his enslaver, as if he'd positively refused.

He takes the rod. He is dreaming, I see he is—he sees a

happy rustic cottage, himself supplying the second course, from the Lake, for the evening meal, and his playful wife welcoming the tired fisherman at the door. That's his dream. He can't speak. Tubby's hooked.

Rough-looking Man comes up, followed by the Boy.

"We want a boat," says Wetherby.

"Ain't none," replies the Man.

"No boat?"

"No."

"Hum!" says Wetherby, evidently meditating bribery and corruption. There's lots of pike here, I suppose. Eh?"

"A goodish few. In the middle and thereabouts. Sees 'm playing like children. But you can't catch 'em."

"Can't?" exclaims Wetherby, looking at his preparations.

"Why?" asks Miss Straithmere, levelling her glance at the poor Fisherman, to catch *him*.

"Acos no fishin' ain't allowed 'ere *now*. It's all preserved."

"But my card——" suggests Wetherby.

"Couldn't let you do it, sir. Much as my place's worth." Then, as if he felt he'd been too stern, he adds, "You can fish from the bank as much as you like."

"But I can't catch anything there," says Wetherby, grumpily.

"No," returns the Fisherman; "except dace and perch."

Bunter commences packing up the tackle. The Fisherman begins to be communicative. He points in the direction of the rushes and reeds.

"There's Couttses there; they comes from and to the bank, but they're mostly *there*. All preserved."

I say, "O, indeed!" Our party is going on, and the Man has singled me out for this information.

Flash of Enormous Importance.—It suddenly occurs to me that he is pointing *not* to the reeds, but to a small house in the distance; and his meaning is, that this place belongs to Coutts's, the bankers, and that they preserve it strictly. I run on to Wetherby.

"I say to him, "You know the Coutts's?" He does.

Very well. Breathless I indicate what I suppose to be their

fishing-lodge on the other side of the Lake. I repeat the Fisherman's information; namely that the Coutts's go up and down from the Bank (this is my version), but are mostly there—that is, at the fishing-lodge. "If so," says Wetherby, "it will be worth while calling. Won't it, Betty?" turning to Lady Wetherby, who answers, "Decidedly;" that "it will be an excellent plan, as it will ensure him the fishing, if not for to-day, at all events for the future."

We return to the Fisherman, who is still standing contemplating us.

"Are the family at home?" asks Wetherby.

The Man doesn't seem to understand. Wetherby repeats his question.

"There's only my Missus," the Man replies, evidently puzzled by our coming back so interested in his domestic affairs.

"No," says Wetherby, "I mean Mr. Coutts."

The Man looks at me for an explanation.

I remind him that he has just informed me how there are Couttses over there; and I point in the direction already indicated by him.

"So there are," he replies, rather sulkily, as if we were either making fun of him, or didn't believe his statement.

I nod at Wetherby, as much as to say, "There—you hear I'm right!"

The Man continues, "Hundreds of 'em."

"Hundreds of Coutts's!" exclaims Wetherby. "Perhaps he means *at* Coutts's."

"Ay," returns the Man, rather nettled, and eyeing Wetherby in anything but a friendly manner, "hundreds—thousands of 'em. There's one of 'em now"—we are both deeply interested, and follow the line of his finger—"he's sitting in among the rushes."

"Sitting in the rushes!" says Wetherby.

I begin to think that Somebody's been mistaken.

A harsh croak, like that of a frog in summer time, diverts our attention.

"That's him!" cries the Man.

"Him!" I can't help repeating, "Who?"

"Why"—just at this instant a small bird, like a moorhen, rises from the rushes and flies to a distant part of the Lake—"There he goes!" cries our Fisherman. "That's a *Coot!* Bless you! there are hundreds o' them *Cootses* about here."

Wetherby doesn't stay for any further explanation. He *runs* (I have never seen him run before) to Lady Wetherby and our party, and tells them the joke. They laugh. I know Wetherby can't keep it to himself, and it will be all over Torquay to-morrow.

Flash.—To-morrow! Off by first train. Town and my Aunt. We walk up to Kranton Castle.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

AMONG THE RUINS—ROMANCE—THE LOVER'S LEAP—GIGGLING—COOTSES—FLASHES—CORRESPONDENCE—THE HARNESS CASE—EXCUSES—FAREWELL! AND IF FOR EVER—MUST SEE DOCTOR—MY HEALTH ONCE MORE—IN TRAIN—AFFECTING PARTING—JOURNEYING—ONWARDS—OPINIONS OF MESSIEURS LES VOYAGEURS—FLASH—THOUGHTS ON LEAVE-TAKINGS—AT STATIONS—TO EXETER—A NEW FACE—OLD FRIEND—PENDELL.

E ARE in the ruins. Miss Straithmere ascends narrow and craggy places. Durley following. I am meditating on the Mighty Past. The days when the lover and his mistress, pursued by the King's troops, leapt on horseback from the dining-room window into the moat below. How the horses came to be in the dining-room remains unexplained. Miss Straithmere asks me why I am so dull? I reply that one can't be always giggling and scampering about. Let Durley giggle and scamper. I tell her that amid old ruins such as these I love to meditate. She replies that that is just what she likes, too, and immediately dares me to run up a flight of steps leading half-way up an old tower. "I'll do it," she says: will *you?*" No, I won't. Giggle, giggle, giggle, up she goes, Durley following. Then I hear

her, higher up, "O, I shall fall! I know I shall!"—giggle, giggle, giggle.

So the afternoon passes. We return. Wetherby can't get the "Cootses" affair out of his head.

When a man can't get a joke against you out of his head, and is perpetually going off into chuckles, looking at you, going off again, telling everyone he meets, and constantly referring to you as "Coots," supposing, for example, that to be the point of the joke which he can't get out of his head, existence in his company becomes a burden.

That's the worst of Wetherby: this joke against me will last for years. Like Shakspeare, the joke isn't for an age, but for all time. Perhaps Wetherby will hand it down in his will to his descendants.

Flash of Imagination.—Properties are held on odd conditions. His might be held on the condition of his heir telling a story once a year in the presence of witnesses—say the story of the Coot. If he failed, or exaggerated, or added to it, or diminished it, the property to go to next of kin, or a hospital.

Letter from my Aunt.—She will meet me at the Exeter Station, on her road to Plymouth. It encloses a letter from her Solicitor (*in re* the Harness Case):—"Dear Madam,—We regret that we are unable to give your nephew a brief in this matter. We have got Mr. Croaker, Q.C., and our usual Juniors. As one of the numerous plaintiffs in this action, your interests shall receive our best attention."

A Note from Budd.—"Met your Aunt. Harness case no go for you. They've got another man. Cheer up. Samuel says you ought to come here and wash."

The last line is his way of expressing Samuel's opinion that I am in want of a Turkish Bath.

Farewell, Torquay. Farewell, Miss Straithmere.

O dear no! not yet! she is coming with me and Wetherby (who is going to drive) up to the station.

She remarks that I appear quite pleased to be going away. *Why?*

I tell her that I am *not* pleased, and that I should like to stay here much longer.

"Then," she asks, "why don't you?"

Now as I am Wetherby's guest, not hers, the question in his presence is awkward. I can't reply, because he hasn't asked me. Torquay, however, doesn't agree with me. The sea doesn't, and the land doesn't, and, except on this morning of my departure, I have not felt what is called "the thing," since I've been here.

I reply that I *must* go up to town and see my Doctor.

Why?

I have a great mind to enter into details, and if I knew scientific terms I would, and she'd never ask "why" again.

The station prevents further conversation.

Tickets taken; rugs in. Luggage safely bestowed. Porter tipped. Guard confidentially polite. Wetherby talking to somebody outside. We are together on the platform.

She is not giggling now, but sentimental.

So sentimental that people can't help watching us, thinking, I am sure, that I am a soldier leaving for India, or an explorer going to Central Africa.

I smile, to lighten up the proceedings, and say I must get a paper.

"Why do you get a paper?" she asks in a melancholy tone, catching (I see her) the people's eyes all about, and evidently conscious of the sensation she is creating.

A tall and fashionably dressed woman, nearly six feet without heels and chignon, weeping over a small man at a Railway Station *is* calculated to attract attention.

Flash.—To get her into a ladies' waiting-room and leave her there, or round a corner out of sight.

No. At the bookstall she is at my elbow drooping over me like a helpless Niobe.

Her eyes are evidently becoming tearful.

I ought, in the presence of an audience, to turn round and embrace her, comfort her, console her, but how can I?

She is so impressionable, that she (in view of this confounded audience which she has attracted) is making herself cry with her

own imaginary sentiment. I *know* as well as possible that if Durley would turn up, or the French Count, or anybody, with whom she could play a new *rôle*, the whole scene would be changed, and I should get into the train, unwept for, uncared for —and precious glad to do it.

Flash of Decision.—Seat myself in the carriage.

I do so; walking sharply to it. People on platform evidently consider me a brute. In their opinion I am (I *see*) a cruel, hard man, who *won't* say good-bye to his wife; and, if it wasn't for lookers-on, would probably beat her.

Seated in the Carriage.—She stands by the door. Drooping. I am sensible of spectators having changed their position on purpose to watch my proceedings. I shouldn't be surprised to hear that they were betting on whether I shall hit her, or not, just before we start. Passengers getting out, along the line, for refreshment, will nudge their friends, and indicate me as being the Brutal Husband. There may be another view of the case, which, if they consider it worse, they will of course take.

I say cheerfully, "Well, good bye, Miss Straithmere; don't let me keep you standing here, as I've no doubt Wetherby will be waiting for you."

She replies sorrowfully, "No! (*sigh*) he is not waiting for me." She shoots a reproachful glance at me, and another, out of the same revolvers, at the audience, who, I should imagine, now think that I am refusing to support my wife and family during my absence.

Flash.—What a nuisance it is, after you're once in a railway carriage, for any one to remain standing at the door "to wish you good bye." They *have* said all that is to be said—you *have* shaken hands. You are pretty sure you've not forgotten anything. If the carriage is full you can't enter into domestic matters, or into any affairs of a private nature, and ordinary topics are out of the question. The time can be unsatisfactorily filled up with such original remarks as, "I think we shall have a nice journey." "I hope so." "It will be hot." "Do you think

so? No, not sitting this side." "Give my love to Annie." This generally interests all your fellow-travellers. "You'll see Mrs. Wigsby when you arrive." You nod a wish to discontinue the conversation, feeling that it is beginning to bore the other people in the carriage and that they're laughing at you for knowing Mrs. Wigsby. "You've got your sandwiches and the flask?" is asked by considerate person at the door. You nod affirmatively. ("Greedy fellow," think the passengers.) "You'll take care and wrap up if you feel cold?" Again you nod. ("What a coddle," think the passengers.) And at last you are off. Obliged to nod and smile and shake your hand up to the last moment, as much as to say, "No accident as yet, you see! There, we've got several yards along by the platform, and the engine hasn't burst! Aha! good omen! Bless you!"—And in another five minutes you're somewhere else.

As I am now. Thank goodness! To Exeter. At the first station a gentleman gets into the carriage. He is evidently very near-sighted, as he stumbles over my legs, turns to beg pardon of my greatcoat, which is on the seat opposite me, and then carefully inspects the middle cushion to find out if anyone is there.

"Um!" he says, shortly to himself; "Bless my soul!" This very jerkily and shortly. "Ah!" Then he nearly closes both eyes as a means of seeing better, and seating himself on the edge of the cushion turns towards me.

Flash of Recognition.—Pendell. Whom I haven't seen for years.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GRADUAL RECOGNITION—VERY EXTR'ORD'NARY—HOSPITABLE PROPOSAL—PENWIFFLE MENTIONED—MY AUNT DITTO—QUIET ENJOYMENT—HEALTH—OBSERVATION—USEFUL NOTE—RUDDOCK OF POLKIVEL—OLD RUDDOCK—FAMILY MATTERS—PROSPECTIVE ENTERTAINMENT—EXETER—A FLASH.

"BLESS my soul!" exclaims Pendell, tapping his own shoulder, and feeling his chest all over, in order to find out where on earth his eye-glass has got to. Failing in his attempts to catch it anywhere, he adopts the alternative of screwing up his eyes, and thrusting his head well forward towards me, then he repeats in his jerky manner, "La! —um—so it is! Aha! Bless my soul! Very extr'ord'nary! Who'd have thought it!" Then suddenly, as if by inspiration, "How d'ye do?"

Then we shake hands. After this he goes on more to himself than me. "Odd! . . . why it must be—dear me!"—here he taps his breast-pocket, and appears puzzled. I ask him has he lost anything?

"Eh?" he replies—"No." Then with a short laugh, and diving into his right-hand pocket, "No—only my spectacles—I'm always losing them. Very extr'ord'nary! Ah! here they are"—in his coat-tail pocket, whence he produces an old-fashioned leather case, from which he takes a pair of spectacles, and, having wiped them

carefully, and tried them first, by holding them several inches away from him, where, I am persuaded, he cannot see them at all, he adjusts them on his nose, blinks several times, then takes a good look at me through them. This examination proving my identity to his satisfaction, he says, "Ah! dear me! . . so it is! . . . Bless my soul! Very extr'ord'nary! . . . got very stout, eh?"

I retort upon him with, "Well, *you've* got very bald since I last saw you."

He passes his hand over his head with quite a surprised look, as if he'd had plenty of hair in the morning, but had somehow lost it since breakfast. Ascertaining by this process that my information is not altogether incorrect, he replies, "Ah, yes! um—but—um—I've a great deal more hair than I had a year ago."

I tell him, when we become confidential, that I am travelling for the benefit of my health, to find some place to suit me, and reduce this tendency to stoutness. On hearing that I am engaged upon a literary work (my *Analytical History of Motion*, which I have not touched for some time), he proposes that I should come and stop with him.

"I think," says he, considering the matter, frowningly, "the air of our place would be just the thing for you . . . yes—um—just the very thing. We're very quiet—but—um—there's sport . . . no shooting to speak of . . . and hunting just begun . . . and——" evidently finding that he has exhausted all the resources of his country, he finishes up with—"and all that sort of thing."

I thank him, and ask him where he lives. "O!" he says, as if this was a sort of home-thrust on my part, and he wasn't prepared for it, "O—ah—yes—" then he laughs shortly, "rather out of the way—Cornwall—" Here he pauses, and looks straight at me, as much as to say, "What do you think of *that?*"

I say, "O, indeed! Cornwall!" as quite a matter of course. If he'd said "Northumberland" or "Nova Scotia," my reply would probably have been the same. After all, why shouldn't he live in Cornwall, or in Northumberland, *or* in Nova Scotia?

"Yes," he continues, apparently pleased at finding that I neither go off into fits of laughter, nor throw any doubt upon his information: "Cornwall . . . Penwiffle . . . Cornwall." Then he looks at me once more, to see how I take *this.*

Flash.—He's evidently been accustomed to meet with ill-bred strangers, who, on hearing the name of "Penwiffle, Cornwall," have been very much amused, and been unable to repress their merriment. I, on the contrary, take it gravely, as if an existence at Penwiffle was a matter too serious for joking.

I tell him that if I don't find my Aunt at Exeter, I will return with him. He is going to Exeter on business, and this will suit him.

"We're a very quiet party," he says, presently, in an apologetic tone, "Perhaps too quiet for you . . . no balls . . . or parties."

Flash.—Does he begin to be sorry he asked me? Why should he think I'm *not* quiet?

I reply that I prefer quiet, and that I think I've been having too much excitement and worry lately. My thoughts revert to the yacht, and Miss Straithmere.

"Ah! that's all right, then," returns Pendell, clearly much relieved at hearing from myself that I do not want a large dinner party every evening with a masked ball three times a week. Then he continues, always jerkily, as if giving me the *dramatis personæ* of Penwiffle—"There's only my wife . . . um—she'll be delighted to see you—um."

He stops, and I put in, feeling obliged to say something, "You're married, eh?"

After-Flash.—Stupid observation on my part. He tells me he has got a wife, and I ask him if he's married.

Note.—Not to do this again.

Pendell sees no offence in the interruption, and answers, "O yes. Married eight years ago . . . Six children. Six—um—six—" thinks it over; then repeats, as if he just arrived at the sum total —"Yes, six children."

"How old is the eldest?" I ask.

Flash.—Haven't I done wrong in accepting an invitation where there are six children? Time to reverse my decision before reaching Exeter.

"Ah!" he exclaims, then repeats my question. "How old . . . um . . . let me see. Well—um." Then, with a laugh—"I don't

know. But," he reassures me, "my wife does—she knows—" then to himself, and looking away from me towards the other window—"she knows."

Silence for some time. Pendell, who has evidently been turning over in his mind what I've told him about my book, suddenly observes, "If you're writing—um—I can show you lots of character . . . plenty of character in Cornwall." I thank him. I like character.

"O yes," he continues, "we'll have a very jolly time." He is quite brightening up in anticipation of my visit. This is hearty and hospitable. "Yes—let me see. I'll ask Old Ruddock, of Polkivel, to meet me"—this sounds interesting—"*he'll* amuse you . . . and—yes—my stepmother's staying with us now . . . she's deaf . . . very deaf . . . and—um—my wife's a great invalid—you won't see much of her . . . and—there's my half-brother . . . don't suppose you've ever met him . . . he's got over a fever lately . . . and . . . he's—um—he's a little silly in his head . . . but"—cheering up again—"I'll ask Old Ruddock to meet you one night at dinner; he'll amuse you—he's a great character," here he finishes with a laugh at some comic reminiscence of Old Ruddock of Polkivel.

"He's very amusing, then, eh?" I ask smiling, and getting up as much interest as I possibly can in Old Ruddock, whom, somehow, I dislike intuitively.

Flash (of Straithmere).—"*Why*" dislike him? *Ans.*—Don't know.

Pendell answers my question enthusiastically. "O yes, Old Ruddock—ha! ha!" here he laughs, evidently at some joke of the old wag—"Old Ruddock!—he'll amuse you—*if he'll only talk.* That's it," he continues, his enthusiasm suddenly cooling down, on this reservation about Old Ruddock occurring to him, "That's it . . . if he'll *talk.* Sometimes, when he dosn't know people, he won't say a word."

Clearly an entertaining person, Old Ruddock.

Exeter. No Aunt. When Pendell has finished his business, go back with him to Penwiffle, Cornwall.

Flash. Never been to Cornwall. Make notes. Cornwall—Characters.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TO PENWIFFLE—DRIZZLY DRIVE—DARK—PROBABLE RESULTS—RUDDOCK AGAIN—DIALECT—IMPRESSIONS—CHARACTERS—FLASHES—STORY OF A MAN WHO—ETCETERA—JEROBOAM—DONKEY CART—METHUSALEH—ALL CHARACTERS—BETWEEN ME AND THE POST—ON THE BRIDGE—WHY CONJUROR?—DANGEROUS—A PUZZLE—THE WAGGONER—DIFFICULTIES—JERKS—THUMPS—BUMPS—CAREERING—JEROBOAM—JEHOSHAPHAT—PENWIFFLE REACHED.

THE *station (Cornwall.)* Pendell says that we have four miles to drive before we arrive at his house. Dark night. Drizzling, slightly. "O yes," says he, in answer to my question as to the means of conveyance, "My trap'll be here." Hope so, sincerely. In a new atmosphere, in a fresh county, before you're, as it were, acclimatised, there's nothing so dangerous as getting damped; not wet through, but damped. It means rheumatism, cramps, pains, shootings, and all the fearful things that appear in an advertised list of complaints curable by some patent medicine.

Pendell says to me, quietly "You notice the Station-Master. He's a character." I ask him if he's as great a character as Old

Ruddock, whom he mentioned. "Ah!" he says, smacking his lips, "*he's* a character," and then he laughs "Ha! ha!" abruptly, as if at some recollection of a joke of Old Ruddock's.

First Notes on Cornwall (*which I make while* Pendell *is giving directions to the Porter about the luggage*). Strange dialect, as if the people were more or less angry with one another. That's the first impression. My second impression is, that I don't understand more than half of what they're saying.

A labourer is leaning against the railings, and speaking to the Station-Master. I watch him, expecting to hear something from the "character." I fancy that (as it does not sound angrily in this instance) a joke, a retort, and a repartee, have passed between them; and that the Station-Master, judging from his sudden silence, while the others are laughing, is getting the worst of it. Noting down the only repartee that I am able to catch, I find that it sounds something like this:—

Labourer (*lolling against railings, and laughing at Station-Master*). Make a twarry wiska twarry, ay?

Roars of laughter at this sally. "The character" walks off silently. Perhaps this is what makes him a character. Then they look round at me.

Flash.—Being in a strange country, ingratiate yourself with the people. A smile does it. I smile, and *I think* it does it. They look at one another as much as to say, "He's not such a bad sort of fellow after all, though he doesn't belong to these parts." Talking of getting on well in a strange country, reminds me that I once met a man who knew no language but his own, and who told me that he had never had any sort of difficulty in making himself understood abroad by smiles, nods, and by knowing the names and airs of several songs out of Italian Operas, and also of some popular French ballads. On the strength of this last accomplishment, he told me he stopped for nearly a week as the guest of a distinguished Family in Switzerland, who, I suppose (the truth has occurred to me since), didn't know how to get rid of him, because they couldn't say good-bye in English. He also told me that he very nearly married an Italian Countess, whom he met at a small inn on the Rhine, and with whom, after *table*

d'hôte, he had exchanged the names and tunes of at least twenty songs while sitting out in the moonlight sipping May-wine, and smoking mild tobacco. He had a scheme for proposing to her which was very simple. He was going (he told me) to have turned his signet ring round so as to conceal the stone, and only show the plain gold semi-circle, and to have proffered this, touching his heart with it first, and then raising his eyebrows inquiringly, and singing "*Tu m'ami!*" from *Les Huguenots*. This ingenious plan came to nothing, however; as, while he was arranging his ring, and settling the proper key for his tune, he noticed a wedding-ring and a keeper on the lady's finger. This settled the question, so he simply sang the "*Good Night*" from the *Barber of Seville* (which, by the way, he pronounces "*Boney Sarah*," not much of a compliment to the Italian Countess), and by adding "*Partons pour la Syrie*," implied that he was off next morning for Mayence, allegorically represented by the Syria of the song. I also notice ——

Pendell reappears. "Hallo!" he exclaims, "here you are!" Then, with a short laugh, "Aha! I've been looking for you, everywhere. Aha! I'm so short-sighted, and this light so bad, that I can hardly see two inches in front of me."

I follow him out. A gig is in waiting for us. "Jeroboam!" Pendell suddenly calls out, peering into the darkness.

Flash.—I am startled. There's an awful sound about it. In the darkness, in a new county, with a shadowy gig-horse before me, suddenly to hear a voice challenging a reply from out of the gloom, with "Jeroboam!"

Is it a pass-word? No . . . A voice says—

"Yezzurr."

The answer proceeds, apparently, from the horse's mouth.

Intelligent Flash.—Cornwall is a County of Legends and Poetic Tradition, and I see at once how this occurrence, if handed down from generation to generation, would become at last the well-known story of Pendell's Talking Horse.

Being accustomed to the light, or rather want of it, I now perceive a man holding the horse. This is Jeroboam.

"Ah!" says Pendell, in a satisfied tone; "that's all right.

Jeroboam will bring the luggage after us in a cart: he'll sit on it, and—um—um—" here he is mounting to the driving seat. "Methusaleh will drive him home."

I feel that I open my mouth, nose, and lift my eyebrows with astonishment. Extraordinary place, Cornwall!

Jeroboam sitting on my luggage in a donkey-cart, driven by Methusaleh!

I repeat, aloud, to myself, "Jeroboam."

"Ah!" says Pendell, "he's a character—quite a character." "So," he adds, after a little thought, probably to compare the two. "So is Methusaleh!"

I wonder to myself whether they're characters like Old Ruddock and the Station-Master.

Nil admirari—but I can't help remarking to Pendell that these names sound a little odd.

"Ah, yes," he replies; "yes"—he is leaning well forward, always peering into the darkness—"You may let her go, Jeroboam."

Jeroboam obeys, and the mare starts, showing an inclination at first, for the right-hand side of the road.

"Um!" says Pendell, smacking his lips, and then shaking his head. "Very extr'ord'nary!"

I ask if anything's the matter?

"No," he returns; "she's a little restive, p'r'aps, after standing about"—then he suddenly shouts out, "Hey!" to something on his right.

It is one of the posts of the gate leading out of the station.

"Aha!" he laughs, on discovering this; "I am getting so blind at night, I don't think I can see an inch before me." Perhaps the post is a character. Shouldn't be surprised.

We have four miles to drive.

Mild Inquiry.—"I suppose—at least I sincerely hope, that it's a pretty straight road to your house."

"Um!" replies Pendell, considering—"nasty in parts; sharp turnings and narrow lanes." Again he shouts out, "Hey!" meaning that somebody, or something, on his right, is to get out of his way.

It is the corner of a parapet, which, *I* can clearly see, even on such a night as this, borders a bridge over the river.

"I was once talking to a fellow who was sitting beside me when I was driving," says Pendell, with a keen relish of the humour of the proceeding, "and we came right up against the corner that we've just passed."

It occurs to me to ask him, "Do you often drive?"

"Drive!" he repeats: "Lor' bless you! yes—always." Then, with his usual short laugh, "Aha—um! I *very seldom* have any accidents—very seldom. Get up, Conjuror! Tchk! Conjuror! Pst—st—st!" All this to the horse, whose name, I perceive, is Conjuror. I can't help asking Pendell why he called his horse Conjuror.

"Ah, yes," says he, evidently pleased, "I called him Conjuror, because of his *tricks*."

"What tricks?"

"Oh, all sorts"—here Conjuror stumbles—"Whoop, Conjuror! Hallo! Tchk! old horse!" Then he whistles, and peers into the darkness.

Flash.—Better not talk to him, or distract his attention from his driving.

"It's all pretty clear here," he says.

We are on a broad road. I am sure something is in front of us A large waggon, I fancy, coming towards us. I don't like exactly to point out such an object as this to him. He might think that I was interfering. He doesn't seem to see it. We are driving, too, on our wrong side. I hardly like, either, to remark on this novelty, as it may be a Cornish as well as a French custom.

I am *sure* it is a large waggon coming towards us. Most dangerous. I ask, "Isn't there a ——." He interrupts me; "Ah," he says, thrusting his head forward, "I was—um—wondering whether that was anything. I can't," he adds, slowly, and not checking the horse's trot for a second, "I can't make out whether it's a man or a cart."

Half a minute decides the question. A loud shout from the waggoner, who is luckily walking by the side of his team, a sudden pull over to the left on Pendell's part, I grasp the side of the gig, and in another three seconds we have passed by the waggon.

Flash.—Not show nervousness. Be cheerful over it. Say "Ah! that was near."

Pendell stamps on the footboard, and laughs heartily. "Near!" he exclaims, "oho—um—that's nothing! Pst-tchk! Get away with you, Conjuror!"

"Wouldn't he find it useful to wear his spectacles," I suggest.

"No, not a bit," he replies, "Spectacles—no good at night."

"But lamps," I say; "wouldn't you find lamps of some service?"

"O yes," he replies; "most people use 'em about here. But I don't when I'm driving myself. Can't see anything when I've got lamps. Get up, old Conjuror!"—which adjuration seems necessary, old Conjuror having been, for the third time, as nearly down on his nose as ever I saw a horse. "Pst-tchk——." I feel a sort of scooping motion, as if I was being shovelled round somewhere in a spoon, while Pendell is tilted up a little on his side. Then the bump of a rut,—and Pendell and I are sitting evenly again.

Flash.—We have just come round one of the nasty corners. Perhaps the nastiest. I ask him if this is so. "O no," he replies, "that's nothing."

"But," I protest, "your side was up on the bank."

"Was it?" he says; then adds, confidentially, "Well, the fact is, *that* turning took me by surprise. The old mare knew it . . . Conjuror knew it . . . um—but I thought it was further on, pst-tchk!" Here he chuckles to himself as if the chance of an accident was the funniest thing he'd known for a long time. I ask him what amuses him? He replies, "Oh—Old Ruddock—aha!—he's quite a character. You *must* meet him—aha"—and we're nearly into a ditch, or hole of some sort.

Bang—jerk—bump. Ruts. Nearly out of our seats. "Most of our roads are first-rate here," he informs me; "but this bit—um—I don't know—um—I must speak at our Board meeting about this . . . ."

Bump—bump, jerk, bump. Holding on. Whish! up on *my* side, down on *his*; result, we are round another corner, safely.

Three more corners. Then Pendell asks, "Can you see a gate before you, eh?"

Before I have time to reply that I have noticed something white, Conjuror, who doesn't want to be pulled up, cleverly saves his nose by stopping short of the gate by a foot.

"Aha! shut! bless my soul—um—that's that idiot Jeroboam." Pendell gives me the reins, and descends. He opens the gate, and I drive in.

"Here we are!" says Pendell, remounted on the box. We are driving up an avenue. Beyond this I can see nothing. But there are no more corners. Lights from the windows of the house visible at last. I almost expect to find my hair turned white in a single night when I get down.

"Welcome," says Pendell, cheerily, "to Penwiffle." Then suddenly to himself, "I wonder"—"What?" I ask. "I was wondering," he says, "if Jehoshaphat's in." Then he bawls, 'Jehoshaphat."

Good gracious! What a set of names.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE PRIORY—VALUE OF A STRANGER—STORY OF ANOTHER MAN WHO —ETCETERA—MY HEALTH—HAPPINESS—WHY?—FLASH—MRS. PENDELL — ENCORE RUDDOCK — DINING ROOM — RULES FOR SUPPER-EATING—EXPLANATION OF PUZZLE—SLEEPINESS—BED.

JEHOSHAPHAT emerges from somewhere with a lantern, or—it being so dark it flashes across me that—

The Flash. — A lantern emerges from somewhere with Jehoshaphat.

Then lantern, Jehoshaphat, horse, and trap vanish into the gloom.

A burst of light, and we are in the hall of Penwiffle Priory.

Flash.—Why Priory?

I ask this. "Eh?" replies Pendell, pausing in taking off his top-coat to consider the matter; this evidently being quite a new idea to him.

Note.—A Stranger is valuable in a place to which you've become accustomed, because he starts some new ideas. I recollect a friend who had lived for two years in what he called a Country Paradise. Stranger came down. "Charming, eh?" said my friend, expecting Stranger to be in raptures. "Um!" replied Stranger, sniffing—(startling to get a Sniffing Stranger—it makes you look about, and arouses suspicion)—"What's the matter?" asked my friend, uneasily. "Drains all right here, eh?" asked the Sniffing Stranger, breaking it to him gently. Then——I remember well

what happened *then*—my friend became nervous; he lived with cans of disinfecting fluid, and nuisance-destroying powders in his hand. He was up early—he and the Stranger—both sniffing all over the garden, and making points, like truffle-dogs when they found anything under their noses, and above their comprehension. Then came discussions with gardener, groom, carpenter, bricklayer, well-sinker, labourer, with suggestions from Builders, and sketches from Architects; and, finally—the property was ruined, and so was my friend's health. There's the secret out at last, *nomine mutato* (I haven't given a name except to call him "my friend") *fabula narratur de Me.* That's the secret of my want of Health. I can trace it all back to that, I believe; and now when I go to a friend's Happy Healthy Home, the first thing I do—if he glories in its being peculiarly healthy—is to sniff. Few men can stand it. Pendell doesn't boast that his place is so eminently salubrious, but I've brought him *one* fresh idea to begin with. It is, "Why is your property called the Priory?" He's been here ten years, and he owns that no one has ever asked him this question before.

It puzzles him. He ejaculates to himself several times, "Very extr'ord'nary!" and is evidently bothered. He takes off his coat: So do I. He ushers me into the drawing-room: quintessence of comfort. Really easy chairs. Nobody here. I sink into one chair. He into another. Then I hear him repeating to himself, as he frowns at the log fire, "Why, Priory?"

"Yes," he says, presently stretching himself, and standing up on the hearth-rug, "Confound it!" he is evidently annoyed, "Why, Priory?"

Flash of mine, in order to relieve him.—Perhaps the tenant, prior to you, might have called it so, because *you* were coming afterwards. This satisfies neither of us. Pendell regrets that his wife is not up, or she would have given us the real history of the Priory. "*She* knows all about it," he tells me. "*She'll* tell you, you'll see; but," he adds, "Old Ruddock is well up in all the County History, and he's sure to be right."

I notice that he never can mention Old Ruddock's name without smiling to himself at some of this old gentleman's *facetiæ*. I begin to long to meet Old Ruddock. I don't know why, I picture

him as a tall man in knee-breeches and top-boots, with a low-crowned hat, but I do. In my mind's eye I see Old Ruddock.

"They've put out supper for us," observes Pendell, making a move.

The Dining-Room.—More quintessences of comfort. If we'd been ogres coming in after an unsuccessful hunt for small boys, we couldn't be more sumptuously provided for. Pies, ham, beef, jug, and tankard. Pendell says he's not much of a supper-eater. I tell him I never take it, as a rule.

Flash.—Make a remarkable exception. Pie, beef, home-brewed ale—"*that* won't hurt you," says Pendell, who suddenly takes me in hand, medically,—and a cigar with a glass of real Irish whisky as a "corrective."

Result.—Both seated before fire. I hear Pendell murmur "Why Priory? very extr'ord'nary!" Some answer is occurring to me when I seem suddenly to be puzzling myself as to whether I have answered or not, and then I am awoke by a loud snore, and my head jerks forward as if a spring had given way somewhere at the nape of my neck.

"Hallo!" exclaims Pendell. Then it occurs to me that, if the snore was mine, it is time for bed.

I go to bed half asleep, I undress three-quarters asleep, only conscious of not throwing my things into the fire, but anywhere else, about the floor. I think I wind up my watch. Three-quarters and a half I roll into bed.

In Bed.—Fall asleep. First night at Penwiffle in search of Health.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EARLY TO RISE—FRESHNESS—FATIGUE—INVIGORATION—THE INCORRECT TIP—FLASH—HOSPITALITY—TUM-TUM-TUMMING—GOOD NEWS—TINTAGEL IN VIEW—RUDDOCK AGAIN—A NEW CHARACTER—THE LANDLORD—MORE CHARACTERS—DRAWING-OUT PROCESS—MR. BENNY—FLASH—TORBLE—ANOTHER CHARACTER—WHERE IS HE?—NOTES—STATISTICS—POSTMAN—GEORGE—ANOTHER CHARACTER.

PENDELL, of Penwiffle, is up early. Chi-rr-up-ing. Talking to dogs and dependents. Three of the dependents are cats, one of them being a remarkably fine specimen. "Quite like a dog," says Pendell. "Most extr'ord'nary cat." He is fresh. I am not. He comes into my room and draws the curtains. I expected to have jumped out of bed invigorated by the air of Cornwall, and inhaled new life through the open window. On the contrary, I beg him *not* to open the window. The tip of my nose feels like an anti-climax. I mean it is burningly cold, or frigidly hot. The bridge seems very much larger than usual.

Flash.—Not the Bridge of Sighs, but the Bridge of Double the Size.

I feel that if I get up I shall have a lively headache. I feel that, also, if I lie in bed I shall have a sleepy headache. My eyes ache.

"I am afraid," I say to Pendell, "that Cornwall doesn't agree with me."

"Hum!" he replies, with his usual short laugh; "he! he!—um—you took too much supper last night."

I don't think (as far as I can think, mistily, about anything, in my present condition, and in bed) that Pendell is right. No man likes to be told that the place where he lives is in any way unhealthy. If you tell him that there's a dampness somewhere about, he will be offended, and retort, "Oh no! impossible!" If you insist upon it, he will think you disagreeable, and won't ask you again when you particularly want an invitation. If you further press upon him that, to live in such an atmosphere, or, rather, to remain for only a few hours breathing such poison, is dangerous, he will point to himself and his children, and say, 'Look here! we're all very well!" And if they *are*, you can only add, "Well, you'll see;" as much as to say, "There! I've warned you."

Pendell *will* have it that I ate too much at supper; that I eat too much generally; that I don't take sufficient exercise; that I sleep too long, and go to bed too late. That, in fact, I do everything too something or other.

As for Penwiffle in any way disagreeing with me, he won't hear of it.

Breakfast.—No appetite. Bad sign. Hospitality always shows out in sideboard arrangements. Cold things on sideboard. Hot things on a sort of steel gridiron before the fire. Mrs. Pendell down. Picture of health. Wish I was. Children at their music lesson. It sounds as if somebody was tuning only five notes of the piano, and couldn't get 'em right anyhow. Begin to feel that *The Last Rose of Summer* is being played as a tuner's dirge, in my head. I follow it: *tum, tum* (pause), *tum*, then a high *tum*, as if a successful jump had been made, and the performer had alighted safely, and was taking breath. Children are, I am informed, going away to-day for a week's holiday to their grandmamma's. Of course I express my regret.

Pendell has arranged, he says, a day for me. We're to go and see Tintagel. And be home to dinner to meet Ruddock. Pendell never can mention "Old Ruddock" without laughing. His wife smiles too. Ruddock is evidently *the* wag of this locality.

I calculate on the effects of what to-day's exercise will be on me. Change of atmosphere. Walking. Jolting, when driving. Laughing in the evening at Ruddock's jests.

A carriage comes to fetch us. Pendell is *not* going to drive. A relief. He whispers in my ear that he doesn't drive to-day as he has hired a carriage and horses for the trip, on purpose that I may see the driver, because "he's such a character."

"Is he?" I say, and look at him as he sits on the box. A weather-beaten, crabbed face, and dressed not unlike an undertaker in top-boots. I remark, as we start, in what a lovely situation Penwiffle is placed. Fine bold view of hill and dale.

Note.—This makes up for having hinted at its not agreeing with me.

Pendell is very anxious that we should go through some village, and stop at the inn to make some trivial inquiry. "Just," he says, in explanation, "to draw the Landlord out. I want you to see him—um—aha!—he's a regular character. He's well known about here. Quite a character."

Our Coachman has as yet (and we've been five miles) done nothing to entitle himself to being ranked among the Cornwall 'characters." He returns a "Yes" or "No" to a question, drives very carefully, and knows the road well.

On reflection, perhaps this is what makes him a Character. Other Cornishmen would, it may be, give you a rigmarole by way of reply, drive recklessly, and take the wrong turnings.

The Landlord of the Three Crows.—He comes out. A tall, fresh-looking man, dressed in gamekeeperish fashion. I watch the process by which Pendell is going to "draw out" this character for my special amusement.

"Good morning, Mr. Benny," says Pendell.

"Morning, Sir," says Mr. Benny. Both cheerily.

So far the exhausting process hasn't done much. I wait.

"Fine morning, eh?" says Pendell, with a laugh. I smile too, out of compliment, and in a general way to encourage the performance. Now is Mr. Benny's time to come out as a character.

"Yes, Sir, it *is* fine," he replies cheerfully, "for the time of year."

"Yes," returns Pendell, and looks at me, and laughs.

I laugh, too. Why, I don't know. I've not noticed any eccentricity on the part of Mr. Benny. Ah! he's going to give us a witticism now.

He says, "Will you step in, Gentlemen, and take a glass of anything?"

"No, thank you: much obliged," answers Pendell.

I express myself to the same effect. Mr. Benny raises his hat politely, we bow royally, our Coachman gives a flick of the whip to his horses (perhaps this is a touch of character), and on we go again.

I look back to see if Mr. Benny shows any signs of eccentric character when we're gone. I rather expect to see he's throwing his hat up, doing a few funny steps in the road, or letting off a firework. No, he is talking quite quietly to a farming man: and so we gradually lose sight of him.

"Is Mr. Benny a great character?" I ask Pendell.

Pendell looks at me with surprise, as much as to say, "Why! Good gracious! didn't you *see* what a character he was? Didn't I draw him out for you?" But he only says, "O, yes—um—he's a great character."

A wild road. Dartmoor generally visible with an association about it of mists and convicts. Houses put down at hap-hazard in different spots at a considerable distance from one another. A mansion in the distance, five miles off from its own lodge-gates.

"Nice little distance," Pendell observes, "if you want to send down to the lodge-keeper to tell him you're not at home if anybody calls."

Flash.—Private telegraph on grounds.

Pendell thinks this is a Notion. He will mention it to the owner.

Note.—As I've remarked before, a visitor always brings new ideas with him.

This suggestion of mine—to what may it not lead?

Telegraphs private, public, new stations, new lines, more houses, united villages, entirely New Town.

Pendell wishes our driver (the character) to take the right road instead of the left. He does so. "It's a little longer, perhaps," he observes, "but you'll see Mr. Torble the clergyman here."

"A Character?" I ask.

"O quite. He's always standing at his door."

We drive on. Eagerly watching for a sight of old Torble, Pendell puts on his spectacles, and asks the driver to point out Mr. Torble's rectory. I am, in consequence, shown it, half a mile off. More excitement. We come up to it. We drive slowly before it. There is the door where he always stands—except on this particular occasion.

"Odd!" mutters Pendell to himself. He is evidently disappointed. After some consideration he informs me that "perhaps he saw the carriage coming, and went in. Because," he adds, "old Torble is shy . . . and—um—perhaps he didn't want to be at home to visitors. He's quite a character."

Notes and Statistics made on the Road.—The banks on either side as you get towards the coast look as if thousands of revolutionary schoolboys had got loose, had broken their slates, and stuck the bits all about, everywhere.

Note 2.—A stone-breaker on the road. It flashes across me that I've never heard of a stone-breaker rising to any social eminence. Perhaps they take to it too late in life.

Note 3.—Everyone in Cornwall is a Character. But residence is absolutely necessary to the drawing-out their eccentricities.

For instance, the Postman at Penwiffle, Pendell says, "is a regular character." It subsequently appears that what Pendell means by this is, that the Postman sometimes delivers the wrong letter, sometimes forgets them altogether, and often mislays a newspaper or a packet. I suggest as an amendment in the description, "an irregular character."

Another character is a coachman at a friend's house. Pendell tells me that Isaac (his friend's coachman) is quite a character. He is summoned from the stable for my special examination. He staggers up, and is so stupid as to be unintelligible. *They* say, "O, he's quite a character." I say to myself, "he's nearly drunk." Pendell informs me that he has distinguished himself as a "character" by upsetting the carriage twice, and by once, accidentally, setting fire to the stable. However, in consideration of his being a character, these incidents in his career were overlooked as belonging to the eccentricities of genius.

Note 4.—Jeroboam, David, Noah, and other Scriptural names are quite common, and they all throng to "Little Bethels" on Sunday.

Note 5.—When a man's name is not Scriptural, you may be pretty certain he is called George.

Note 6.—The cows in Cornwall are remarkably intelligent. They get drunk on oats. I saw one in this state for an hour. Luckily, the cow couldn't see me. "Do I know," says Pendell, "what to do with 'em when they're like this."

A Flash.—Soda-water in troughs. (Send this idea to Mr. Mechi. Just the thing for a model farm at Christmas.)

Note 7.—You are always going up-hill in Cornwall. Coming down is only an exception that proves the rule.

Note 8.—"The woman who is to show us over Tintagel Castle is a regular character," says Pendell. "She's always in her cottage." We call. She isn't. "*Just like her!*" says Pendell.

On the summit of Tintagel. Among the ruins. Tennysonian inspiration for an Arthurian idyll :—

Let us be agile,
Climb up Tintagel,
Ruin so fragile.

I explain to Pendell—"agile" pronounced "agel" by poetic licence. Difference of opinion. Hot work climbing up here. Hungry. Good sign. Sea breeze. More hungry. Let us descend to the Inn. "Um!" says Pendell; "you *must* see the Landlady there: she's quite a character."

CHAPTER XL.

ARTHUR'S SEAT—CASTLE-CHAPEL—WILD FLOWERS—INFORMATION—LUNCHEON—RETURN—HOUNDS TO-MORROW—AFTER THE OTTER—NERVOUSNESS—THRILL—FLASH—VIEWS—IDEAS—BOOTS—CORDS—HOW ABOUT DRIVING?—"J. P."—IMAGINARY COSTUME—ROMANCE OF OTTER-HUNTING—ENCORE RUDDOCK—THE TREGONIES OF TREGIVEL—SOME BODDS—OTHER BODDS—TRELISSACS OF TRELISSAC—CHARACTERS COMING.

TINTAGEL is magnificent. We climb up to the highest point, and are glad to lie down first, then calmly sit up and admire the view. Tintagel has, indeed, a "character." Pendell points out the wild flowers to me, with the information that *he* doesn't know anything about them. We examine the site of the old chapel in the Castle, and find the probable position of the ancient altar. Pendell observes that my surmises are likely to be right; but the only person who knows everything about it is the old clergyman Torble, who ought to have been standing at his garden gate when we passed, but wasn't. Then we descend the height, and go to the inn for luncheon. After this we return from Tintagel—tired. Evidently not strong, because I sleep all the way back in the trap. Pendell says, "Aha!—um—that's not weakness. You ate too much

lunch. Get you all right to-morrow, with a run with the otter-hounds. Last day of the season."

Flash, across me.—I've not ridden for a long time. Got no boots or breeches with me. "Nothing I should have enjoyed so much," I say, "only that—" then I gave my reason. Note on, and to myself. I'm sure that my stay at My Aunt's has made me nervous. I don't think that Wetherby's steam-launch improved me; and I'm sure that Pendell's driving has shattered me completely. Consequently, when he mentions suddenly a run with the hounds, I feel a sort of thrill through me, which is not exactly pleasurable; but it is not unlike what one might experience if a strong-minded medical man, to whom you had entrusted the supervision of your general health, unexpectedly turned round to you in his carriage when you thought you were out for a pleasant drive with him, and said, "Look here, I'm going to take you to Sir William Fergusson's to have you examined, and if it's necessary, he can operate at once." In my present state of nerves, I don't know what I should do on hearing such an announcement. Faint, perhaps, or let down the window and scream for assistance. In the latter case, the medical man would probably change his mind, and direct the coachman to drive to Dr. Forbes Winslow's.

I haven't asked Pendell to take me out hunting.

Flash.—Chorus of the old Tantivy song, adapted to my present circumstances—"A hunting we will '*not*' go, my boys!"

I don't like—in fact I dont think it hospitable for a man, with whom you are staying for pleasure, to say arbitrarily, in effect, "Now to-morrow you will be put on a horse that you've never ridden before, whose height, length, and breadth may not suit you, whose temper you don't know, whose leaping qualifications may be extraordinary, or may not, and you will be taken on the back of this animal (as long as you remain there) over so many miles of country, so many hedges, so many stone walls (it flashes across me that they are all stone walls in Cornwall with sharp slates at the top), and whether you ever reappear again safe and sound it is impossible to conjecture; but if you don't break your neck, or

your arm, or your leg, and if you *do* come back all right, then—then—you'll have a capital appetite for dinner."

This all occurs to me before Pendell replies that, "There's no necessity for breeches and boots."

"Ah!" I say, with the air of a man who is accustomed to Leicestershire, "that's all very well, but it doesn't do for a stranger to appear in a field unless he's properly got up." (My mind is made up, "A hunting we do *not* go, my boys.") I add, so as not to appear to be shirking the sport, which I admit I love, that "If Mrs. Pendell is going to drive or ride to the meet, I would accompany her; and we could"—a little hesitation here—"we could see something of it."

It appears, however, that Mrs. Pendell is not going.

Pendell goes on to explain, that when he said breeches and boots were not necessary, he meant that I needn't ride unless I liked.

I am astonished at this suggestion. It occurs to me suddenly that I've seen a lot of good-for-nothing people in seal-skin caps and highlows in attendance at meets, specially of harriers, who by knowing the country, turn up at various checks, are in at the death, and see the whole sport on foot. They are cads, I have always imagined, who make a livelihood out of accidents on the hunting field, catching horses, holding them, opening gates, leading nervous men's horses over "nasty places," (this from experience) and so forth. A class of men I detest. They would make excellent camp-followers and spend their summer in boating localities and at race-meetings. Surely it is not as one of these that a Cornish squire wishes me to appear in the hunting-field! I merely say with sarcastic smile,—

"O, I couldn't hunt on foot."

"I shall," returns Pendell.

Can I believe my ears? Yes, Pendell of Penwiffle, of the ancient Pendell Family, Squire, J.P., and Chairman of Boards, Vestries, and of everything in this part of the country where there *is* a chair to be taken, tells me seriously that he is going out hunting, afoot!

"In what dress?" I ask, incredulously.

"O—knickerbockers and gaiters, and—um—flannel," he replies, and then adds, "I can lend you flannels, they're the best for running in."

"But," I ask, "do many people run?"

He informs me that nearly everybody runs, as riding is almost impossible, and reminds me that he is talking of the *Otter* hounds.

Flash.—Ah! of course—Ansdell's or Landseer's picture. Handsome young Keeper, in velvet, with long spear, holding up Otter, hungry dogs, open-mouthed, all around. O, *that's* another thing! Ha! ha! I'm with him, with pleasure. If it had been fox-hounds, I *now* say, I was thinking whether I should have had time to have telegraphed home for my boots, and whether, if they could find them (for I fancy they were put away with a fancy dress costume of an Austrian Hussar), they could send 'em down to me here (over four hundred miles from my house), by to-morrow morning.

Otter-hunting by all means! To-morrow! Bravo!

Here we are at Penwiffle. In time for dinner. To meet Old Ruddock.

Mrs. Pendell tells us that a letter has just been received from Old Ruddock.

"Aha!" says Pendell, chuckling, and smacking the side of his right leg with his stick: "just like him! Aha! Old Ruddock!" Then he laughs again. It only appears from this that it's just like Old Ruddock to send a letter; nothing more. But this hardly makes him the great "character" that Pendell says he is.

It appears from this characteristic letter that Old Ruddock, of Ruddock, has accepted, by mistake ("Just like him! Aha!" interposes Pendell, enjoying the note immensely), the invitation to dinner for to-morrow night—not to-night. No Ruddock to-night.

Pendell is sorry that we are not going to have him all to ourselves, as he says to me, "You'd have drawn him out. And—and—he's a—aha!—he's a great character!"

Mrs. Pendell smiles gently at the fun, as if she were recalling some happy memory of an evening with Ruddock. I am inclined to ask her quietly if he *is* such a character *really*. Women see a character at once. She'll know. I postpone the inquiry. But I can't help being curious as to old Ruddock, of Ruddock.

Pendell is glad after all, he says, that he's not coming to-night,

as he'll be such fun to-morrow, when it appears there is to be a large party.

"Let's see," says Pendell, "now there are the Tregonies of Tregivel; then there's Miss Trelissac and her brother, then Bodds of Landagle——"

"No, dear," interrupts Mrs. Pendell. "The Landagle Bodds can't come, so I sent to their cousins."

"O—um," says Pendell, as if meditating upon the social value of the change. "Ah! the Bodds of Popthlanack—um—well?"

Mrs. Pendell answers this inquiry with the announcement that "The Popthlanack Bodds are coming," which, on the whole, seems to satisfy Pendell, though, for choice, it is evident he would have preferred the Landagle Bodds.

I remark that he seems well off for neighbours.

"Um!" replies Pendell, thoughtfully, "Well—um—yes. The Landagle Bodds, if they'd have come, would have had to drive fifteen miles to dinner and fifteen back. The Popthlanack Bodds —um—let me see—yes, they live about—eh?" Here he appeals to his wife.

Mrs. Pendell supposes that the Popthlanack Bodds are distant from Penwiffle some fourteen or sixteen miles. Old Ruddock will have to drive twenty-four before he's finished the evening, but then he's a character, and to think of Old Ruddock walking, driving, or riding, is only a merry thought to Pendell, at all events, whatever the fact may be to Old Ruddock. The Tregonies of Tregivel will drive ten miles to dinner, and the Trelissacs have about nine and a half to get over.

Another Note on Cornwall.—Hospitality and Sociability are eminently the marks of a country where such distances are no bar to frequent dinner parties, balls, private theatricals, and all sorts of genial foregatherings.

CHAPTER XLI.

TO BED—TAKING SOMETHING—A READING—TEMPUS FUGIT—ELEVEN P.M.—MORNING—A-HUNTING WE WILL GO—CERTAINTY OF RUDDOCK—BREAKFAST—PASTIES AND CIDER—ON OUR ROAD—CHILLY—TUMBLE-DOWN INN—SHIVERING SPORTSMEN—A JEST—RETROSPECTIVE OTTERS—SPEARS—INQUIRIES—NOTES—DANGERS OF OTTER-HUNTING—CROWD—THE FIELD—BY THE BANK—A MÊLÉE—SAFETY IN FLIGHT—OLD RUDDOCK—WHERE?

TALK over all these arrangements at dinner. Then, as we have, Pendell tells me, to be up early for otter-hunting, we determine upon going to bed early.

Process of Going to Bed Early.—Mrs. Pendell retires at nine, having seen that "everything we want," is left out on the sideboard. Pendell observes that he shan't be half an hour at most before he's upstairs. I yawn, to show how tired I am, and corroborate his statement as to the time we intend to pass in front of the fire.

Mrs. Pendell has retired. Pendell wishes to know what I'll take. Nothing, I thank you. Pendell doesn't "think—um—that—he'll—um—take anything," and stands before a row of bottles with the critical air of a Commander-in-Chief reviewing

the line. It almost looks as if he wanted a bottle to step out of the rank and invite him to make up his mind at once and take a drop of *him*. In order not to prevent him from enjoying himself, I sacrifice myself, and say, "Well, I'll have just the smallest glass of whiskey." Pendell is of opinion that no one can do better than whiskey, it being, he says, the most wholesome spirit.

We whiskey. The quarter-past arrives. We take no notice of it, except that Pendell remarks that *that* clock is about twelve minutes fast, in which case, of course, we have nearly half an hour at our disposal. Conversation commences. We somehow get upon Literature, especially upon the subject of my *Analytical History of Motion*. Pendell quotes a line from somewhere. We can't think where it is to be found.

This leads Pendell to the book-shelves. While he is up, would he mind just mixing me the least drop more whiskey—*and water*, plenty of water. He does so, and continues his search for the book, ending by bringing down the *Ingoldsby Legends*. "Do I remember this one?" he asks me. No, I have forgotten it. He thinks the line he quoted is there. He is, he says, going to give it at a Penny Reading, and has already done so with great success. He reads a few lines.

Flash.—Ask him to read. Nothing so pleasant as the sound of someone reading poetry when you're very tired, and are sitting before a good fire. Light a pipe as an aid to listening comfortably. Better than going to bed. Besides, if he reads, it's *his* fault that we don't go to bed early, as we told Mrs. Pendell we would.

He reads aloud. I interrupt him occasionally (opening my eyes to do so), just to show I am attending, and twice I dispute the propriety of his emphasis; but I don't sustain my side of the argument, from a feeling that to close my eyes and be droned to sleep, is preferable to straining every nerve in order to talk and to keep awake.

11 *o'clock*, P.M.—Pendell stops, and says, "Why, you're asleep!" I reply that he is mistaken (having, in fact, just been awoke by feeling as if a spring had given way at the nape of my neck), but I own, candidly, to feeling a little tired.

"Um!" says Pendell, and puts his selection for a Penny Reading away. Bed.

Morning.—Am aroused by Pendell, who is always fresh. "Lovely morning," he says, opening the curtains. [*Note.*—When you're only one quarter awake there's something peculiarly obtrusive in any remark about the beauty of the day. To a person comfortably in bed and wishing to remain there, the state of the weather is comparatively uninteresting, unless it's dismally foggy or thoroughly rainy, when, in either case, you can congratulate yourself upon your cleverness and forethought in not having got up.] "Is it?" I ask. Through the window I see only mist and drizzle.

"Just the morning for otter-hunting!" exclaims Pendell, enthusiastically. Then, as he's leaving the room, he turns, and says, "O, by the way, I've just remembered that Old Ruddock's pretty sure to be out with the hounds. He's great fun out hunting."

This stirs me into something like exertion. Otters and Ruddock. Ruddock, during a check, setting the field in a roar.

At Breakfast.—"Um," says Pendell, thinking over something as he cuts a ham, "we shan't want to take anything with us, because Old Penolver gives us lunch. He's a picture of an Old English Squire is Penolver. Quite a picture of a—um—yes——" here he apparently considers to himself whether he has given a correct definition of Penolver or not. He seems satisfied, and closes his account of him by repeating, "Yes—um—yes—an Old English Squire, you know—quite a character in his way," (I thought so,) "and you'll have pasties and cider."

"Pasties!" I exclaim. The word recalls Bluff King Hal's time, the jollifications—by my halidame!—gadso!—crushing a cup, and so forth. Now I have the picture before me (in my mind's eye) of the Old English Squire, attended by grooms bearing pasties and flagons, meeting the Otter Hunters with spears and dogs. Good! Excellent! I feel that My Health will be benefited by the air of the olden time. And perhaps by the pasties.

"Do any ladies come?" I ask.

"Safe to," answers Pendell, "last day of hunting—all the ladies out—sort of show meet, and lounge."

Pasties, flagons, dames, gallants with lutes, and pages with beakers of wine. I am all anxiety to start.

The Drive.—Bleak, misty, sharp, dreary. I am in summer costume of flannels, intended for running. Hope we *shall* have some running, as at present I'm blue with cold and shivering.

Six miles finished.—We get out at a tumble-down roadside inn. Three boys, each one lankier and colder-looking than the other, are standing together with their hands in their pockets, there being evidently among them a dearth of gloves. A rough man in a velveteen coat and leggings appears, carrying a sort of quarter-staff spiked. I connect him at once with otters. Pendell returns the salute. This is the Huntsman. The three chilly boys are the Field. We are all shivering, and evidently only half awake. Is this what Pendell calls a "show meet, and a lounge?"

Flash.—To say brightly, "Well, it couldn't have been *colder* for an *otter* hunt." The chilly boys hearing this, turn away, the man with the spear takes it literally and is offended, "because," he says, "we might ha' had a much worse day." Pendell says to himself, thoughtfully, "Um—*colder*—*otter*—ha! Yes, I see. I've made that myself lots of times." I thought that down here, perhaps, it wouldn't have been known. Never risk an old joke again. If I feel it's the only one I've got, preface it by saying, "Of course you've heard what the Attorney-General said the other day to (some one)?" and then, if on being told, they say, "O! that's very old," why, it's not your fault.

A fly appears on the road with the Master. He welcomes Pendell and friend heartily and courteously. Is sorry that it is the last meet. Thinks it's a bad day, and in the most genial manner possible damps all my hopes of seeing an otter. "A few weeks ago," he says, "there were plenty of otters."

Flash.—To find out if that spearing-picture is correct. Show myself deeply interested in otters.

The Master says that spearing is unsportsmanlike. Damper number two. No spears. We walk on, and get a little warmer.

More "Field" meets us: some mounted.

Note on Otter-Hunting.—Better than fox-hunting, because you trust to *your own* legs. You can't be thrown, you can't be kicked off, or reared off; and, except you find yourself alone with the otter in a corner, there's no danger.

Note Number Two. Additional.—Yes, there is one other danger. A great one.

Here it is:—

We have been walking miles along the banks of a stream, crossing difficult stepping-stones, climbing over banks eight feet high [thank goodness, impossible for horses], with drops on the other side, and occasional jumpings down, which shake your teeth, but still you land on *your own* legs, and if you fall you haven't got a brute on the top of you, or rolling over you, or kicking out your brains with his hind hoofs. We number about sixty in the Field. The shaggy, rough hounds are working up-stream, swimming and trotting, and stopping to examine the surface of any boulder which strikes their noses as having been lately the temporary resting-place of an otter. A few people on horseback are proceeding, slowly in single file, along the bank. Difficult work for them. Ladies, too, are on foot, and all going along as pleasantly as possible. Suddenly a cry—a large dog is seen shaking his head wildly, and rubbing his front paws over his ears—another dog is rolling on the bank—another plunges into the river furiously, also shaking his head as if he was objecting to everything generally, and would rather drown than change his opinions.

Another cry.

Horses plunging—one almost in the river—shrieks of ladies—exclamations from pedestrians — the field is scattered — some attempt to ford the river—some jump right in—some on horseback cross it shouting—some plunge into the plantation on the left—some are running back upon us! A panic.

Mad bull, perhaps—if so—with admirable presence of mind I jump into the water up to my waist, and am making for the opposite side, when a man, running and smoking a short pipe, answers my question as to the bull with—

"No! Wasps! Wasps' nest!!" In a second I see them.

At me. Pursuing me. I dive my head under water. Wet through! Scramble up bank. One wasp is after me. One pertinaciously. My foot catches in a root, I am down. Wasp down too, close at my ear. A minute more I am up. Wasp up too, by my right ear.

An Inspiration.—It flashes across me that wasps hate mud. Don't know where I heard it. Think it was in some child's educational book. No time for thinking. Jump—squish—into the mud! Over my knees—boots nearly off. The last thing I see of Pendell is holding on his spectacles with his left hand, and fighting a wasp with his stick in his right. Squish—flop—flosh! . . Up against a stump—down in a morass. Wasp at me. Close to my ear as if he wanted to tell me a secret. I won't hear it! Now I understand why the dog shook his head. Through a bramble bush (like the man in the Nursery Rhyme, who scratched both his eyes out and in again by a similar operation), and come out torn and scratched, but dry as a pen after being dragged through a patent wiper of erect bristles. No wasp. Gone. I am free. But still I keep on.

That's the only great danger in Otter-Hunting. At least, that I know of at present.

I pick up the man with pipe. Kindest creature in the world. He has two pipes, and he fills and gives me one. He says, "Wasps won't attack a smoker."

Flash.—Smoke.

Pendell comes up. "Um!—aha!" he says; "narrow escape!" He has *not* been stung.

The Field is pulling itself together again. Pendell chuckles.

"Did you see Old Ruddock?" he asks. "There were two wasps at him."

No! It appears that Old Ruddock has been quite close to me throughout the day. Yet there was no laughing crowd, and I haven't heard one of Ruddock's jokes bruited about. Odd. Wonder how the wasps liked Ruddock.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE OF SPORT—WHERE'S THE OTTER?—THE RUN—THE RESULT—BACK AGAIN—"NICHT WI' RUDDOCK"—DISTANCE—PUNCTUALITY AND PLEASURE—COLLARS—STUDS—USUAL DIFFICULTIES—THE LAST MOMENT—HURRY-SCURRY—HEAT—EVERYBODY ARRIVED—DOWN AT LAST—AWKWARD—CORNISH BEAUTIES—RUDDOCK AT LAST—EXPECTATIONS—ANTICIPATIONS—PREPARATIONS.

A LITTLE way further on we *hear* of an otter. A mile higher up the river we get on his trail. The hounds are

working. Beautiful sight. Another mile, still on his trail. We tumble over hedges and ditches, we wade knee high through water, we squish through mud, and struggle through bogs. Another mile. More excitement. Further intelligence about the otter. Some one has seen him, yesterday night. He is quite sure that it was *not* a water-rat. Indeed, he is indignant about it. We trudge on for another mile. More wasps, more confusion. Safety reached in a meadow. Higher hedges, bruising knees, hands scratched; but Dogs still working. Pendell thinks we shall find the otter. The Master is silent and anxious, so is the Huntsman. Pendell shows me, from the manner of the Dogs, *where* the otter has certainly been. We walk seven miles and stop. No otter. Call off, and try somewhere else. From information received next day, it appears that while we were going *up* the stream the otter had gone down it, which accounts for our not having met him. Also we hear that within half a mile of the next place (where we failed again) a fine otter was seen comfortably asleep.

Home we return from otter-hunting. Tired, but expecting a "Nicht wi' Ruddock." He is to be at dinner, and a few very intimates are coming in the evening. The few "very intimates" have no distance to drive—merely a matter of eight miles or so.

From my window I hear carriages drawing up exactly at two minutes to seven o'clock. Punctuality in Cornwall is the soul of pleasure.

Odd: at the last moment I can't find either a collar or a white tie! "Come, Desperation, lend thy furious hold!" Rummage in the drawers, in the portmanteau. Staggered. Where can it be? —the collar, I mean. Rummage again. Getting hot and excited. Ought always to come down to dinner calm, cool, and collected. I shall be the only one late, and *I* hadn't to come twelve miles to dinner. No excuse except the real one,—"Couldn't find my collars, or a tie." Only one thing for it. Ring the bell, and ask servant.

"O yes, Sir! We were changing the drawers from this room to Master's. I dessay, Sir, they're in there." They are. Rapture!

Flash.—Stirring subject for operatic and descriptive music—A Gentleman's Toilet in Difficulties.

Next Difficulty.—Drop a stud suddenly. Hear it fall close by my foot. In fact, I feel, from some peculiar sensation *in* my foot, that it is here, on the floor, close to me. No. Hunt for it. Can't see it anywhere. [*Mem.*—Never travel without duplicate studs. Won't another time.] Still stooping: feeling about the carpet. Hands getting dirty again, hair coming unbrushed, face growing warm and red.

Flash.—The stud being, as it were, an excrescence on the carpet, can be perceived by lying on the floor, (like an Indian listening to hear if anybody's coming,) and directing your eye in a right line. After this, clothes-brush required. Stud found at last exactly where I thought it had been at first.

Another Difficulty.—Time getting on. 7.10. Pendell by this time anxious below. Every one arrived. I picture to myself Ruddock in the drawing-room, filling up the *mauvais quart d'heure* by satirical reflections on the dandy (me) who hadn't time enough to beautify himself for dinner.

I should be down now, if it wasn't for the button on my collar-band. I feel that it's all over with it, if not touched gently. Once off, and worry will be my portion for the remainder of the evening. And I know what is the result of attempting to pin it.

Last Difficulty, I hope.—After treating the button with suppressed emotion, dash at the white tie. I find myself asking myself, "Why the washerwoman *will* fold it all wrong, and starch it so that the slightest crinkle shows?" I have no answer. Of course at any other moment I could tie it at once, and have done with it; but now first one end's too long, then the other end's too short; then, on the third trial, the middle part somehow gets hopelessly tucked into itself, and I am pulling at it, by mistake, for one of the ends. At last I get it something like all right, but not everything that could be desired. Waistcoat. Coat. Handkerchief! Where's handkerchief? Where is— . . . ha! Down-stairs.

Everybody waiting, evidently. Apology. "Ah!" says Pendell, "um—ah—now you've come, we'll—um——" and rings the bell.

I recognise some of our companions out otter-hunting to-day. Galaxy, too, of Cornish beauty, which means the darkest, brightest

eyes, and the clearest, freshest complexions. Not being introduced I look about for Old Ruddock. There is an elderly gentleman sitting at a table looking over a photograph book. This is the nearest approach to Old Ruddock that I can see. Dinner announced. I take in Miss Bodd, of Popthlanack, and follow the Trelissacs, the Tregonies of Tregivel, and Major Penolver, with Mrs. Somebody of Somewhere. Whom Ruddock takes, I don't know.

A discovery.—I am seated next to Old Ruddock of Ruddock, at dinner. Pendell introduces us. A hale, hearty, elderly gentleman, with, if any expression at all, rather a sleepy one, as if a very little over-feeding would send him into a doze.

Now then for a "Nicht wi' Ruddock!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

WELCOME THE COMING—SPEED THE PARTING JEST—ALL EARS—RUDDOCK COMING OUT—ON THE QUI VIVE—SIMILE—SUBJECTS OF INTEREST—BRITISH CONSTITUTION—REMARKS—LAND'S END—LONDON—VICE VERSÂ—MY NEIGHBOUR—NONPLUSSED—REMARKS TO MYSELF—MY STORY—FAILURE—THE INTERRUPTER—MORE ARRIVALS—THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM—"WHY?"—THE STATUE-BRIDE—MR. CLETHER AND THE MOON—MORE OF WHY—A REMONSTRANCE—THE LAST OF RUDDOCK—NEXT MORNING—ADIEU, PENWIFFLE—REASONS—HESITATION—DECISION—FLIGHT TO LONDON—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE—CONCLUSION.

WE SOMEHOW turn the dinner conversation upon some peculiar way of cultivating mangel. Perdell looks at Old

Ruddock, and, alluding to the last speaker's remark, whatever it was, says, "Aha! that isn't the way we grow mangel in the South, is it, Mr. Ruddock?" and therewith gives Old Ruddock such a humorous look, as if they had, between them, several good jokes about mangel, which, when told by Old Ruddock, would set the table in a roar.

I turn towards him with a propitiatory smile, as much as to say, "You see I'm ready for any of your funny stories." Old Ruddock glances up at me from his plate (he hasn't looked up much since the beginning of dinner), and replies, gravely and simply, "No." Whereat, Pendell almost roars with laughter, and nods at me knowingly, as if asking if Ruddock isn't a character. He may be. Perhaps it requires the wine to draw him out, but he hasn't, as yet, said anything funny or witty; in fact, he hasn't said anything at all. The conversation, otherwise, is general and well distributed. Topics principally local.

As far as I am concerned, it is not unlike being suddenly given a bass part in a quintette, where the other four know their music off by heart. I speak from experience, remembering how, in the instance alluded to, I came in wherever I could, with very remarkable effect, and generally at least an octave too low, leaving off with the feeling that if we had been encored (of which there wasn't, under the circumstances, the slightest possible chance), I should have come out very strong, and *quite* in tune. As it was, I had first to find my voice, which seemed to have gone down like the mercury in a barometer on a cold day, and having succeeded in producing it, I had then to issue it in notes.

During dinner I am frequently brought into the conversation, apologetically, and appealed to out of politeness, as "probably not taking much interest in these matters."

The matters in question are usually something vexatious with regard to paupers, a political question deeply mixed up with the existence of the Yeomanry, the state of the roads in the next district, the queer temper of a neighbouring clergyman, the difficulty of dealing with Old Somebody at a vestry meeting, the right of some parish authorities to bury somebody who oughn't, or ought, to have been buried without somebody else's consent; the best mode of making a preserve, a difference of opinion as to varieties

of cider, the probabilities of a marriage between Tre-someone of Tre-somewhere with Pol-somebody of Pol-something else, and so forth. On consideration, I *am* interested. For, to a reflective mind, is not all this the interior mechanism of the Great British Constitution? Of course. One thing I observe, viz., that people living three hundred miles from the great centre of English fashionable life, know as much, and often a great deal more about the Royal Academy, the notabilities of the season, the latest opera, the newest play, and all topics of more or less general interest, than do regular London habitués. Evidently one month of thorough London life in mid-season is equal to eight months of routine. Lands-enders are at home in London, but Londoners are nonplussed at Land's End. Ergo, live at Land's End.

The only thing that Old Ruddock says the whole time, is that he wouldn't keep Cochin China fowls even if they were given him.

"Wouldn't you?" exclaims Pendell, looking slily at me and beginning to laugh, evidently in anticipation of some capital story, or a witticism from Ruddock. No, not another word. He is, it strikes me, reserving himself. I turn to my partner, and try to interest her in Ramsgate, Torquay, the Turkish bath, London and Paris news. She doesn't like Torquay, has never been to Ramsgate, and from what she has heard of it thinks it must be vulgar (to which I return, "O, dear no," but haven't got any proof that it isn't). I find out that she goes every season to London, and knows more about operas than *I* do, and finally was brought up in Paris, and generally stops there for a month yearly with her Aunt, so that I am unable to give her any information on my special subjects, and as she clearly wants to listen to some story which Tregony of Tregivel, on the other side of her, is telling, I feel that I'd better continue my dinner silently, or draw Ruddock out. I try it, but Ruddock won't come out. I remark therefore again to myself that Land's End has, in social and fashionable topics, at least six to four the best of London.

Dessert.—Tregony of Trevigel *does* come out genially, without the process of drawing. He has some capital Cornish stories, with an inimitable imitation of Cornish dialect.

Flash.—While he is telling a rather long anecdote to think of something good and new to cap it. Why not something with (also) an imitation of dialect, or brogue. I've got a very good thing about a Scotchman, but can't remember it in time.

Odd how stories slip away from you just at the moment you especially want to remember them. During a pause in the conversation I remember my story, and secure attention for it by suddenly asking Pendell (which startles him) if "he's ever heard," &c., and of course he, politely, hasn't. Odd. Somehow, this evening I *can't* recall the Scotch accent. I try a long speech (not usually belonging to the story) in Scotch, so as to work myself up to it, but, somehow or other, it will run into Irish. My story, therefore, takes somewhat this form. I say, "Then the Scotchman called out, 'Och, bedad'—I mean, 'Ye dinna ken'"—and so forth. Result, failure. But might tell it later, when I'm really in the humour, which I evidently am *not* now, and yet I thought I was. Everyone listened most politely. I can imagine what they said afterwards.

Old Ruddock begins to come out, not as a *raconteur*, but as an interrupter, which is a new phase of character.

For example, Tregony commences one of his best Cornish stories, to which we are all listening attentively, something about an uncle and a nephew, and a cart.

"They went," says Tregony, "to buy a cart"——

"A what?" says Ruddock, really giving his whole mind to it.

"A cart," answers Tregony.

"O," returns Ruddock, "I beg pardon. Yes, well"——

"Well," resumes Tregony, "they wanted something cheap, as they had no use for it except to get home,——"

"Get what?" asks Ruddock.

"Home," replies Tregony, evidently a bit nettled.

"Oh, ah! yes," returns Ruddock, apologetically. "Home—well?"

"Well," Tregony continues, looking towards his opposite neighbour, so as to avoid Old Ruddock if possible, "the landlord of the Inn says to them, 'I'll lend you and Nevvy Bill a cart——'"

Ruddock's in again with "A what?"

I can't help turning upon him, and saying, rather irritably, "A cart!" I feel inclined to add, *Do* be quiet, and ask your questions afterwards. Then I say to Tregony, encouragingly, "Yes."

"'Only' (continues Tregony), says the Landlord, joking them, 'mind yew du bring the wheels back safe and sound.' So they promised, and that they went about the town till it was rather late and getting dark——"

"Getting *what?*" asks Old Ruddock, with his hand up to his ear. Everybody annoyed, and two persons besides myself repeat the word "dark" to him.

With these interruptions, and the consequent necessity of making it all quite clear, specially when it comes to Tregony imitating the conversation between Uncle and Nephew, in two voices, when Old Ruddock perpetually wants to know "*Who* said that," and so puzzles Tregony that sometimes he makes the Uncle take the Nephew's voice, and *vice versâ*, and the story is getting into difficulties, when the servant enters with a message to our Host from Mrs. Pendell, which brings us to our feet, and into the drawing-room, Tregony promising me the story quietly in a corner. The humour of a well-told Cornish story is equal to anything Irish.

The other ladies have come. We all try to enter the drawing-room carelessly, as if the ladies weren't there, or as if we'd been engaged in some fearful conspiracy in the next room, and were hiding our consciousness of guilt under a mask of frivolity. Miss Bodd, of Poppthlanack, is alone at a table, turning over the pages of a photographic album. I join her.

Careful Flash.—Take care never to offer an opinion on photographic or any other sort of portraits, unless you're quite sure of your ground.

I remark generally that I don't care about photographic portraits. Before Miss Bodd can answer, I hear a rustle behind me, and a voice asks simply, "Why?"

Good gracious! *It is*—Miss Straithmere? She comes as it were like the statue-bride in Zampa (and she *is* in white) to claim

me for her own. She is staying with the Clethers ["Mr. Clether is here," Pendell tells me. "He's written a work on the Moon. Quite a character——"], and as the Rev. Mr. Clether is the Rector of Poltrepen, she is not a mile from the house, and will be here every day.

Singing and playing. Miss Straithmere asks me, "Why I am so serious? Will I tell her. *Do. Why?*"

I expect Ruddock to sing. He doesn't. Mr. Clether is talking to him. I join them. I am anxious to hear what Mr. Clether's view of the Moon is. He replies, "O, nothing particular."

"But," I urge, Ruddock listening, "You have made a study of astronomy, and in these days"—I slip at this moment, because I don't know exactly what I was going to say; but I rather fancy it was that "In these days the moon isn't what it was."

Mr. Clether modestly repudiates knowing more about the moon than other people, and says that Pendell is right about his having written a book, but he has never published it.

"*Why?*" asks Miss Straithmere, joining us.

Why will she say *Why?* If she only wouldn't—if she only would be less the impulsive child of nature I might . . . . but no . . She says, in a reproachful tone, but quite loud enough to be heard by Miss Penolver, whose acquaintance I am anxious to make, and who now turns away, "You're angry with poor little *me*. Why? Do tell me why." Despairingly I reply, "No, I am not angry, but really——"

Carriages. Thank goodness.

I accompany Ruddock to the door. He has a gig, and a lantern, like a Guy Fawkes out for an airing.

I am still expecting a witticism, or rather a *jeu de joie* of humour and fun, like the last grand bouquet of fireworks that terminates the show at the Crystal Palace.

Pendell (who I believe is still drawing him out) says to him, "You'll have a fine night for your drive," then looks at me and laughs, as much as to say, "*Now* you'll hear him, *now* it's coming. He's shy before a party, but *now*——"

Ruddock replies from above, in his gig, "Yes, so it seems. Good-bye."

And away goes the vehicle, turns the corner, and disappears from view in the avenue.

Pendell chuckles to himself. "Quite a character," I hear him murmuring. Then, after a short laugh, he exclaims almost fondly, "Old Ruddock! ah! ah! Rum old fellow."

And so we go in. And this has been the long-expected "Nicht wi' Ruddock." He hasn't said twenty words. Certainly not one worth hearing. Yet Pendell seems perfectly satisfied with him, and years hence, I dare say, this occasion will be recounted as a night when Old Ruddock was at his best. After this, how about Sheridan?

Next Morning.—My friend, Miss Straithmere, is coming at two o'clock. I find that I can leave, *viâ* Launceston, at eleven. I am not well. I can't help it. I begin to consider, is it my nature to be ill? No, I must go up to town, and consult my Doctor.

Adieu, Penwiffle. Had I stopped, I feel that in the wilds of Cornwall, out at Tintagel, or at Land's End, or in a slate quarry, or down a mine, I should . . . . Well, I don't know exactly *what*, but I should have to answer the question, "Why?"

Yes, good-bye for the present to Penwiffle! If anything could establish me in good health, it would be the hospitality, the geniality, and the fine air of Cornwall. Pendell apologises for the absence of the Otter, and, before I leave, a messenger comes up, in hot haste, to offer another day's sport to be arranged specially for me. I regret I cannot stay. Pendell regrets it. Mrs. Pendell regrets it too. Her care (she keeps the entire village in health and happiness) would do wonders for me, but I also fancy that she has an eye to a match between Miss Janie and myself. It may be only fancy, but every woman is at heart a match-maker, and, if I stay, I am lost. *Je me sauve.*

My present idea is to live in London, about two miles from the British Museum. Then I can walk there every morning, and work in the library at my *Analytical History of Motion.*

If the Doctor agrees with me, and if this plan agrees with me, I shall continue it; if not, I must take to boxing, gymnastics, or other violent exercise.

* * * * * *

The Doctor *does* agree with me. He advises me to try my own prescription. In a week's time to call on him again, and go on calling on him regularly every Monday.

* * * * * *

I have taken lodgings three doors from my Doctor's house. I shall make no further notes, unless, at some future time, I commence a history of a British Constitution (my own). And so, for the present, I conclude, with a quotation from Shakspeare, who was, among other things, evidently a valetudinarian, and conclude these papers by saying,

"The tenor of them doth but signify
My Health."

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